



*Stars*

NEXT DOOR

CYPRIAN FERNANDES

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*When it comes to writing* or compiling a manuscript or a book of any kind and one is blessed with an abundance of riches, to choose a few to dedicate the eventual book to becomes a nigh on impossibility. **Stars Next Door** has been written in part by people I have not met yet, by people who I have not seen for decades and some folks I am in regular contact with on-line or on the phone. Others have burned the midnight oil rummaging through decades old photographic albums and clippings. Yet, still others have pursued others on my behalf. There are several Photoshop *fundis* (*Swahili specialists*) who have toiled endlessly to bring to life (and of a quality good enough for book reproduction, not brilliant, or even ideal, but close enough as possible). There are others who have provided immense amount of encouragement and nudged be onward when minute doubts appeared like pin-pricks on my furrowing face and head. So many people have put so much of themselves into this book that I am not able to claim it as mine in the conventional manner. It is not cowardice of any colour on my part, rather courage of the richest pride, that I dedicate this humble effort to anyone and everyone who has had anything to do with this self-published labour of love to folks who always deserved our admiration, respect and our thanks.

Please, I hope **Stars Next Door**, meets your expectations.

The world has not quite invented a descriptive of the monumental thanks I owe each one of you.

God Bless.

**Cyprian Skip Fernandes 2017**



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# Introduction

*In case you did not know*, I began my journalistic life as a sports reporter before going on General News reporting: Court, Local Government Affairs (councils), local and national politics, Parliament, and the whole spectrum of life that abounded Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania before spending considerable time investigating various aspects of life wherever the story was to be found. However, most Goans still remember as a sports reporter covering, as far as they were concerned, men's and women's hockey (local and international), soccer (especially those involving the Goan clubs) cricket, table tennis, tennis, golf, a little rugby union and whatever else came my way.

Over the past 30 years or so, I have hankered for someone to come along and write the complete anthology of the Goan (both male and female) in sport in East Africa. I have always felt, like the true histories of the Goans -- from the earliest migrations with the Omani Arabs to the final exodus first in 1966, then in 1968 and then by dribs and drabs after 1970 -- which were never officially recorded in the written word and much later with the advent of the electronic media (tape recordings), histories of sport and musicians would go the same way, and it probably will.

This little offering does not any way compensate for the loss of the histories of the Goan community in the African diaspora. Like everything else, that too will be lost to the swirling sands of time, carrying away memory into the depths of forgotten infinity.

I am ashamed to admit that this effort is really very minor comparatively ... it is not the academic tome I would like it to have been. A lot of photographic evidence, no the majority, has been lost to the sands of time for one reason or another. For example, I was desperately looking for a photograph of one of the great Goans of our time, school teacher and genius hockey coach Anthony D'Souza and I was about to give up in a well of tears, each drop representing the depth of my disappointment, when Silu Fernandes, hockey international and a student of D'Souza's, came to the rescue. In other instances, folks are well into their 80s and some are approaching their 90s where memory recall is beginning to get difficult, let alone putting it down on paper. Where photographs were available, they were often unusable because in the 1950s and 1960s the



Little Kodak took little pictures or little pictures were printed because larger ones were too expensive. These were then scanned at 96 dpi rendering them almost unusable because the required scanning for better reproduction is 300 dots per inch (dpi). Others would have nothing to do with this project, perhaps imagining some negative motivations.

All I ever wanted to do was put down on paper so future generations can access this somewhere, sometime, and probably say: "I didn't know that", "My parents never told me" as is the reaction to my debut novel *Yesterday in Paradise*.

The publication of this minor anthology has been assisted in some way by a sports supporter in Mombasa. I will remain forever grateful. Mike Fernandes, also in Mombasa, did a fantastic job cataloguing much of the Goans Sports history there.

The first few pages are dedicated Seraphino Antao, without doubt (until another double gold medalist at the Olympics or the Commonwealth Games comes along) the great Goan athlete ever. I was encouraged along the way by that penman doyen Vivek Menezes and Seraphino's brothers Rosario and Joe. They also provided great access to the Antao family photographic albums.

I am also indebted to the following:

Hartman D'Souza : John Noronha : Francis Noronha : Hilary Fernandes : Silu Fernandes : The family of the late Alu Mendonca : Alu's sister Theresa Mandricks: Al Mathias: Avtar Singh Sohal, Kenya's legendary hockey captain: Edgar Fernandes: Bertha Fernandes: Casimiro Joanes: Norman Da Costa, veteran journalist: Delfine Da Costa : Jacinto Fernandes: Jason and Juliette D'Costa: Donald Almeida: Ian Fernandes: Theo De Souza: The family of the late Joe Gonsalves: Theresa Costa-bir: Mitelia (Fernandes) Paul: Astrid (Fernandes) Paul: Edmund Silveira: Irenio Costa-bir : Leo Rodrigues: Paulie De Souza: Philip De Souza: Warren McMahon: Richard Rattos: Henry Braganza: Les Scott: Mona Dias and her siblings: Max De Souza: Jessel Mandricks: George DeSouza: Marq DeSouza: Jimmy Van Rosi: Eddie Rodrigues

However nothing would have been achieved without the dedication and skills of our publisher FN Noronha and the hundreds of well-wishers around the world. Thank you.

Every effort has been made to get it right in every aspect of the book including names and photographic copyright. Fifty seven years ago, most family photographs were pretty small compared to the large electronic ones today, however, we have made every effort to bring you photographs much enhanced in quality. Of course, there may be exceptions to this ambition. Because of

the sands of time passing, there is bound to be an error or two, I apologise in advance.

**Cyprian Fernandes, Sydney, Australia skipfer@live.com.au**

# The Part-Time Glory Makers

*What was it about the Kenyan coastal capital* that produced the largest number of male and female track athletes, among them the greatest Goan athlete of all time: the 1962 Commonwealth Games double sprint gold medalist Seraphino Antao? There has never been a Goan or East African sprinter of his ilk again.

Was it the sea air, the fresh fish curry and rice (Goan national staple diet), an abundant array of fruit, fresh young delicious coconuts that continue to live in the memory of those who tasted them, was it the club: the Mombasa Goan Institute, was it the girls and boys Goan schools, was it the soft beach sands of Mombasa, or was it the genius of coach Ray Batchelor that was responsible for as many as five or six stunning male sprinters (Albert Castanha, Joe Faria, Jack Fernandes, Antao, Pascal) which molded into the finest sprint relay teams had ever seen and remained so for a long time, three female sprinters, a couple of middle distance specialists, a large number of soccer and hockey players (four or five who played for Kenya), one of whom, Albert Castanha, played international football and hockey for Kenya and was on the verge of Olympic selection as a sprinter but sadly fell short at the last moment? Was it the fact that they all banded together and formed the wonderful Achilles Athletics Club under Ray Batchelor and dragged each other beyond the individual limits of achievement,

Or was it just the nature of the things? It was a time before television and there was little or nothing of interest on radio but carrying doing the leisure things that had won their hearts as young school children was the natural thing to do?

Again, what set Antao apart from his compatriots? Was it the rivalry amongst them? Did they spur each other on?

Albert Castanha had dominated Antao and the others for many years before Antao took off on his own towards gold medal glory. Once he achieved his impossible dream, he was the toast of the international track world. If only he had dragged the other Goan sprinters with him, what a wonderful world that might have been!

Similarly, what was it about the mild temperate climate in Nairobi at around

6000 feet above ground? Was it the dust, from the murram fields the young players practised on, the Dr Ribeiro Goan School which produced all of the Goan Olympians born in Kenya and some from outside Kenya or was school coach and teacher Anthony De Souza the factor. Many will swear that it was really De Souza's coaching skills, honed on his own experiences of playing for the Lusitanians in Bombay and other parts of India that made the difference. Others will say it was he is caring and kind but firm attitude couple with his experience as a hockey player at the top layer of the game that made the difference. Whatever it was, it meant that at least a dozen or more players were selected for and played in the Olympics Games. Yet others represented Kenyan in internationals both at home and away. Only three players from the coast were Olympians and a few others were capped for Kenya.



*Mitelia and the Kenya team with Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi.*

# The making of a Commonwealth Games Sprint double gold medallist

*Antao returning home  
victorious in Perth Australia.*

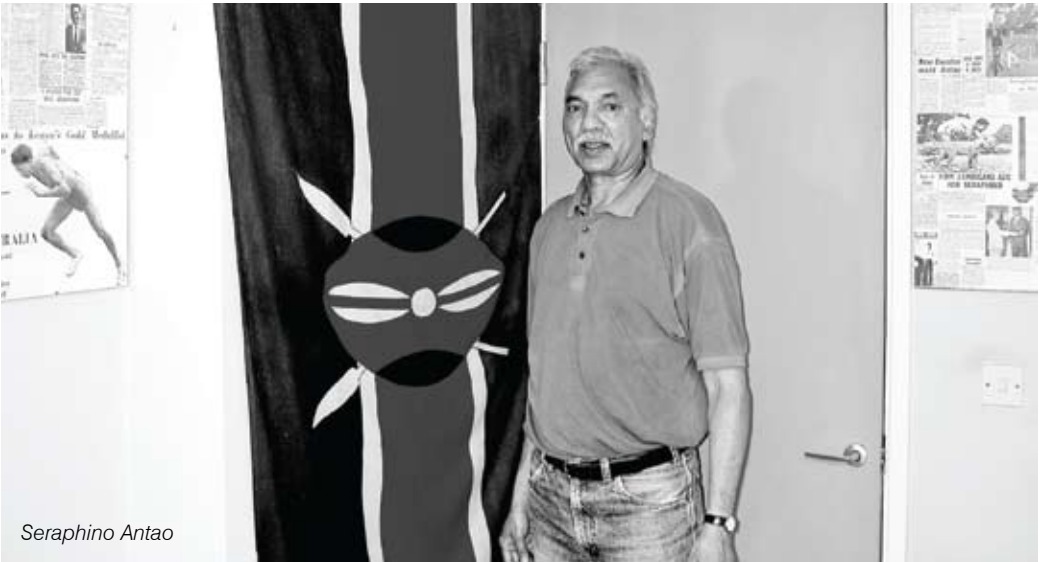




*Antao warming up with Ron Jones (GB) at Jeannes School Nairobi.*



*Radford, D. Jones, Antao winning 100 m 10.3 White City Stadium London: All Comers Record 1962.*



The photographs featured are by kind permission of Rosario and Joe Antao and have been taken from the Seraphino Antao family albums.

# Seraphino Antao

*At school he mainly played soccer* like everyone else. Then one day his cousin Effie Antao asked him to come and take part in the annual East African Railways and Harbours athletics carnival. Seraphino ran barefoot and easily won the 100 yards and the 200 yards. A future star was unearthed that day.

That was in 1956 and within a few months he had equaled the Kenya records for both sprints, a modest 10 seconds for the 100 yards. Much later he actually broke the world record for the 200 yards but that was ruled out because of wind assistance.

Later, in 1957, he broke the Kenya records for the sprints and continued to improve upon them in the ensuing years.

He improved in the 100 yards to 9.7 and improved even more after first tasting international competition in the 1958 Empire Games (a pre-cursor to the modern Commonwealth Games).

At the Rome Olympics in 1960 he reached the semi-finals of the 100 metres and the second round of the 200 metres. In the first heats of the 100 metres he had easily beaten Armin Harry clocking 10.5. However, Harry went on to win the semi-finals and the Gold Medal. Seraphino finished sixth in his semi-final but he was delighted with his performances in both sprints.

The American Jet Magazine, July 12 1962 edition reported: "**African runner ties 100-yard dash record:** During an international track and field meeting in Dublin, Ireland, Seraphino Antao of Kenya, East Africa, clocked a new world record tying for the 100-yard dash time of 9.2 seconds to win the event by more than eight yards over his nearest competitor. However the time will not sanctioned because the nine mile per hour trailing wind rule."

Over the next two years he was winning races wherever he ran and there was promise of a medal, if not a gold medal, at the Tokyo Olympics in 1964. Everyone who mentioned around the world spoke of him as a future Olympic champion.



*Antao at the Rome Olympics Quarter Finals.*



In June 1964, Seraphino's preparation for Tokyo 1964 was going well and as he headed for Europe he was confident of great things. During the Kenya trials at Lower Kabete, just outside of Nairobi, he had clocked a wind-assisted 9.5 seconds for the 100 yards and 21.1 for the 220 yards. He maintained the mark for the 100 yards in Kenya championships in Kisumu but improved his time for the 220 setting a respectable 20.8 seconds.

In Europe he had been in scintillating form winning at the White City in London, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Sweden, and many other countries.

Before he left with the Kenya team for Tokyo, he had told me he was feeling really good about the challenges ahead. He felt, at 27 years of age, he was nearing the peak of his form. He was very confident.

On the day before the flag raising ceremony (two days before the heats of the 100 metres), we got the news that he had been struck down with mild influenza and the country held its breath which later turned to complete heart break because he never recovered enough to run at his best. While he was nothing but confident arriving in Tokyo, he had a worrying secret: He was also carrying a hamstring injury which he had suffered in training. He was confident it would heal by the time the heats for the sprints started. It was not to be. He put in a brave effort losing in the second round of the 200 metres heats and running fourth in the first round of the 100 metres heats.

He knew the day before the opening ceremony that all was not well with him. He feared he would not be able to run at all. Disappointed, he handed the Kenya flag which he was due to carry at the lead of the Kenya team into the stadium to his friend, the great Kipchoge Keino.

A few days later he made his mind up to quit athletics altogether. He was shattered to say the least. Many months later when I spoke to him, there were tears in his eyes when he spoke of the disappointment of Tokyo. "I just could not get myself go through it all again ... sometimes training at day break and late into the night, no matter what the weather, holding down a full-time job, and then to be knocked out by influenza when I was at the peak of my performance ... I was shattered. I just could not go on," he told me.

I tried to talk him out of it, saying that at 27 he was pretty young. However, he was very angry that fate and illness had denied him his moment in destiny. He was convinced that he had nothing left to give. In Tokyo, it was a now or never moment for him. He knew he did nothing wrong. He blamed his bad luck in falling ill. He felt abandoned by the gods. He was so very angry about it especially since he wanted to win an Olympic medal for the people of Kenya and his own family.



*Training on the sands of beaches in Mombasa, Kenya.*









*The world famous photo set up by Akhtar Hussein from the Nation newspaper. The backdrop was provided by the Nairobi National Park. The photo went "viral".*



*His fans at Nairobi Embakasi Airport get a glimpse of the gold medals.*

He knew he had a medal within his grasp and it had been cruelly snatched away from the running track.

This is what he told any other reporter who asked him the same question: "I had had enough of it. In Tokyo, I fell ill on the eve of the opening ceremony. That was it. All my hard had gone. I wanted to win some sort of Olympic medal and I was favoured to win something. I was fed up of training for six days a week. Eight years. Top class at four or five events. It is not easy. You get fed up."

In 1965 decided to migrate to England. He had given a lot of thought to moving to Melbourne, Australia. He had been there a couple of times and loved the lifestyle and the people. However, most of his friends were in London so he decided to move there.

He told an Australian newspaper: "I had a great time in Melbourne," he said. "I stayed at the Parkville Motel (in Royal Parade). Judy Patching (the Melbourne Olympic starter) was our manager for the trip. I met John Landy, Ron Clarke, Herb Elliott — all the Australians. I went down to Percy Cerutti's camp at Portsea."





*An unforgettable moment for Alu Mendonca: the day he almost beat the great Seraphino Antao at the Railway Goan Institute.*

Antao even dropped in to an interclub meeting at Dolomore Reserve in Mentone. It was a typical summer day — a hot northerly, followed by a southerly change and downpour. Peter Fortune, Cathy Freeman's coach and then an interclub sprinter for Brighton, recalls how the Brighton boys were amazed and delighted to find the fastest man in the Commonwealth seeking shelter in their tent.

In London, he took a coaching course, had a clothes stall in a busy marketing but returned to clerical work before being struck down with cancer. He left this earth without any fanfare and there was some criticism of the family that they could have done more to honour his memory at the funeral. However, it was clearly Seraphino's wish that he wanted to leave this world with the least amount of fuss.

#### **At a glance ...**

**October 30, 1937:** Born in Makadara, Mombasa. First of six siblings born to Diego Manuel and Anna Maria Antao who hailed from Chandor in Goa.

Studied at the Goan High School (now Mombasa High School) where he discovered his athletic prowess, participated in several sprint events and was a





*Antao receiving the World Helms Trophy to the outstanding athlete in each of the six continents.*

member of the Achilles Athletic Club.

**1956:** Participated in the East African Railways and Harbours annual athletics carnival and easily won the sprint double.

**1957:** Competed at the National Competitions in Nairobi and broke the national records in the 100 and 220 yards.

**1958:** International debut when he participated in the Commonwealth (Empire) Games in Cardiff, Wales, reaching the quarterfinals in 100 yards.

**1960:** Participated in the Rome Olympics, and reached the semi-finals of 100m and quarter finals of the 200m.

**1961:** East and Central Africa championships winner in 100m and 200m.



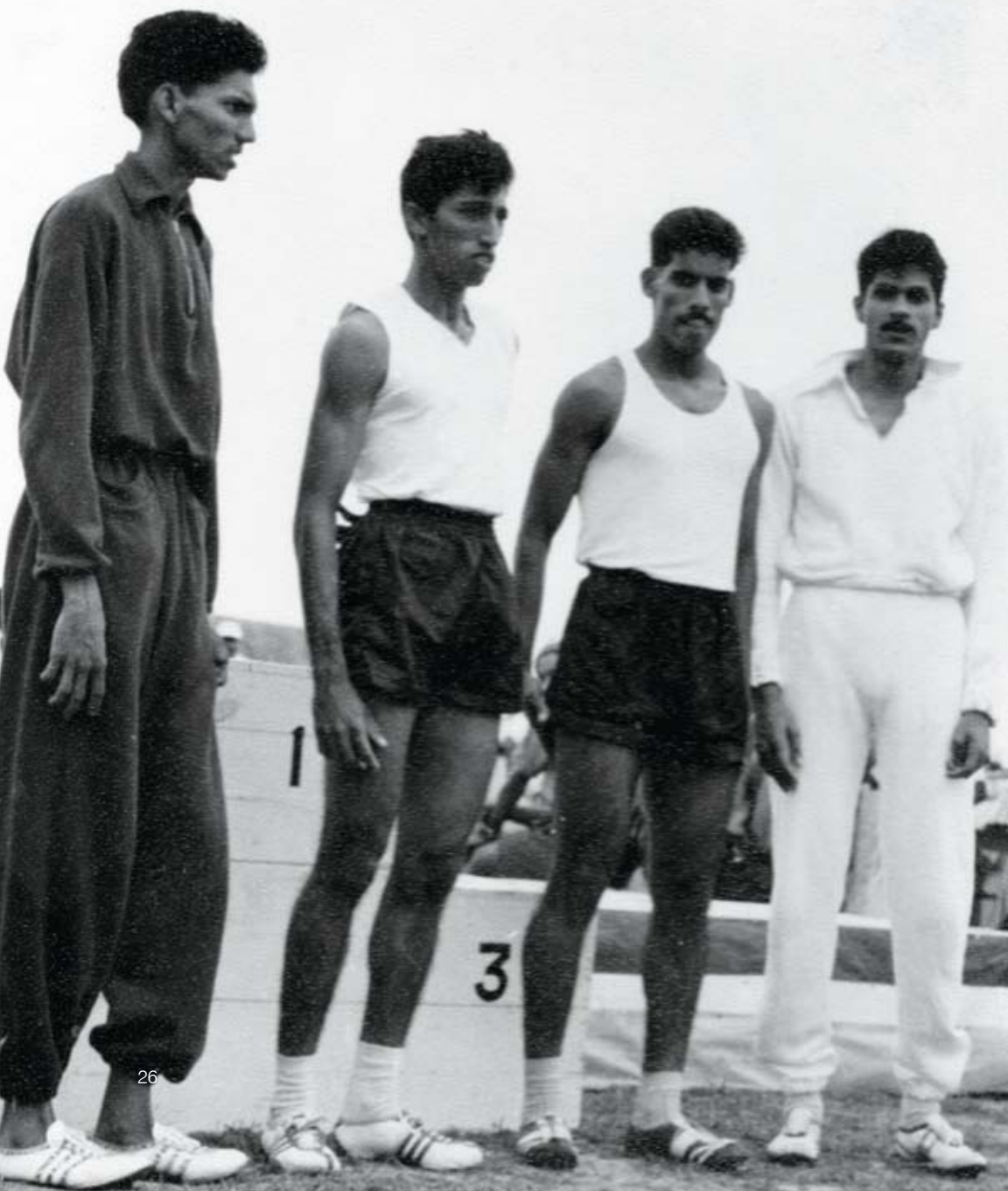
*Antao showing his medals to folks in Nairobi including legendary goalkeeper Oscar D'Mello (right).*

**1962:** Double gold winner at the 1962 commonwealth games in Perth Australia, clocking 9.5 seconds in the 100 yards and 21.1 seconds in the 220 yards, and becoming Kenya's first gold medalist. With Wilson Kiprugut arap Chuma, Kimaru Songok and Peter Francis, attempted the 4x400 yards relay but finished fifth. In the same year, he won sprint double at the British AAA Championships.

**1963:** Won his second set of double gold medals at the East and Central Africa championships in the 100m and 200m and in the same year, ran in the internationally renowned meet in Zurich and clocked 10.5 sec on the 100m, and won a double gold in the Czechoslovakia Championships in Prague.

**1964:** The first flag bearer for the newly independent nation state of Kenya at the Tokyo Olympics, a task usually given to the top athlete in the team and a medal favourite. Unfortunately, he fell ill and was not able to run and handed the flag bearer duties to his friend the legendary Kipchoke Keino.

*The four, perhaps the fastest Goans at the time:  
Seraphino Antao, Pascoal Antao, Joe Faria, Albert Castanha.*



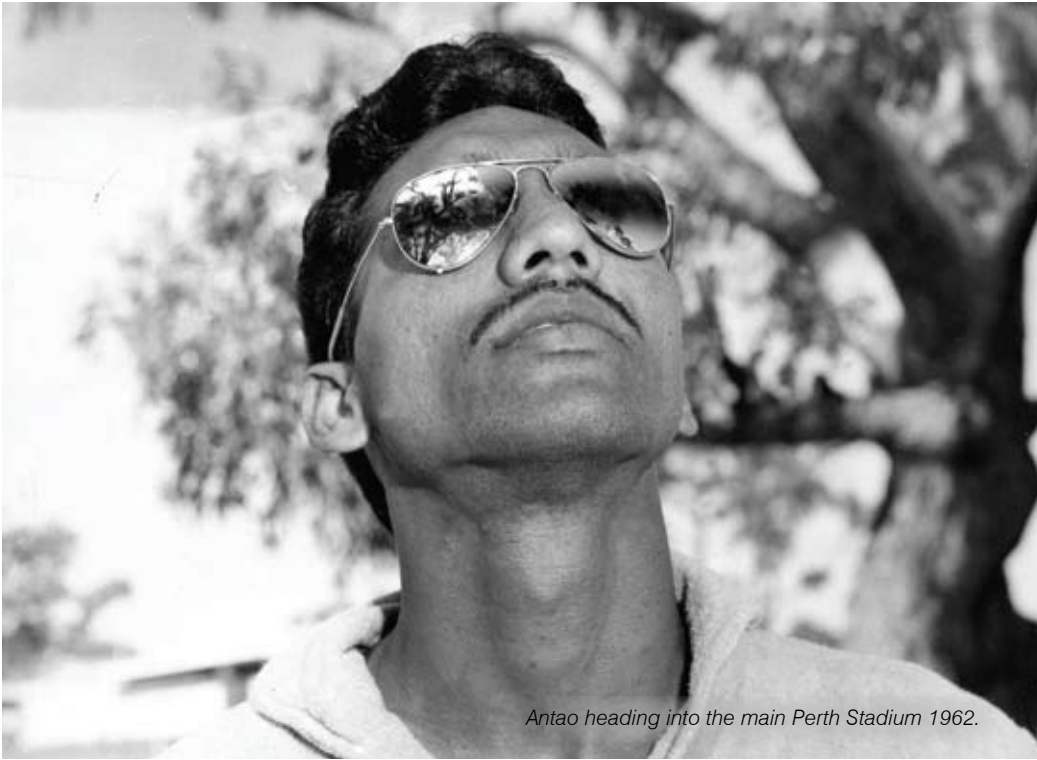
*Congratulated by his father Diego Manuel.*





*Welcome home, "golden" Son,  
at Mombasa Railway Station.*





*Antao heading into the main Perth Stadium 1962.*



*Antao beating Armin Harry in the early rounds in Rome 1960, Harry won gold.*

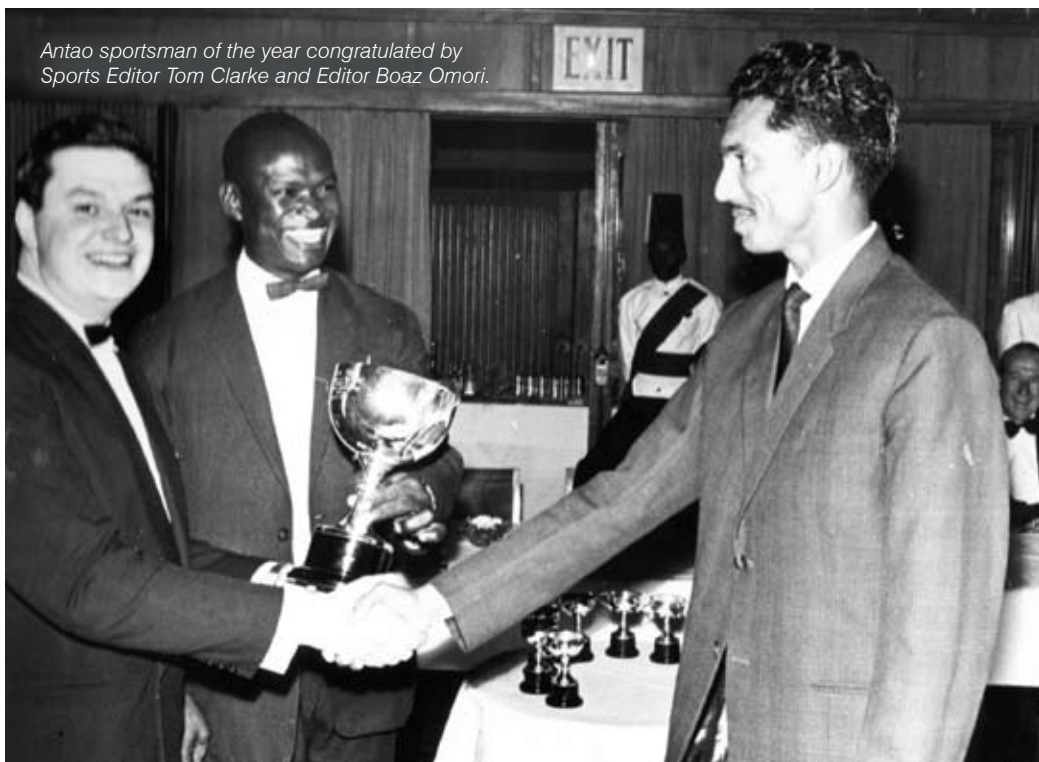
*Antao relaxing in Perth Australia after a training session.*



*Seraphino's brother Rosario with his mother and siblings.*



*Antao sportsman of the year congratulated by  
Sports Editor Tom Clarke and Editor Boaz Omori.*



*The Achilles Athletic Club formed in Mombasa is seen in a 1956 photograph with the many trophies that they won. They are (back row, standing, from left) Albert Castanha, Pascoal Antao, Laura Ramos, Ray Batchelor (coach), Phila Fernandes, Juanita Noronha, Alfred Vianna, Seraphino Antao. (Front row, from left) Joe Faria, Alcino Rodrigues, Jack Fernandes, Bruno D'Souza.*







*Seraphino's last resting place, a cemetery in Lewisham London.*

**1964:** Formally retired from athletics.

**1965:** Awarded the Helms Trophy, which honours the foremost amateur athlete in each continent by the US Helms Athletics Foundation.

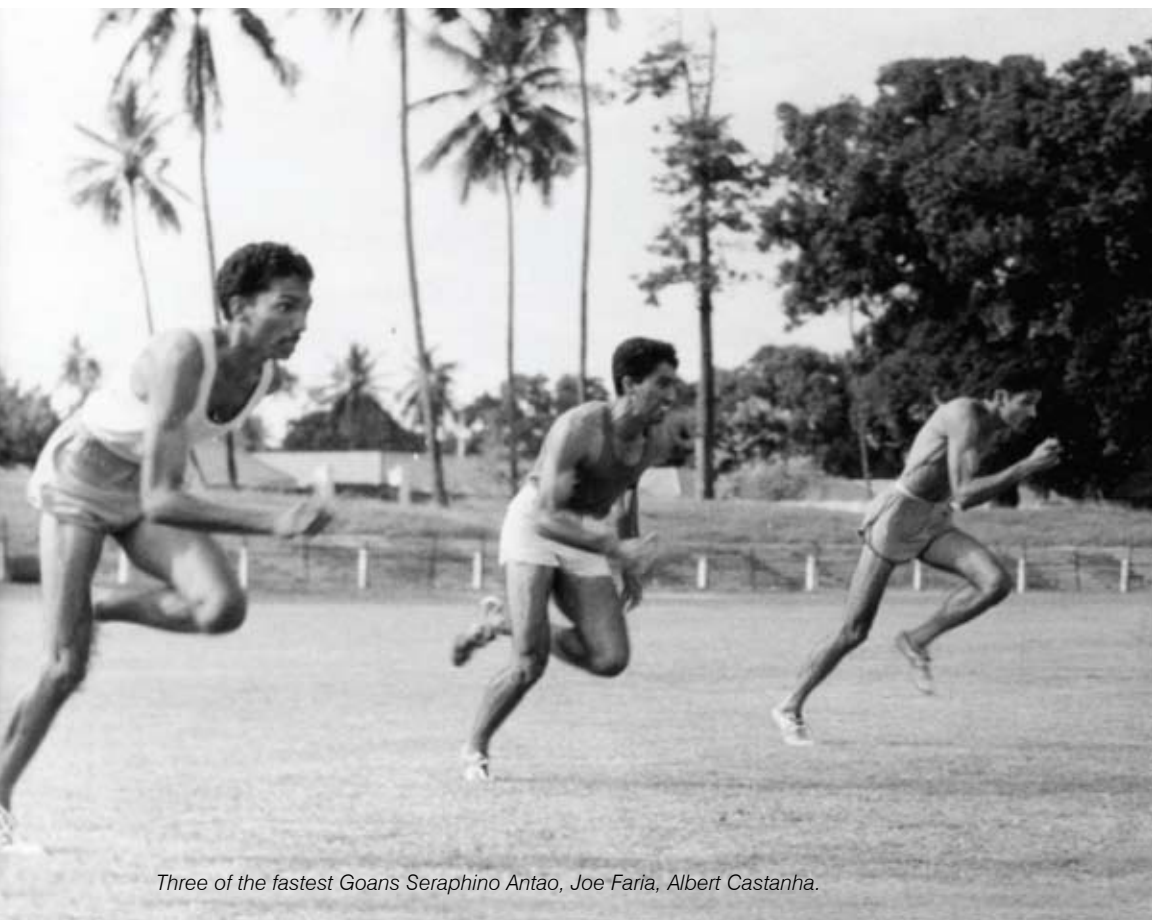
**1965:** Migrated to the United Kingdom.

**September 6, 2011:** Passed away after a battle with cancer.

# Albert Castanha

The greatest Goan all-round sports star

*Albert Castanha: aka “Legs Castanha” or “The Cat”.* The late sports genius began playing football while at school. He went on to play for the Mombasa GI “A” team and played in all the Coast Province Football tournaments as a centre forward. Later he moved to the right wing but injuries forced into the



*Three of the fastest Goans Seraphino Antao, Joe Faria, Albert Castanha.*

*Two of the greatest: Seraphino and his great rival Albert Castanha after a tightly fought race.*



goalkeeper position where enjoyed stunning success. He was selected for the Coast provincial team and played for them from 1958 to 1963. He later joined the Liverpool Football Club where they won all the tournaments. He played in goal against such big name teams Mohan Bhagan of India, A.I.K Sweden, Tanzania Combined etc.

His big moment came when he became one of the few Goans to represent Kenya in the Gossage Cup, the premier Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania triangular tournament. Other Goans who played in the Gossage were Alex Fernandes, Oscar D'Mello, and Saude George. Albert also played for Kenya in various internationals. Albert captained the Coast Province team from 1959 to 1964 and was the provincial coach from 1958 to 1963.

He was easily recognised as the greatest Goan all round sportsman of his time. He was brilliant in soccer, hockey, cricket, athletics (sprinting), badminton and virtually any sport he put his mind to. This was indeed a great Goan. Perhaps the greatest Goan all-rounder anywhere. Soccer, hockey, athletics and much more, he was brilliant in almost every sport he played. He played for the MGI for 30 years, captained it often. He played for the Coast XI from 1955 until 1970. He was



*Mombasa GI team: Standing from left, Franklin Pereira, Alvito Rego, Wilfred D'Souza, Alvito Abreu, Zeno D'Souza, Walter Cardozo, Walter Castanha, Albert Castanha, Albert "Patch" D'Souza, Tony Masky, and Joe Faria.*

also the Coast provincial coach. The Kenya Hockey Union sent him to Karachi in 1981 for a prestigious coaching course. He played on the left wing, inside left or left half. His first match was in 1955 and his last for the MGI was in 1990. What an absolute champion. Deserved international representation.

**ATHLETICS:** Represented Kenya in: 100 and 220 yards sprints, 120 high hurdles, high jump and 4X100 relay.

He was awarded the Victor Ludorum (the best all-round athlete) in 1955 and 1957. He captained both the Coast and Mombasa GI teams for many years. In 1956 he equaled the Kenya 100 yards record. He was part of the 100 yards Kenya relay team that set records in the East African Championships. He was a contender for the 1956 Olympics but was disappointed by the selectors. In 1960, he won both sprints at the MGI, Coast, Kenya and East African meets. His best times were 9.6 and 21.3. Unfortunately, there was always one man, Seraphino Antao, who stood in his way to international stardom. In 1958, for example, Ali Yusuf, Albert and Seraphino tied for the fastest 100 yards in Kenya with a time of 9.8. The battle for supremacy between is the stuff of movie block-busters. There were many times when Albert outraced Seraphino and vice versa. The third





*Sprinter Laura Ramos with two of the greatest Goan sprinters Antao and Castanha.*

musketeeer in this trilogy was a guy called Ali Yusuf and fourth Joe Faria, all from the Coast, who were just as fast as each on their day. At a GI Nairobi meeting, for example, Albert beat Seraphino in both sprints with Eddie (?) Rodrigues filling the third birth each time. A few other interesting results at the same meeting: 440 yards: 1. S. Antao, 2. R. Caiado, 3. Bruno De Souza. 120 yard hurdles: 1. Mario. Carvalho, 2. A. Castanha, 3. S. Antao. High Jump: 1. S. Antao. Pole vault: Anthony Vaz, 2. Avito D'Souza, 3 Murian D'Souza.

WOMEN: 100 yards: 1. Trifa De Souza, 2. Laura Ramos, 3. Rosarette. 220 yards, 1. Trifa De Souza, 2. Laura Ramos, 3. Phila Fernandes. Shot put: 1 Laura Ramos, 2 Trifa De Souza, 3 Irene Coelho (later De Souza). Long jump: 1. Laura Ramos.

However, when competing for selection in the 1956 Olympics, Albert ran fourth in the 100 and second in 220. He did not get a place in the team.

One of the many exciting line ups Albert played for the Mombasa GI hockey team: Justin Dourado, Mervyn De Souza, Anthony Vaz, Albert Castanha (captain), Walter Cardoso, Alban Fernandes, Franklyn Pereira, Leslie Pinto, Silvano Pinto, Louis Castelino and Reynolds Pereira.

*Castanha was also a champion hurdler.*



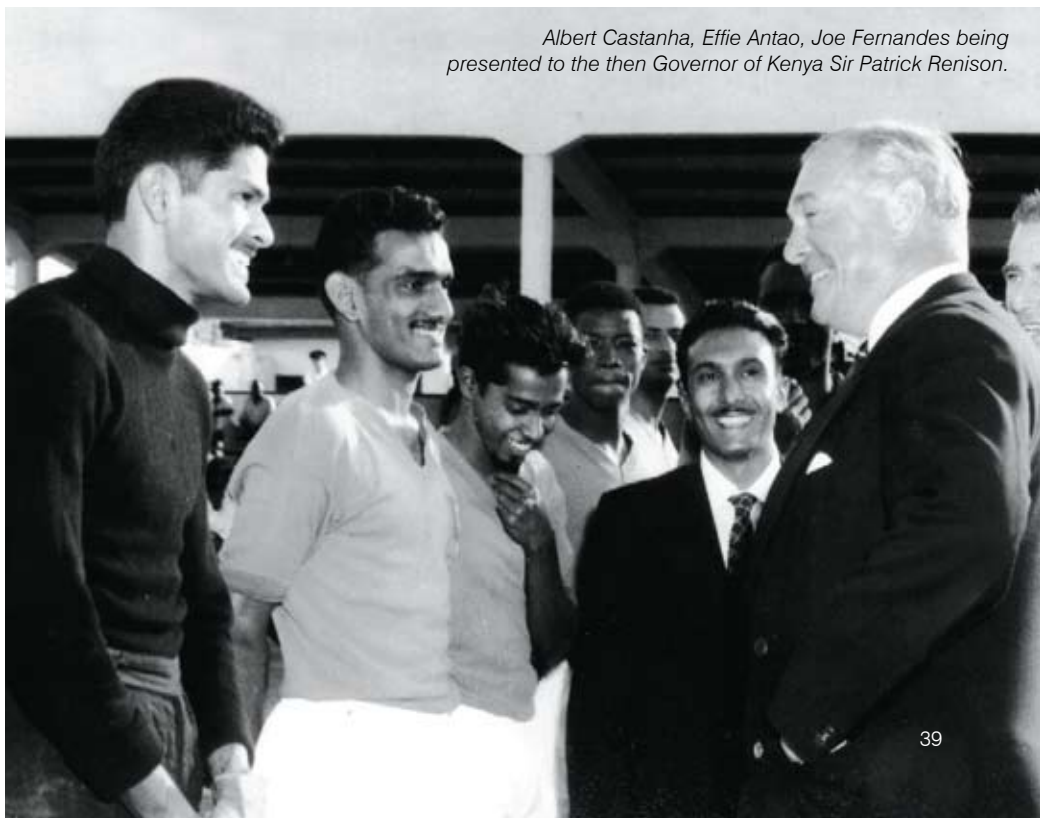
*Albert with a small selection of his many trophies.*



*Joe Gonsalves, Albert Castanha, Effie Antao, Joe Fernandes in the famous Mombasa Liverpool line-up.*



*Albert Castanha, Effie Antao, Joe Fernandes being presented to the then Governor of Kenya Sir Patrick Renison.*







*Goalkeeper*



*His fine running style*

# The Best of Mombasa Institute

## ATHLETICS:

Allan Noronha  
Tito D'Souza  
Joe Rodrigues  
Bruno D'Souza  
George D'Costa  
Albert Castanha  
Seraphino Antao  
Joe Faria

**Athlete of the Century:**  
**Albert Castanha**

## LADIES ATHLETICS:

Meldrita Laurent Veigas  
Winnie D'Souza  
Laura Ramos

**Athlete of the Century:**  
**Meldrita Laurent Veigas**

## BADMINTON:

Valance Dantes  
Philo D'Cunha  
Newton D'Costa  
Joe Fernandes  
Jerry Soares  
Agnes Correa

## STARS OF THE CENTURY:

**Valance Dantes**  
**Philo D'Cunha**  
**Newton D'Costa**

## TENNIS:

Mrs Rideau  
Mrs L Noronha  
Mr M A Vienna  
John Monteiro

**Star of the Century:**  
**M A Vienna**

## FOOTBALL:

Joe Gonsalves  
Albert Castanha  
Effie Antao  
Tony Masky  
Eugene Mendes  
Procopio Fernandes  
George D'Souza  
A S S Figueira

**Star of the Century:**  
**Procopio Fernandes**

## WOMEN'S HOCKEY:

Phila Fernandes  
Sylvia Fernandes  
Melissa Castellino Pereira  
Ida Pires  
Laura Ramos  
Winnie D'Souza  
Bertha Pinto  
Jane Sequeira  
Wilma Nazareth D'Souza

**Star of the Century:**  
**Phila Fernandes**

## MEN'S HOCKEY:

Jerome Monteiro  
Joe Rodrigues  
Adolf Dias  
Michael Teixeira  
Zachary D'Souza  
A B Rego  
Jos D'Souza  
Newton D'Costa

Albert Castanha  
 Walter Castanha  
 Michael Pereira  
 Reynolds Pereira  
 Tony Masky  
 Benny Carvalho  
 Nicholas Pereira  
 George D'Costa  
 Michael Fernandes  
 Patrick Martins  
 Alu Pereira  
 Anthony Pinto  
 Albert D'Souza (Patch)  
 Raphael Fernandes  
 Joe Faria  
 Luis Castellino  
 Mario Fernandes  
 Mervyn D'Souza  
 Raju Babla  
 Wilfred D'Souza  
 Leslie Pinto  
 Sylvano Pinto  
 Carlos D'Silva  
 D B Fonseca  
 Warren Pereira  
 Maxie Vaz

**Star of the Century:**  
**Michael Pereira**

SNOOKER AND BILLIARDS:  
 Raffie Rebello  
 Steve D'Souza  
 JP De Souza  
 Yes Pea Pereira  
 Araf Butt

Rahim Babulal  
 Mike D'Souza  
 Cornelius D'Souza  
**Star of the Century:**  
**Raffie Rebello**

CRICKET:  
 Anthony Pinto  
 Adolf Dias  
 Steve D'Souza  
 Harold George  
 Peter George  
 Michael Texeira  
 Luis Castelino  
 Joe Fernandes  
 Mervyn D'Souza  
 Joe Rodrigues  
 Tony Masky  
 John D'Souza  
 Tony Fernandes  
 Sam D'Souza  
 Alu Pereira  
 Gerson Pereira  
 S C A Fernandes  
 L C D'Souza  
 Max Monteiro  
 Jimmy Carvalho  
 Victor Fernandes  
 Peter Cordeiro  
 Raul Sama  
 Angelo D'Souza  
 Eddie D'Souza  
 Michael Tavares  
**Star of the Century:**  
**Adolf Dias**

The above selections were  
 made to mark the centenary  
 celebrations of the Institute

## Mombasa Goan Institute

MELDRITA VIEGAS: She did not know it at the time, but as she ran each morning to catch the bus to elementary school she was actually training for a special future: athletics. In those very early days, her friends were calling her Never Say Die. Her competitive athletics career actually began in Mombasa at the Sacred Heart High School in the inter-school athletics meetings. Then there were those special days when the whole of Mombasa it seemed was abuzz with athletics: GI Easter Sports, Empire Days Sports and the Coast Championships. The Easter Sports attracted runners from Nairobi and other parts of Kenya. The competition was fierce.

Meldrita competed in the 100 yards, the 200 yards and the long jump. She also ran the first or anchor leg for the 4X100 yards relay. During her reign as champion for 10 years, Meldrita held the Coast records for the 100 yards, 200 yards. She also held the Kenya record at the time for the 100 yards clocking 11.4 seconds. She held both the Coast and Kenya record for the long jump for a long period. For 10 years she was always first in each of her three pet events. She retired in 1962 as the Queen of the Track at the Coast.

Laura Ramos: an outstanding sprinter. Juanita Ramos nee Noronha: another fine sprinter. Winnie D'Souza: won the Kenya 100 yards in 1956. And there was Phila Fernandes who was also a strong competitor.

### MEN

JOE RODRIGUES: A member of the football team, he also represented the Coast in athletics. He was holder of the 100 yards record of 10 seconds. He once equaled the British 100 yards record of 9.6 but it was not ratified on a time-keeping technicality.

BRUNO DE SOUZA: Main events were the 440 yards and the 880 yards.

ALCINO RODRIGUES: His pet event was the 440 yards, the quarter mile. Represented the Coast over a long period. Reigned supreme.

ALFRED VIANA: Held the shot put and discus records at the Coast for many years. Big moments came when he was represented the Coast the in the 1958 Kenya championships and Kenya in the 1957 East Africa Championships.

JOE FARIA: Another truly outstanding Coast sprinter. Part of the 4X100 yards relay team at the Kenya championships in Kisumu.

ALLAN NORONHA: First Victor Ludorum at Mombasa, excelling in the sprints, long jumps, high jump and the triple jump.

GEORGE DA COSTA: Won the mile for three consecutive years.

Others who represented the Mombasa Goan institute included: Eddie Soares, Tony Castanha, Tito De Souza, Bernie Carvalho, Monte Fernandes, and Jos. P. Rodrigues.

#### HOCKEY LADIES

LAURA RAMOS: A stunning athlete with speed to burn. She flew down the left wing for many years.

PHILA FERNANDES: Reckoned to be one of the best. Began as a centre half but moved to inside right. Great stick work made her a regular goal scorer. Captained the team.

CYBIL CAISTER (NEE CORREIA): A solid full back. Played for many years.

MELISSA PEREIRA (NEE CASTELINO): Played as centre half or full back for many years.

JOANITA RAMOS (NEE NORONHA): A very useful player on the left wing.

BERTHA PINTO: Centre half, wore the club colours for many years.

JANE SEQUEIRA: Yet another centre half.

WILMA DE SOUZA (NEE NAZARETH): Full back. Solid for a number of years.

IDA PIRES: Full back. A very well-known player, with Ida Pires formed an unbeatable back line.

WINNIE DE SOUZA: A forward for many years.

SILVIA FERNANDES: Centre forward.

#### HOCKEY MEN'S

1930 – 1940s

MAXI VAZ: Half-back: one of the icons of hockey in the 1940s. He played for Gold Medal winning Indian team in the London Olympics in 1948. Maxi played alongside some of the greatest names in Indian hockey history including Dhyan Chand, Leo Pinto, Walter De Souza, Babu and others. He also played for what are perhaps the best known Goan hockey teams, the Lusitanians of Mumbai. Maxi came to Kenya in 1952 played out his career with the MGI.

BENNY CARVALHO: Centre-half. Another great player in hockey's history. Captained MGI, captained Kenya against All India in 1948 and he was loved



and respected not only for his hockey skills but also for the fact that he was a gentleman both on and off the field.

A.B. REGO: All-rounder. Played for the MGI for many years.

1940s – 1950s

JEROME S. MONTEIRO: Played for MGI for 15 years, captain for five, the Coast XI and captained against All India 1948. Played for a Kenya-Uganda XI against Pakistan and against a Tata XI. An all-rounder who excelled at soccer and cricket as well.

JOE T. RODRIGUES: All-rounder. Stamina, speed, great ball control, body swerves, brilliant passing skills, made him a goal scoring hockey natural.

MICHAEL PEREIRA: Another of those MI hockey immortals. Having repped MGI, Coast and Kenya, he had the honour of captaining all three. He represented Kenya at the 1956 Olympics in Melbourne, Australia. Michael also coached the MGI women's hockey team.

FRANKLYN PEREIRA: According to Cyprian Fernandes, Franklyn was perhaps the greatest hockey never to have worn the Kenya colours at an Olympics. Fernandes had campaigned hard for his selection without success. Franklyn was a born goal scorer with the dribbling skills reserved for only the greatest in the game. One example of this came when he played for East African against a powerful Tata XX: he collected the ball from the centre of the field, dribbled his way through a host of defenders and scored a solo goal that etched deeply in the memories of those who saw him play and the oral history of hockey at the Kenya Coast. In the process of scoring that solo goal, Franklyn beat the legendary India goalkeeper Leo Pinto. Brilliant.

WALTER CASTANHA: Full-back. A tough, hard player who combined with Wilfred De Souza (Shiri) to build an unbreachable defence. "The ball, but the man does," was their motto. He earned every accolade at the Coast and once came close to national honours. He was reckoned as the best defender of all time at the Coast.

WILFRID DE SOUZA (SHIRI): An attacking full-back also played for the Coast XI. Remembered for his fine stick work.

ALBERT DE SOUZA: Known as "Patch". A fine player.

TONY MASCARENHAS: A brave and daring player. MGI, Coast XI.

J.N. DE SOUZA: MGI. Remembered for his contributions to the Easter Sports programme and sport in general. MGI club sports secretary for many years.

ALBAN FERNANDES: Played for Dar es Salaam (1940s-1960s) and the national team against visiting Indian and Pakistani teams. Represented East Africa and also captained the team at one stage. In 1965, Alban came to Kenya where captained/coached the Coast XI. On return to Tanzania, he was appointed National Cricket Coach. In Canada, he was appointed head coach for the Alberta Junior Team.

NICHOLAS PEREIRA: Goalkeeper. Captain MGI and played for the Coast XI against All India.

MICHAEL TEIXEIRA: MGI. Captained Uganda and East Africa against All India and also played against Pakistan Rovers in 1952.

GEORGE DA COSTA: Centre Half. Also played for the Coast XI.

MOMBASA GOAN INSTITUTE (MGI) Hockey representatives 1950—1960s

LESLIE PINTO: Inside forward. Played for MGI, Coast and Kenya. A delightful “stick” player, exceptionally fast.

SILVANO PINTO: Half back, MGI, and Coast XI.

WALTER CARDOSO: One of the finest centre-halves the MGI produced. A great motivator of fellow players. Captained the Coast XI. Tried for Kenya.

LUIS CASTELINO: Goalkeeper. MGI, Coast and tried for Kenya.

ANTHONY VAZ: Originally from Nairobi, moved to Mombasa. Flag bearer at the 1956 Melbourne Olympics. Always rated among the greats of the game. A very gentle man, with an eternal smile. MGI.

PRITAM SINGH SANDHU: One of the great centre forwards of our time. MGI, GI. Combined brilliantly with Franklyn Pereira. MGI, Coast.  
1960-1970s

REYNOLDS PEREIRA: Inside forward: Learnt to play at the Goan High School, Mombasa. Later he played for the Falcons before joining MGI. He was one of the youngest players to play for Kenya, 1968 Olympics Mexico City. Also played at the Munich Olympics in 1972 and the World Cup in Amsterdam (1973). He represented Kenya in several international events. He was awarded the trophy for the Highest Goal Scorer at the Coppa International Cup in 1977. A speedy

player with great stick work.

RAJU BABLA: Goalkeeper, MGI, Coast XI and was selected to play for Kenya. Excellent reflexes and timing. His first love, however, was cricket and he was on the brink of selection of India.

RUI SALDANHA: Forward. One of the first Asians to play for Great Britain. GI Nairobi, Hornets. A brilliant player to watch.  
1970-1980s

RAPHAEL FERNANDES: Full-back. Boabab Hockey Club, Coast XI. Olympian. Rapha was vice captain of the national team. Represented Kenya in the Rene Frank Gold Cup Madras, 1979; Mini Olympics, Montreal Olympics 1979, Inter-Continental Cup in Rome 1977, the Esanda World Cup in Perth, Australia, 1979 and travelled to Zimbabwe and Zambia for a Test series. Was the winner of the "Player of the Year" award in 1977. Also selected for the Moscow Olympics 1980 and the Seoul Olympics in 1988.

MARIO FERNANDES: Inside forward. Represented MGI, Coast XI and Kenya. A prolific goal scorer with great speed, stick work and an uncanny ability to scoop the ball into the goal. Played against Pakistan and trialed for Montreal.

TONY CASTANHA: Inside forward, winger. MGI, Baobab, Coast XI. Was a member of Baobab which was the only team from the coast to win the prestigious M R De Souza Gold Cup which was usually dominated by upcountry teams.

PATRICK MARTINS: Inside forward. Capped in 1974 for the All Africa Championships in Cairo, picking up a bronze medal. Played in the Mini Olympics in 1975. Also played in the Inter-Continental Cup in Rome, Esanda Cup in Perth, Australia, 1979 and toured India, Malaysia, New Zealand, Singapore and Indonesia.

MICHAEL FERNANDES: Centre Half. Captained MGI and the Coast XI for many years. Played for the Goa XI in the Indian inter-state competitions. Played for Kenya in the Inter-Continental Cup in Rome 1977. Was selected for Kenya, but could not travel to Zimbabwe and Zambia.

WALTER DE SOUZA: Played for the MI and then moved to Nakuru where he represented the Rift Valley. Capped to play for Kenya in the Inter-Continental Cup in Rome 1977.

TED KABETU: All-rounder, MI, Coast. Opportunist.

ALVITO ABREU: GI, Coast XI. Assistant GM Kenya team to Cairo and judge and Assistant Technical Director All Africa Games in Nairobi 1987.

AARON FERNANDES: Played for GI. Later moved to UK, played for GB under 21s. Capped by Canada at the Los Angeles Olympics.

TEDDY GOMES: Played for GI Kisumu, repped Nyanza.

VICTOR MPAGA: First African to join MI. Later moved to Baobab. Coast XI.

CHRISTOPHER DE SOUZA: Played in Goal for MI and also represented Coast XI.

In the 1980s the following players were associated with the MI: Milton Fernandes, Rosario Barretto, Melvin Fernandes, Neville De Souza, Iqbal Sheikh, Avinash Dholakia, and Ashok Weeraratna.

1990s: Carlo Da Silva, Warren Pereira, Joseph Mascarenhas, Solomon Omondi, Edmund Hawai, Angelo Pereira.

WARREN PEREIRA: 1985: short corner specialist: awarded the "best upcoming player" by the Coast Hockey Association. Represented Kenya from 1989 to 1996. Played in the Indira Gandhi Gold Cup where Kenya won bronze after losing to Holland. In 1996, in the Africa Cup of Nations in South Africa, Kenya was beaten in the final by the hosts. Selected MI sportsman of the year eight times.

SOLOMON OMONDI: Selected for Kenya for the All Africa Games in Zimbabwe. Other MI players over the years have been: Joe (ESSO) Fernandes, Joe Faria, Anthony (Antu) Pinto, Alu Pereira, Alvito Abreu, Bonny Fernandes, Bob Zuzarte, Francis Lobo, Harold George D'Souza, Zeno De Souza, Jose De Souza, Adolf Dias, Zachary De Souza, Newton Da Costa, Jos P. Rodrigues, B. De Souza, Christy Pereira, Noel Fernandes, Veron De Souza, Maria Pereira (nee De Souza), Amy Fernandes, Doris Fernandes, Nifa Fernandes, Justin Dourado, Bonny Fernandes.

## SOCCKER

1940s – 1950s

PROCOPIO FERNANDES: Began his football career in Goa where he played left half for his school and was responsible for some splendid victories. When he came to Africa, he brought his footy boots along and his knowledge and skill of the game won him many fans and recognition. He was selected to play for the rep side Asians XI. Unfortunately he broke his leg and was sidelined for a while. Later he played fullback and in the goal just before he retired.

EUGEN MENDES: A steady full back for the club and Asians XI.

EFFIE ANTAO: Forward. A goal scoring machine, one of the hardest kickers or the ball, a smasher of goal nets, and all this when most of the time he played in defence. Effie played for the MGI in all their major tournaments. You were always assured of plenty of thrills and an object lesson to watch him play. It was not surprising then that he was appointed captain Coast Province Association side in 1955. He was also a member of the all-conquering Liverpool FC side.

GEORGE DE SOUZA: In Nairobi, he played for the most successful Goan team ever, Nairobi Heroes where he earned a huge reputation as a skillful player. In Mombasa he played with MGI.

GEORGE DA COSTA: Centre half and played in many victorious tournaments for the MGI.

WALTER CASTANHA: Full back, a rock in defence. Great to watch.

WILLIE LOBO: Played good football for the Kisumu Hot Stars. Also played cricket and hockey for Nyanza Province. A member of MGI.

1950s – 1960s

JOE GONSALVES: JOE Gonsalves was a young soccer player and athlete in Mombasa at a time when the Kenyan coastal capital was blessed with some of the greatest Goan sporting heroes of our time: First there was the greatest of them all, the Commonwealth Games double sprint gold medalist, Seraphino Antao, Albert Castanha (the finest all-round sportsman), Joe Faria (sprinter), Jack Fernandes (sprinter), Laura Ramos (sprinter), Franklyn Pereira (hockey), Joe Fernandes (soccer), Tony Masky (soccer), George Da Costa (soccer), Wilfred D'Souza (soccer), Leslie Pinto (hockey), Silvano Pinto (hockey), Michael Fernandes (hockey), Reynolds Pereira (hockey), Alan Noronha (sprinter, hockey), Michael Fernandes (Hockey Olympian 1956), Anthony Pinto (cricketer), Ernest Vianna (spectacular tennis player), Xavier Vianna (tennis), Alcino Rodrigues (400 metres specialist), Effie Antao (sensational soccer goal scorer). There were many others, too, and whose names have faded just as much as my own memory continues to fade with time. God Bless 'em all.

TONY MASCARENHAS (Masky): As a very young school boy it was clear to all those who watched him that he was born for greater things. He was outstanding at soccer, hockey and cricket and he could have been a champ at netball, volleyball or anything else he might have tried his hand at. He was that talented.

After finishing high school in 1961, he caught his first big break as a key player for the outstanding Goan Nairobi Heroes side in the National League in Nairobi.



He was an absolutely stunning goal poacher with his head or with his boot. In one match, against Samia United, he scored 9 out of the 10 Heroes' goals... a record that may have stood the test of time. The following year he returned to Mombasa and was signed by Liverpool which by then had changed its name to Mwenge to be politically correct. All seems a bit silly, then and now. It was not long before he was selected to play for Kenya against the professional English side West Bromwich Albion which was touring Kenya at the time.

EFFIE ANTÃO: Full-back. A goal scoring machine from free kicks, one of the hardest kickers or the ball, a smasher of goal nets, and all this when most of the time he played in defence. Effie played for the MGI in all their major tournaments. You were always assured of plenty of thrills and an object lesson to watch him play. It was not surprising then that he was appointed captain Coast Province Association side in 1955. He was also a member of the all-conquering Liverpool FC side.

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1960s

LUIS CASTELINHO, BENNY CARVALHO, JOE (MGONJWA) FERNANDES also played for the MGI. Joe went on to play for Liverpool FC.

# Roland Collaco

## A victim of politics

BY NORMAN DA COSTA

*It's the lifelong dream* of every amateur athlete to represent their country at the Olympic Games. Once getting there each one harbours the thought of standing on the podium with a shiny medal dangling around his or her neck. Roland Collaco wasn't any different. Getting to the Olympics in Munich in 1972 would have put an exclamation point on a brilliant career for possibly Africa's finest field hockey goalkeeper at the time. He was the only player on the Uganda squad assured of a seat on that flight to the Bavarian city, but as fate would have it, politics reared its ugly head and shattered his dreams. That year Idi Amin's Uganda was gripped in the midst of a political turmoil and the government demanded the Olympic squad include a number of African players.

Unfortunately, Collaco, who passed away at the age of 78 in Mississauga on Sept. 5, 2013, was unceremoniously left out in the cold. "We were all so stunned when we heard Roland was dropped," recalled Ajit Singh, captain of Kampala Sikh Union, who along with the rest of his teammates often found Collaco an impenetrable force in the Kampala Goan Institute net. "He was the unluckiest man ever to miss out on the Olympics because of politics, especially since he was the main reason we qualified for Munich," added Ajit.

Collaco was at his brilliant best in Lusaka in 1971, stonewalling Zambia, South Africa and favoured Egypt in the qualifiers to help Uganda grab one of the two Olympic berths assigned to Africa behind perennial champions Kenya. To say Collaco was devastated at being left out would be an understatement. "He was very, very hurt at the time," said his wife Eurema, also a former Uganda international. Born in Nairobi, Roland moved to Uganda with his parents in 1951 and four years later made his international debut and went on to earn more than a 100 caps.

Goalkeepers normally wear No.1 on their jerseys and Collaco's number was symbolic of his importance on the Kampala G.I. and the national team squads. He retained that No.1 position and also captained Uganda until migrating to Canada in 1972. What differentiated Collaco from other netminders of that era



*The late Roland Collaco*

was that he was bold and utterly fearless. Only other goalkeeper who springs to mind as equally courageous and, who like Collaco did not wear a facemask, was Kenya's Jack Simonian, who also doubled as a world-class rally driver.

Collaco usually saved his best for the Easter holidays when the top clubs descended on Nairobi to contest the M.R. de Souza Gold Cup, the Blue Riband of East African hockey. After years of coming close, Collaco finally backstopped a talented and experienced Kampala Goan Institute to the coveted Gold Cup in 1957 in a stirring replay against Nairobi Sikh Union after the first encounter ended in a goalless draw. Collaco, of course, kept the Sikh offence at bay by pulling off two superb saves before goals by Rennie Rodrigues and Polly Pereira carted the trophy across the border to Uganda for the very first time. Collaco also led Toronto Lions to the inaugural GOA Gold Cup in Toronto in 1974.

Al Mathias, a KGI and national team teammate of Collaco's for several years, termed his play as "brilliant and terrific" and so did Nicky De Mello, who tried to lure Collaco to his newly-formed Horizons Sports Club. "Roland was really excellent and so daring," said De Mello. "He was never afraid and would dive every each way to stop the ball. He was a much-sought after player." These same sentiments were also echoed by Ajit Singh and Mathias and several other players. Collaco, of course, was also a first-class soccer goalkeeper and it was his stint with Salgaocar, one of Goa's leading teams that helped him hone his diving skills in hockey.

Fans and opposing teams may have resented him, but they had nothing but the

highest respect for him as was evidenced by the more than 350 who attended his funeral. Collaco who leaves behind his wife Eurema, was father of Conrad and Paula, father-in-law of Sylvan and Alison, grandfather to Mathew, Sara, Jacob and Grace and brother of Thelma Sidoli (Renato) and Remy.

*Former sports editor of the Daily Nation not only reported on Roland, but also played against him on several occasion for the Railway Goan Institute in Gold Cup matches.*

# Growing Up With The Cup

**Hartman de Souza remembers two World Cups in Kenya and the history they brought with them while he battled adolescence.**

*I* knew there was something called the World Cup courtesy an eccentric mother who kick-started a thick scrap book dedicated to football, to get me to start reading the newspaper. I was ten years old, and lived in Mombasa, on the coast of Kenya.

In it, my mother had gummed various newspaper and magazine articles and features on football. In 1960 when she handed it to me to continue, the last entry was her exhaustive coverage of the World Cup in Sweden in 1958, with reports of every one of the qualifying rounds and all the internationals friendly matches leading up to it. The very last clippings were news-items and commentaries talking about the next World Cup in Chile, in just two years' time.

My tasks were cut out. Armed with a dictionary, I may have been one of the first ten year old kids in Kenya if not the so-called Commonwealth, to discover Brian Glanville<sup>1</sup>, a very bright and daring football columnist; a man who still writes about the game as if it was the only pleasure pursuing<sup>2</sup>.

I spent days and nights reading and re-reading my scrap book. I replayed countless matches in my head so that I could tinker with them and change the results. I *always* changed the results in my head, so logically the teams I supported *always* won.

I kept that scrap book going with gummed clippings denoting anything and everything to do with football in Kenya and anywhere else in the world if it appeared in print and caught my beady eye. No magazine or newspaper was safe from me. The executive committee of the library and reading room at the Goan Institute, Mombasa, for instance, was never to find out who mysteriously cut out articles and news reports on football from all the papers – and then, to cap impudence, chop up the football-related pages of papers and magazines from England that came a good week or so later...

1. <https://www.theblizzard.co.uk/article/brian-glanville> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

2. <http://www.worldsoccer.com/news/398624-398624> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)



That scrap book was duly pasted and updated and read and analysed until 1963 ended, and I was uprooted from Mombasa and moved to a small town called Embu in the foothills of Kiri Nyaga – ‘The-Mountain-where-God-Lives’, a sacred tribal space that the British for reasons best known to them, listlessly named ‘Mount Kenya’.

The town of Embu banished the Indian Ocean from my head. I saw the mountain every single morning that was free of cloud, standing tall and coal-black with its sharp, jagged, gleaming summit. We lived in a house with a huge lawn. The only saving grace was the formerly ‘Whites Only’ Embu Sport Club with its wood-panelled bar, two dart boards, a table tennis table, 3 tennis courts and a squash court. I learnt to play ping-pong, tennis and squash with my dad, but life, as such, was shit for a thirteen year old. I remember having no friends my age to play football with. I ended up kicking a ball against the side of the house; and in sheer viciousness, used it to bomb my mother’s rose plants...

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The point of this pre-ramble is to note that life has ‘changed’ to the point, where in these merchandised days of comfort, children have no need not take a circuitous path – regardless how virtuous – just to know that something called the World Cup exists.

Take Pune where many, many moon later, I now live.

Not even fifty years ago, Pune was part of a poor, pretentious, so-called socialist-inclined ‘Third World’ country that rubbed shoulders with other ‘Third World’ countries like Kenya. You will recall that countries in the southern hemisphere those days, banded together against hegemonic tendencies and threats they rightly perceived coming from the prosperous Western – or ‘First World’ as it was called.

Now that everyone has agreed such divisions either do not exist, or, if they do, then do not matter, or indeed, whether the world has actually become less polarized, more inclusive and more equitable, is neither here nor there! What one does know with some certainty, in 1967 Pune was very much a ‘Third World’ town.

This part of the road I stand on introducing Pune, for instance, was so far outside city limits, you had to catch a State Transport bus from the railway station, and travel a large part of the distance on a mud road. College students came here for picnics on a Sunday because the area was known for its guava plantations, its vegetable and rice fields, and its many streams and springs.

These were yet to be either choked under garbage, or allowed to deteriorate into open, festering concrete-lined canals to carry waste water and sewage into one of the two main rivers that flow through the city with thick, frothy, foul-smelling dark water, their passage checked with small islands of floating refuse.

The hills on the southern side of this broad road were once actually covered with trees, and below them villagers, with excellent irrigation facilities, were still growing and harvesting one or more of five grains twice a year. None of the hills had been cut and hacked to make space for block after block of concrete buildings with a “hill view” – all, ironically, three quarters empty because they’ve been bought as a ‘second’ or even ‘third’ investments by people only too willing to wait out the time when rates will go through the roof; and as a result of which, they will be able to lead even more comfortable lives.

Today, this area is an integral part of Pune and has, well, ‘changed’. It is a part of a scenario with its attendant pimples, warts and waste we will all get to see as we head towards realizing the current Prime Minister’s pipe-dream of “a hundred cities blooming”. In front of me, is a stretch of concrete layered over what was once just good farmland with the rich, almost black soil so native to this area.

In some stray plots here and there, a farmer waits for the prices to go still higher before he too sells to buy SUVs for his two sons, even though he still ploughs his field with an old tractor and sows yellow maize, brinjal, onions, tomatoes and bhindi; then, with his wife and children, bringing his produce to this very same road I stand on, to sell.

This entire area and more was part of the dream project fuelled by the infamous Suresh Kalmadi, well-known politician turned freelance ‘infrastructure consultant’. It was Kalmadi, who brought the Youth Commonwealth Games to Pune, cutting a highway through here to bring in ‘development’ and lead to the huge stadium – not even two kilometres away as the crow flies. Hand in hand with the powerful real estate lobby Kalmadi opened out another part of the city to link it to the highway between Bangalore and Mumbai, on the other side of the pitch. This was his ‘dress rehearsal’ you could say, for what he was later to do when he took the senior, more prestigious Commonwealth Games to New Delhi in order to milk them – which he did very well indeed<sup>3</sup>.

On this broad ‘bypass’ that Kalmadi created, is now a slick ‘delicatessen’ that sells you Parma hams, varieties of Kenyan and Australian beef, lamb from New Zealand, dark roasted Colombian coffee beans, Heinz products and any one of twelve different ‘organic’ pasta sauces from all over the world to go with an equally stunning array of Italian, Turkish, Greek and Israeli pasta. Vegetarians get to choose from different types of frozen, flavoured, marinated tofu made

3. <https://www.ndtv.com/india-news/top-10-facts-about-kalmadis-commonwealth-games-scandal-568261> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

from soya bean curd that's been tempered with a touch of Monsanto. There's a selection of soft sticky Japanese rice; seaweed in four varieties; and sauces, marinades and several flaming wasabi mixes that set your nostrils ablaze just looking at them.

You want something you see or read about in the glittery pages; like at any one of ten or twenty or whatever outlets, you ask for it, they'll get it for you, ordering it on the net even as you provide the details. At the kerb, outside, on any day of the week, you can see any one of fifty really swanky cars in India that cost anywhere up to 5 crore rupees.

The change is predictable. On Sunday morning, relishing the *dhoklas*, fried chillies and sweet-sour-hot tamarind sauce, the right-wing columnists will come out to bray the same old platitudes: So good for the GDP, encouraging of entrepreneurship, driving the middle class to be have more aspirations, to dream, to buy more, to keep the wheels turning, our chance to wave the flag and rule the world...

The only amusement I get when I walk past with my dog is that he gives a hoot about either class or aspiration. He'll pee on the pavement and just as easily pee on the 150,000 rupee right rear tyre of the new Indian-owned, English-made Jaguar.

I mention this road because as the media began its calculated and fevered countdown to Brazil 2014 – ten minutes of old badly curated clips of matches regurgitated in a studio in Singapore or Mumbai, followed by fifteen minutes of ads using football to hock whatever product imaginable – I remember standing on this road in Pune that *epitomizes* the way life has 'changed'.

Standing on that road, ruminating on life, I saw, coming out of the swing-through glass door of this posh multinational grocery shop a young, prosperous, and somewhat breathless Indian mother, in her late twenties, early thirties. She was as good an example as any of those young Indians who welcome the 'change' we see around us – even though, oblivious to all but her, she needed some serious walking on footwear other than the four inch heels of the patent leather designer shoes she tottered on.

She carried an eco-friendly shopping bag in her right hand, even as she struggled to lift her smart-phone to her ear, ending the call whining, "What could I do yaar? He sent the car for me ten minutes ago...I know...and I told him ten times at least this morning. I'll be there, na? Soon yaar"!

She blew a loud kiss at the phone and switched it off after she rapidly read her

messages, and replied to one. She stood there, swaying like a badly loaded skiff, listing badly leeward to keep her crafted leather bag from slipping off her right shoulder even as she dangled the shopping bag. With her left hand, fingers and wrists sparkling with jewellery, she tried to pull her small son towards the rear door of her swish car, where the door was being held open for her by a chauffeur in gleaming white uniform, and peaked cap, wearing what looked like her husband's white hand-me-down Adidas shoes.

Her son, maybe four years old or so had a small Nike football gripped under his left arm, while he tried to free his other hand from his mother's grip. He was tough this kid. He made her do a crazy dance; one tottering step towards the door of the car, two tottering steps back to him.

"I want to kick my ball," he insisted. He wasn't shouting or throwing a tantrum. He was articulate, confident and firm; a kid who knew what he wanted. "Just one kick, I promise..."

"No", she replied, "I've told you ten times already, we're late...you can't understand English??"

Even as she said this, she stole a glimpse of herself in the tinted glass of the door the chauffeur held open, bending a bit and turning her head from one side to the other to see if her hair was in place. She yanked the kid, but he stood his ground with a side-on action, one foot in front of the other – and leant back transferring his weight, pulling her forward even as he struggled to wrench his hand away and grip his ball. A very balanced kid, you would say at first glance.

"Oh fo," she whined. Given her high heels and ballast, she was anything but steady and wobbled in a semi-circle around him. By now there were at least ten pedestrians who had stopped or slowed down to watch the kid and her so I willed her to have a gentle but indelicate fall – not to hurt herself or anything, just collapse like a large air mattress, softly falling to the ground with a great whoosh of air.

Instead, she yelled to her driver to take the shopping bag and her phone which he promptly did. Now she's going to thump him I thought, so I willed the kid to kick her on her shin – which, taking me totally by surprise, he did quite stunningly – taking a tiny step back and letting her have it just above the ankle. There was no doubt in anyone about this kid's ability to kick a ball. His mother almost but not quite toppled back, drawing a high-pitched squawk that stuck between shock and anger in her open mouth.

Before I could will him what to do next, she recovered to give him an almighty

thwack on his head with her meaty palm, a clout alas, that took the fight out of him. His tiny ball dropped to the pavement and bounced towards me. The kid was beaten and the poor guy knew it. He was so concussed he couldn't even cry. I gave him back his ball.

"Say thank you uncle," his mother said sternly, her voice nasal and grating, her finger waving like a teacher's stick. "Thank you uncle," he whispered between tears.

Loudly say it she screeched in Hindi. "Thank you uncle," he promptly repeated. He caught my eye before she poked him through the door telling him exactly what she was going to do to him if he ever did that to her in front of other people. With his eyes the poor kid said to me: "Just look at the shit I got to go through when all I want to do is kick a ball".

I shrugged my shoulders, turned my mouth down, and looked him straight in his tear-filled eye.

"Welcome to the real world kid" I told him telepathically.

Who knows, maybe he'll even get to play football before he sits for an entrance exam to join some level of useless schooling or the other. He wore blue shorts, tiny little matching Adidas sneakers with three white stripes slanted down, and a bright-yellow Nike-embossed Brazil top with green-and-blue trim, the number '10' and the name 'Neymar Jr.' on his back.

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What I can say with some certainty is that in 1960, on the ghastly playground of the Goan High School, Mombasa, where we played, there was no merchandise either surrounding or influencing the game<sup>4</sup> played by ten year olds.

That was to come from 1961 or so onwards when a well-known sugar-laden soft drink, as part of its sponsorship of the game in Africa, began to send free cases of their brew to school football teams to gulp after practice for a good two years – in return for stocking it, at supposedly discounted rates, in school canteens and tuck shops. That's where they first rehearsed for the moment they were then ready to trumpet to the world in the 90s, that they were doing us a favour and we were actually beholden to them for drinking their bottled cola.

In less than two weeks of doling this out free to school football teams who made drinking it sexy, this global behemoth had hooked thousands and thousands of school kids to associating playing a strenuous game of football with quenching

4. <http://www.deccanherald.com/content/73214/will-south-africa-gain-world.html> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)



your thirst. They were so good at it, by the early 60s, on the British Armed Services Radio Station that beamed from Nairobi with a very popular announcer called David Dunlop<sup>5</sup>, they had Ray Charles and then Diana Ross and The Supremes singing “Things go better with Coca Cola, things go better with Coke” in four part harmonies that made our hair stand. We played football and we drank Coke... life was simple.

The insidiousness of soft-drink strategies apart, in 1960 none of us had boots in primary school. We played with bare feet, if it was on grass – like at the football ground of the Goan Institute, Mombasa, or with Bata canvas shoes if it was on the muddy, sandy, stony surface of the school ground. Best were Sunday picnics to the beaches outside the island of Mombasa, where sons played in teams with or against their fathers.

The boots for younger people were also part of a merchandise that emerged in or around 1962, when Bata in East Africa began to produce them: leather boots with studs made from round bits of leather nailed. Periodically, players filed off bits of the nail where the studs had worn out.

(This style of boot was not unlinked to a *major revolution* that had taken place two years before we turned ten, and which all of us were blissfully unaware of. In the early 60s we were not to know that the first boots we ever saw in the Bata shop window were replicas of English football boots that themselves were modelled on heavy hard-capped army boots that came past the ankle. Two years before that, unknown to us then, a magical team of Brazilian players was to discard these for dancing shoes).

We just played football every opportunity we got, sometimes with a real ball and sometimes with an old tennis ball. It was not uncommon walking back from school to kick around a stone between ourselves. We were all sweaty and dirty and scuffed our leather shoes and tore out shirts and got whacked for it, but life was all very simple, uncomplicated, passionate and totally class-determined at the primary school level. The guy that brought the ball along got to be captain and pick the side against which the others could play.

More importantly perhaps, there was also a real, lived history that linked us to the game; it was very much a part and parcel of our everyday lives. Every school I can think of while growing up in Kenya had a large playing field and there were always kids playing football. When I was in primary school, we had a games period every single day and even stayed on after school to play. The sacred cow called ‘homework’ only beckoned after six and before dinner. Between the hours of 2.30 and 6, we were either reading a book because we were not allowed to go out and play, or we were playing football. We badgered our mothers for money to

5. <http://announcements.johnstonpress.co.uk/obituaries/fenlandcitizen-uk/obituary.aspx?page=lifestory&pid=18247439>  
4 (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

go to a film, but harassed our fathers to be taken to a football match.

Kids like us played the game as we tried to imitate the moves of local players we actually saw playing every week-end in Mombasa. This may have been a far more symbiotic process than having the game first 'endorsed' by a nondescript Bollywood actor with muscles in his mouth selling the game with the aid of a deodorant spray or whatever. Football was still football. It hadn't yet become a game that could be cynically sold.

Taking lessons from Madison Avenue in the 60s, today's advertising agencies have perfected the spurious art of selling to ten year olds and taken this to many levels. Today, consciences as clear as bottled spring water, they now target privileged 16 year old kids with stubble and give them the balls to pretend they're 18 so that they can chill out, quaff a few beers 'responsibly', and watch a live telecast of a game played in Brazil beamed to them because it is 'powered' by a bad whiskey posing as mineral water; 'sponsored' by a deodorant; and 'in association' with fibre-rich biscuits or peach-flavoured face bleach, or whatever it is that people need to buy to keep this economy booming.

As the 50s ended and the 60s began, football was still real for us...

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A few years before Kenya got its independence, at a time when many Goans still thought of themselves as 'Portuguese' subjects and not 'Indians' – because that's what they were prior to the December of 1961 – there were about six to eight teams in the First Division league in Mombasa. Matches were played at the Municipal Stadium in Mombasa. It had a football ground that to any ten year old appeared as beautiful as the lush baize of a billiard table.

If you were ten years old and knew your football, you supported one of two teams that topped that league every alternate year. The best team in Mombasa as the 50s were coming to an end was undoubtedly 'Feisal', a team that played with dark blue shirts in league games, and with all-white with a blue trim when they reached the finals. Feisal was supported by those Kenyans of West Asian origin who had intermarried and settled on the coast, and who were mainly Muslim by religion. Over time, they were known as the Swahili, a people who had no problems being Kenyan, given that its national language in fact, was born and nurtured among them and those who lived on the islands off the East African coast. They just wanted to be seen as 'different' and football gave them more than enough opportunity to play in a style distinctly their own and construct their own identity.

There were some great football stars in Feisal and they all featured in my scrap book:

Ali 'Sungura' or Ali 'Rabbit', a fleet-footed winger working from either flank, who danced his way down the wing, then cut into the penalty area and headed for goal, darting and wiggling and jumping till he rounded the keeper and bulged the roof of the net with the ball. Then there was Ali Kajo who played at the centre, who had no dribbling skills whatsoever, because as everyone knew, he was lazy and hated to run. The rest of the team just fed him the ball as he grudgingly ran to the edge of the penalty area, where if it was given to him on the plate, two to three feet from his right leg, he could kick it so sweetly it would fly five feet off the ground and even burst through the older fraying parts of the net. The crowd would go wild even as the ground staff rushed to darn the net.

Both were products of the mixed marriage Swahili found along the coast, Muslim by birth and faith, but dark-skinned and with crinkly hair. If Ali Sungura won the penalty, hacked down in the area as he danced his way through, it was Ali Kajo who took the shot because the whole world knew that the goalkeeper would quake. Between both the 'Ali Boys' as they were called affectionately, was a player who was their fulcrum, who created all the chances and space for them: His name was Jimmy Linden, an expatriate manager from Scotland in his late twenties who worked as a technical manager at the local cement factory at Bamburi, bang next to the big and very popular public beach now jam-packed with resorts that have divided and colonized it. Same place we once played football at picnics.

Jimmy Linden was short, had blond spiky hair, and was very nimble playing as a right-side forward, drawing every one's breath with the felicity of which he placed the ball ahead and jumped over the beefiest of tackles. He came for every match driving a now defunct German two-stroke car, the DKW (a car made by the Auto-Union company that many years later, after declaring bankruptcy, was to morph into the Audi). He drove it into the stadium always accompanied by his blond-haired wife and their blond haired son, and was a great hit with Feisal supporters. His nickname in Kiswahili was 'Baberu' or 'White Goat', a term commonly used to describe a white man, but in this instance used with great affection and love restricted as it was to his football skills.

Linden was also an exception because he was the first player in Mombasa to wear the new, light Brazilian-inspired, better studded boot that Puma had started manufacturing. Barring a few players who had moved to lighter English made Gola boots with leather studs, all the other players were barefoot, using thick white elastic anklets that left the toes and heel free and protected the soles. These were stitched onto stockings that were folded just below the knee.

Ali Sungura, Ali Kajo and Jimmy Linden were given the freedom and space to move by a great half back called Ahmed Breik, a tall, gangly, fair skinned player of Omani origin with a squeaky voice who could make the ball stick to either of his feet. Six and often seven players of the Feisal team, including the Scotsman, Jimmy Linden, made it to the Coast Province team to play the Remington Cup, the trophy pitting Kenya's provinces against each other. Jimmy Linden, Sungura, Kajo and Breik were also capped by Kenya in internationals of that time.

Interestingly, Linden was not the first white-skinned man to play for Mombasa or Kenya: that distinction went to Mauro, an Italian who played goalie in a team of expatriate Italians from Mombasa and Nairobi (families of those who stayed behind in Kenya after they were captured in North Africa and Ethiopia and held prisoner in Kenya). They called themselves Juventus and even played in those familiar black and white stripes. The 'All-White' Kenyan 'Juventus' were given training facilities at one or the other of the posh 'Whites only' sports clubs in Mombasa and Nairobi that played more rugby and cricket.

Just after Kenya's independence in fact, one more person without colour was to play for Kenya. His name was Duncan Erskine, a fantastic goalkeeper who may even have played professionally in England. At that time he was serving in the Scots Guards regiment stationed just outside Nairobi to ensure the natives didn't stage a leftist coup or whatever...

I supported Feisal for very clear reasons. They had a fabulous goalkeeper called Dodoma, who was a very big hero of mine; there was a girl I was sweet on at that time who was also a Feisal supporter; and my sworn enemy at that time in the Standard V, supported Feisal's fierce rivals, the number two team in Mombasa, 'Liverpool'.

Like their English counterparts, Liverpool wore red and white uniforms. They were a team owned by a consortium of local businessmen of West Asian, Indian and Pakistani origin who just loved the game and wanted nothing more than to win the local First Division league and crow in the bars with their many supporters how good their team was. One of the distinguished players of this team was a Goan, Albert Castanha, nicknamed 'Paka', Kiswahili for 'Cat', who was capped by Kenya several times. He joined two other Goans from Nairobi who made it to the Kenyan team: Oscar Rebello, an amazingly athletic goalkeeper, and Lucas Remedios, an elegant and commanding midfielder who also captained Kenya. While my mother taught me to think about football, my father showed me what it actually meant. He had played football for his school, college and university in India, but was also a very well-known football referee in Kenya. He was president of the Coast Province Referees Association, and later something or the other in the Kenya Referees Association and worked closely with the Kenya Football

Association. So there was quite a bit of him in my scrap book too, given that he organized the first 'strike' of referees demanding protection against crowd violence after one of the referees was attacked after a match. Those were pre-yellow and red card days with matters left to the discretion of the referee. When the strike was resolved he still had the balls to kick out four players, two from either side, in a match between Feisal and Liverpool to stamp out as he said violence on the field of play that later moves to the stands. The next day's sports pages carried the headline in bold, with dad's photograph: "Mombasa's referees will not tolerate rough play," says Referee de Souza.

Thanks to him, I got to see just about every 1st Division match played at the Municipal Stadium in Mombasa, including the Gossage Cup<sup>6</sup> when it was held in Mombasa. This was a British-instituted trophy competed for by Kenya, Uganda, and the former Tanganyika and – since the revolution hadn't happened yet that would create a new country in East Africa called Tanzania – the then tamed and disembodied island of Zanzibar, once the summer capital of the Kingdom of Oman, and in the early 60s ruled by Prince Jamshed Abdullah, descendant of a dynasty that once ran a flourishing industry trading slaves from Africa.

My father refereed quite a few international matches, the most memorable being in the early 60s, when the Ghanaian national team, the famed 'Black Stars' (so named because they had a black star on the back of their yellow shirts) played Kenya at the stadium in Nairobi, as part of the Republic Day celebrations. By now everyone played in stylish Puma or Gola boots and everyone drank Coca Cola like there was no tomorrow.

The only problem was that the Black Stars hammered Kenya 13-2. At one point of the game, they made a circle of players and had the Kenyans running after the ball. No one in Kenya had ever seen such powerful football juju...

The score ought to have been in excess of 20-0, given it was 10-0 at half-time, but I think the High Commissioner of Ghana had a word with them and they benched their forward line and played the second half at a canter, letting Kenya score two goals in the last ten minutes. The Ghanaians were given a standing ovation and lustily cheered but the police were called in to protect the Kenyan players who were booed and stoned with whatever came to hand. 'Black Stars outplay Kenya' is how the headlines politely put it....

"It's supposed to be a bloody goodwill tour", my father who refereed the match muttered to me that night at dinner in our hotel, "How are they going to spread bloody goodwill if they thrash us like this??" The Ghanaians may have been spoken to sternly. Two days later, when he watched the second match with me from our special seats, Ghana fielded all their reserve players and Kenya

6. <http://allafrica.com/stories/200211230038.html> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

struggled to hold them to a 2-2 draw. Both teams were given a standing ovation and the news made the front page of *The Daily Nation* and *The East African Standard* and had a picture of the Kenyan team bus surrounded by cheering supporters. 'Ghana holds Kenya to Draw' were the bold headlines.

It helps to recall that before they hammered Kenya, Ghana had already shown spectators in England what they were capable of when the Black Stars toured there after their independence and won and drew against an English amateur team; as did a team from Uganda, just before their own independence. Both teams played without boots, wearing elastic anklets that were part of the stockings they wore, and both said they would have hammered the English if only it wasn't so bloody cold.

So till I was 13, days and even nights for me in Mombasa, were beautiful and innocent. They had to do with playing football every single evening, with watching football at the Municipal Stadium every Friday and Saturday, and dreaming about it as often as I could.

1966 signified for me the death of a revolutionary moment in football gifted to the world, such that it did not seem likely a second revolution would ever take place...

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It is an interesting coincidence that my mother ended her part of the Kenyan scrap book for me, with the World Cup in Sweden 1958: I ended that scrap book in 1963 with the World Cup in Chile in 1962.

In both tournaments, for contrasting reasons, Brazil played an important role. So, at the outset, it ought to be said that the style of playing they gave the world – by virtue of stamping their imprint on the game in 1958 – continues to be the universal model aspired to. You can always find reasons to deny this, rationalize matters, but when push comes to shove the whole world knows who plays authentic football!

This is largely because the Brazilians continue to bring their gifts and place them on a football field where everyone partakes, rival players as well as spectators. The élan with which they play is an inspiration that is duly acknowledged, respected, bowed to and imitated, in every single part of the world where they learn to love playing with a ball and get to see re-runs of Brazil's old matches. While rival players may hate them with a vengeance, no spectators whose teams have lost to them ever bear them a grudge.

There are only five notable exceptions when the Brazilians left their magic at home and travelled abroad to a fate that was nothing less than reprehensible. These are the World Cups of 1966, 1974 and 1998, all three, ironically, immediately following World Cups where they had won!

In all three instances they gave signs that they had ignored the subaltern roots of their style of play and forgotten their own postulates surrounding the game. The other two instances, the World Cups of 1994 and 2002, when they actually won the World Cup, they had already succumbed to the mystique surrounding marketing. We knew before it happened that the possibility they would lose the semi-final 0-6 recently, was with those who recognized Brazilian football did not come from prosperity and plenty, who sincerely wished they lost...

If one harks back to 1958 in Sweden in fact, it is because the Brazilian team were harbingers of a major change in the way the game was played. They sparked the *first revolution in football*.

To understand exactly what they managed to achieve, is to first know the magnitude of what they were up against. This wasn't a rich, prosperous beef-driven Uruguay untouched by war winning the cup by luck in the World Cup of 1950, at a time when Brazil as a nation, and its players as a team, were yet to find their feet or even know what it meant to be 'Brazilian'.

In 1958, this was a team of largely uneducated players who had come through the ranks of Brazil's black-skinned populations from the slums, intent on finding a voice for themselves through their football. In fact the picture was far bigger: as Pele said a few years back in an interview on TV in his inimitable way: "In 1958 when we go Europe nobody they knew where this Brazil is...where this country they ask? (Laughs) They only knew of 'Amazonas' (laughs). But when we won the cup that year (Laughs), the whole world she knows (Laughs)"...

The '58 Brazilians took their magic to a continent literally at the other end of their world, reaching there in a journey that involved several days travelling by ship to the US, possibly Miami, then an overland trip to New York and even more days on an ocean going liner across the Atlantic. As yet, planes had not started their trans-Atlantic flights. Given past cultural ties and the need to train before the actual cup, and have some friendly matches to tune up, it is likely the Brazilian team of 1958 stopped over in Portugal or France before heading via another ship or propeller plane to Sweden.

It helps to remember that thanks to India's own freedom struggle, the late 50s also heralded opposition to Colonial rule and influence right through Africa and Asia and indeed much of Latin America at that time. This unity of purpose and shared



freedom was later to coalesce in the Non-Aligned Movement, a phenomenon that was anything but – premised as it was on the existence of a 'Third World' and a very real 'us' versus 'them' situation.

In weather they must have shivered in, the Brazilian players of 1958 forced the first glimpse of what these revolutions in the former colonies could be all about, because they too were fighting for their place in the sun as black-skinned people. As Sartre was to say of Fanon not that many years later, this was a case of the 'Third World' very much speaking to itself...

In expressing themselves through football the black Brazilian players gave themselves an identity few could even dream about, built as it was around something as simple as a ball. They set this in a rousing counterpoint to the more prosperous and largely white Brazilians of their own nation – later day settlers from Portugal and Europe – and indeed, to white-skinned people all over the world.

In 1958, for the first time perhaps after Jessie Owens had faced Hitler down, peoples of the prosperous and 'free' world were to see black-skinned players with crinkly hair wearing the same clothes they did, playing with an effervescence and style they could only be dazzled and stunned by.

This was not the USIS taking Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington on tour to Europe and Africa – or organizing tours of the all-black, Harlem Globetrotters basketball team – to show the world that all was tickety-boo curtailing well-fed, home-grown racism. This was In-Your-Face-Here-I-Am-revolution. Quite literally, the Brazilians of 1958 ran rings around their befuddled opponents and you understand the sheer audacity of what they did when you watch old clips of those games, and, indeed, listen carefully to the sheer disbelief and grudging admiration and respect of the commentators.

(How important the Brazilians were in 1958 can also be gauged by the fact that it was to take another two World Cups – eight years in all – before a nation from the Northern Hemisphere (Portugal in the World Cup in England, in 1966) would have a non-white football player in their team.

Contrary to popular mythology, the 1958 triumph was not just about Pele, but a very lively ensemble that did not march through their opponents with martial music and harry them with bayonet and boot – but, literally, danced past with the ball stuck to their feet...

Almost unanimously, the phrase 'Samba Football' came into being, thanks perhaps to Brian Glanville who may have been the first to use it as a descriptor.

The names from that '58 team that danced to glory still resonate from my old scrap book – Djalma and Nilton<sup>7</sup> Santos, Vava, Didi, and a man often ignored, Zito<sup>8</sup> – the solid bass, percussion and rhythm section that gave a 17 year old prodigy called Pele the space to improvise.

I can't even remember the goalkeeper in that team...was it Gilmar? Who cared? The European press laughed at Brazil's goalkeeper like they still laugh at all Brazilian goalkeepers. It doesn't matter how many goals the poor guy lets in they said, these Brazilians will just laugh, pick the ball from the back of the net and go up and score two more. That's exactly what happened in the final that year.

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What the Brazilians did in 1958, as if carefully plotted on a blackboard with chalk, was dismantle an outdated system and formation followed by the rest of the world, and bringing the first real elements of play into the game. They did this in a manner so sustained, that the headiness and froth continues to ferment till today.

In 1958, the European football powers believed that they could vanquish all who came before them. For them, World War II had not really ended; they only shifted the battlefield to the football field. They were fresh from victory in the World Cup of 1954 in Switzerland that one remembers today precisely because the press of that time referred to the final as the 'Battle of Zurich' – which it was.

Till 1958, it seems fair to assume that the tactics surrounding football at that time, inspired as it may have been by British and other Colonial troops who took the game elsewhere, followed strategies that were rooted in tales and victories of war.

European and British teams had supremely fit players capable of running long and hard and who were good on the ball, but very much part of a drilled unit on a battlefield. Like the first rugby players from England who appropriated the beautiful game of football, sat on the ball to make it look like a misshapen egg and made the game more of a battle, the English and indeed British style of playing football was not that different. They relied on long, accurate passes, and the ability to trap the ball dead under one's foot or take it on the go; and then kick or punt the ball ahead and like rugby players, chase it down.

Not that dissimilar in technique or style from enthusiastic Labradors chasing rubber balls on the downs or wherever in England. Their battle cry was 'one for all, all for one'. They were good in the air, good at volleying, and good at hustling people off the ball with their shoulders to set up someone to boot the ball into

7. <https://www.theguardian.com/football/2013/nov/28/nilton-santos> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

8. <https://www.theguardian.com/football/2015/jun/15/zito> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

goal. They did this for King and Country.

Starting from the back, the formation was ridiculously predictable in its interpretation of the game. You had a good goalkeeper with a thunderous kick able to reach past the half-line – he was the big cannon. The two backs in front of him were the artillery; good at charging out to tackle, getting the ball and booting it to one of the three halves in front of them. The three halves themselves were the tanks, and the five forwards in front of them, the infantry or foot soldiers. In boarding school, my coach referred to this as the '2-3-5 System'.

The five forwards in this old style harried and pushed forward; the three half-backs gave them solid support, and inspired fear; and the two backs and the goalkeeper, if they got the ball carried on an endless aerial bombardment. The rule was simple: you get the ball you kick it up field. As far as possible you fed this to the two wingers who would fly to the corner flag and boot the ball into the goal where it could be sent past the posts with a 'header'. Right till 1966 when they finally modernized their military formations, the English, somewhat stupidly, stayed at re-inventing the disastrous Charge of the Light Brigade over and over again.

In 1958, Brazil turned this formation on its head. They brought to the world the 4-2-4 system, kicking off the game with four forwards on the front line leaving both the wings, on the face of it, untended; they played with two halves; and behind them, four backs in a line that made trapping their opponents off-side (receiving the ball behind the last back) all the more effective.

Rival coaches and players sneered until the first fifteen minutes or so when they knew they had been had by sheer genius. They found a team with a smooth fulcrum. They were fluent going forward with the ball, with the two halves magically transformed into forwards, and their places in the midfield taken up by three advancing backs, leaving behind a solitary back who would sweep up any stray balls booted long. Instead of mindlessly booting the ball ahead like the European nations of old, they were audacious enough to turn their back on goal and start passing the ball all the way to their own goalkeeper, taking a needed breather and starting all over again. It left rivals somewhat punch-drunk. When the other team attacked their goal, miraculously, the Brazilians had their four backs in front of their goal area, and two halves just waiting for the ball to see-saw the fulcrum the other way. Almost instinctively, they seemed to know where the other player was going to be, before they even passed the ball.

It may have had to do with the ergonomics of their uniform. The shorts were shorter and tighter as were the long sleeved thick cotton jerseys to ward off the cold. Unlike 1954, where the players lined up in their grandmother's shorts, these

guys may have displayed the first tighter fitting 'designer ware'. Their boots were of far thinner leather, cut below the ankle like a normal shoe, as close as possible in design to the bare foot and kept tight with long lacing that went below the boot a couple of time before being knotted at the top. Gone forever was the need for army boot lookalikes with thick studs.

The Brazilians of '58 created the 'wing back': which translated into one of two or three players from the half or back line primed to push the ball to a player in front of him, facing him; then sprinting ahead before the ball had even reached his colleague's foot to be just past him as the same ball was passed ahead, for him to take the ball – but behind the defence, thereby breaking a creaky off-side trap of just two backs marking the rear line.

It was the world's first glimpse of what today is called 'possession football', and erroneously credited to Dutch coaches in the early 70s – the simple tactic being to hold the ball as long as one could and not give it to the other team. Interestingly, it is also how most kids learn to play it before adults tell them they have to score goals...

The Brazilians did to the ball with their feet, what many, many years later Bishen Singh Bedi would do to a cricket ball with his fingers. They didn't 'boot' the ball and chase after it like terriers, they made the ball speak. One of the their tricks was 'the falling leaf' as it was dubbed, where the ball was stabbed, and the follow through held back, so that the ball ballooned over one or two or even three opponents and landed at the feet of a marauding forward – who then delicately flicked the ball past a flaying, helplessly sprawled goalkeeper...

They left their opponents gaping helplessly because they built and conditioned their stamina by training with quick, sharp sprints, repeated again and again with brief pauses of up to a minute in between. They were not unlike cheetahs. They needed neither the endurance nor the loneliness of the long-distance runner. Instead, they embraced the idea of being 'guerrillas' because that was the kind of world in which they were born...

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It has been written ad nauseam but largely forgotten, that Brazil's greatest players came and still come from the slums and poorer areas that dot its major cities<sup>9</sup> – as did, in fact, the bulk of that 1958 team, including Pele. These days it just makes for an 'inspirational story' on TV.

At a very important level, a background steeped in penury shaped the magic they brought to football because being poor leaves a kid untouched by the mystique

9. <http://www.tribuneindia.com/2010/20100704/edit.htm#2> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

that comes with marketing merchandise around the game. He's never going to get a Nike T-shirt with Neymar Jr's name on it and a brand new ball that he'll never be allowed to kick.

Football played by kids in a narrow gully with something or the other passing for a ball or goalposts brought its own virtues. The paucity of space to play within, constrained movement yet refined the innate exuberance and energy that comes with it. The individual kid with talent and imagination, regardless of his shape or size, was forced to find ways of being the smartest in the pack. If they didn't stand out they merged with the surrounding detritus. The law of the jungle you could say.

Those who could play were helped by the fact that they could feel the ball, whatever kind of ball, with their bare feet. It was like touching it with their fingers; so they knew the behaviour of the ball, how it travelled on the ground, how it bounced and how it rolled. They did this without an intervening layer of leather and sole, on small grounds of open space bereft of dwellings, at the edge of a garbage dump perhaps. When those same feet many, many years later were coated in leather, those watching were left wondering how a ball could stick to them.

It is only now after the television channels got into the act with 'football-related' features that the world is beginning to know the symbiotic space shared in the slums of Brazil between football and capoeira, a traditional, slave martial art that originated in Angola (derived from the Bantu 'kapwera', 'to fight') and which traced its continued practice in black people in Brazil towards the 16th Century when slavery was still very much a reality.

*Capoeira* was practised by slaves but sublimated as a dance in order to prevent its practitioners or *capoeiristas* as they were known, from punishment or even execution. Slaves were someone else's property in Colonial Brazil and as such, had no rights to either fight or defend themselves; and the martial art therefore was banned by law at various points of time in Brazil's colonial and modern history. Interestingly, the 'moves' of capoeira are practised with music and drumming much more African/Afro-Cuban in origin called *berimbau*, which may have had more to do with the Brazilian style of playing football at the 1958 World Cup, than the more popularly believed 'samba'.

The rigour and movements of capoeira introduced those from the slums to the principles of the body being balanced, and made them supple. It was their in-house 'gym' before and after football and another chance for those males in their teens to impress the opposite sex with their 'moves'. Placing a ball at their feet put different ideas in the heads.

With the ball they were perfectly balanced, their weight easily displaced from one foot to the other; they could feint one way, go the other, and put the opponent off-balance. More importantly, while Europeans somewhat one-dimensionally were still focussed on the legs as the motor of the game, the Brazilians brought a much fuller use of the body into play.

The colonial landlords naively thought they could curb the dangers of capoeira with chains linking the slaves' legs, and chains linking their arms to metal wrist bands. They could still walk with a decent distance between their legs though, and still stretch their arms even if short of their full span. Those who practised the art incorporated the chains, like kids with a ball, into a new part of the game. Their movement may have become more cyclical, hands on the floor, feet high up in the air; like children doing smooth cartwheel with their hands and legs a little bent. The way they spun their bodies was not that dissimilar from the dynamics of a moving ball.

One does not how many landlords were put to the test of the new 'moves', but what is known, is that capoeira continued, without chains, with greater freedom, without the intent of killing, and gently incorporating itself into the wider notion of play for slum peoples in Brazil. They were still slaves though by virtue of their skin colour and poverty. As the humorous travel-writer George Mikes<sup>10</sup> was to note wryly in the early 60s: There's no 'racism' in Brazil, the moment you make a lot of money, you just turn into a 'White' man...

So like they did with *capoeira* over a few centuries, in 1958, the Brazilians sublimated football, taking it away from the metaphors of war and violence that guided it in its previous manifestations. They showed the world that artistry and skill, suppleness and balance could triumph over strength and size. Given the times, British and European Colonies in Africa feeling the shock wave of rebellion rippling through them, the Brazilian team of 1958 made many see the possibility of a hundred David rising to every Goliath.

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The early 60s may not have been as conducive to the playing of the game for the rest of the world as it may have been for me. The British and French empires in Africa were in full revolt, Apartheid South Africa was the beacon of freedom for the West; Fidel and Che were known figures, linking the aspirations of wanting more with their original root of rebellion; the Cold War was at its height and the world was even more divided into 'us' and 'them'; Elvis Presley and Cliff Richard were still the rage and James Dean crashed his Porsche and went to heaven; and the US had not yet cottoned on – as they were to do in 1994 when they staged the World Cup – that very much like Coca Cola in Africa in the 60s, they

10. <http://135-qf475wp.politicong.com/page/tango/> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

could have marketed and used the Latin American thirst for football.

Instead, they chose to cut their teeth encouraging right wing juntas with arms and ammunition to keep socialism, the 'terrorist' of that time, at bay.

In those days when they really thought they had a right to rule the world, the US take on Brazil was a testament that was not as crass as it is today, post-Snowden, but their view of the 'other' was not based on the need for reciprocity but on working out the best deals they could get for themselves<sup>11</sup>.

The World Cup of 1962 was demanded by the Latin American countries against the threat of a boycott if it was played in Europe. In 1960, though, a savage earthquake tore Chile apart, destroying several cities where matches were to be played. Amidst calls from Europe to shift the venue, the Chilean government battled to repair and relocate matches successfully. One stadium for the matches was provided by an American company with interests in mining.

In 1962 moreover, it was even obvious to those twelve year olds who documented the World Cup in Chile, that all was not indeed well with the world. While it is agreed that Brazil caught everyone's eye in the World Cup of 1958, that year the French too were also discovering their own different style; the Soviet Union were showing they were not just soldiers drafted in from the army; and the Welsh team discovered the raw energy of players of good working class stock.

So, while Brazil gained the right to be world champions in 1962, it was other parts of the world that had come to the ground to show themselves. The host nation, Chile, led by the talismanic Lionel Sanchez, were flamboyant in play and that may have sparked the renaissance in the game that Latin America so badly needed to get out of Brazil's dark shadow. In Chile too, the battles were not over. The match between Chile and Italy was possibly the most violent game ever played, and the Italian team needed an armed escort while they were in the country.

It was a country no longer on the map however, that was the surprise of that year: Czechoslovakia, part of the 'Iron Curtain', intent on its own place in the sun away from the glare of the Soviets, brought a freshness to the game that surprised one and all; the Soviet Union itself however, like Brazil, brought their 1958 team and paid the price. It was Yugoslavia though, itself today many countries, that was to show the world that year, that the whole world, if they really wanted to, could learn to play like Brazil.

The Brazilians themselves only provided palpable evidence of a stasis that would come back in four years to reduce the entire nation, and indeed one sixteen year old to tears. In 1962, Pele had got 'white' status and morphed into a highly

11. <https://history.state.gov/historicaldocuments/frus1958-60v05/d278> (Accessed October 18, 2017)



successful figure destined to go even further up the social ladder. He was a pale shadow of himself and the team was largely made up of ageing players from the '58 team who didn't have to qualify for the event, and therefore took things a little too lightly.

It is more than likely that Brazil have won the Cup in 1962 on the basis of their reputation.

They unveiled at the tournament however, a young prodigious talent known in Brazil by his nickname, 'Garrincha' or 'Little bird'. Garrincha, born in poverty, also suffered from polio when he was child so one of his legs was shorter than the other. Pele got injured and did not play a part in winning the Cup. It was Garrincha who almost single-handedly led the charge, sharing the top scorer spot that year – a feat that may have been his alone had he not been sent off in the quarter final against Chile. He was stoned by Chilean fans and booed by his own supporters.

Garrincha was known to be moody and have a temper. Lower life lore surrounding football in Brazil is full of stories documenting the lives of players who couldn't handle success, fame, failure, or just retirement for that matter. For every one Pele or Neymar Jr., there must be another twenty to thirty if not more, who don't make it. The 'Little Bird' faded as fast as he came, and passed away in total misery, a dirt poor alcoholic forgotten by all but a few chroniclers of the game..

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It may have been that I gave up on my football scrap book in 1963 because Brazil's fall of grace coincided with the tumult and toil of my own adolescent years. If being thirteen was a shit life as they say, the next three years before the World Cup could come around again in 1966, was more of the same coated in a smattering of sugar.

At the end of 1963 I was packed off to a boarding school in Nairobi, where I slept in dormitory with seven other boys, was woken by a nasty clanking bell at 6.15 in the morning, went to classes and played football every single day. The football in boarding school was the closest you could get to being in heaven if you were fourteen years old and dreamt nothing but football.

Every day till I finished school in 1967, at 4.30 on the dot, we willingly went to the grounds and played football till the sun went down and it was time for showers. After that you went to chapel if you were Catholic, bible studies if you were Protestant; or sent to an empty classroom by yourself if you were unlucky enough to be Jewish.

That's the way the football rolled those days.

In fact, if you were dark-skinned it was a lot worse, because prior to Kenya's independence, like in South Africa or the rich white farmers' regime of Southern Rhodesia before it became the independent country of Zimbabwe many years later, the boarding school I was sent to was once a posh 'Whites Only' school. Aged all of fourteen, I was to find out that being 'white-skinned' was not a status Kenya's English and European settlers were willing to relinquish easily. On my very first night in the school chapel, I got a taste of 'white supremacy'. While the rosary was being recited, from behind me I heard, then saw one of the seniors – thick set, twice my size at least, face covered with pus-filled pimples – nasally cursing me in a sing-song Indian accent: "Hey, chilly cracker, chooti boy, curry eating bastard, you can't go to a fucking chootie school??".

Around this lumpen colonial coffee-planter's son, white boys his age and younger all chortled like it was the funniest thing in the world. "Chootie, chootie, chootie" they all whispered an octave above the response to the prayer hailing the Mother of Christ.

Eyes focused on a quasi-baroque altar in a wood-panelled chapel and forced to ask tough questions of life, if a fourteen year old is unable to recognize, resolve and vanquish the contradictions inherent in religious belief and indeed its practice, he doesn't deserve to play football...

It is more difficult if you begin adolescence with a complex but not uninteresting relationship with your father. In the face of racist taunts, two other younger boys from Goa in the school began telling everyone they were from Goa, pointing to the fact that they were also Catholic, and hinting without actually saying it, that thanks to their unique colonial connections they had Portuguese blood in their veins and were therefore 'white'. Given that my father placed Jawaharlal Nehru a notch above God that was not an option.

When I made a 'trunk call' to him, going through a telephone operator at the exchange and 'reversing the charges' to complain about being bullied in the chapel my very first night, he was anything but sympathetic.

Get what's good out of the school and fight back he said very simply. You're Christian like them he added, so if someone hits you on one cheek you are duty bound to show him the other cheek; if he hits the other cheek, hit him back...And use your head, don't pick a guy bigger than you, that's asking for trouble; don't pick a smaller guy because that's bullying; Pick someone your size and have one good fight so that nobody picks on you again...

He was right. The racism didn't disappear though; they just kept it to themselves and went through the motions of being polite, they steered their white girls away from you, didn't introduce you to their parents, and never invited you home.

It is truism though that a football team, regardless of its composition and focussing on its skills, has to perform work collectively. In 1964, I was one of five 'persons of colour' my age in the school of some 400 or so whites; three of us played for the school's Junior Colts team that year. By 1967, the year I passed out, those same three boys played in the school's First XI and they were joined by three others the same colour. The balance of power had changed.

At fifteen, it was easier for white-skinned students of a former 'All White' school football team to transcend whatever incipient forms of racism still percolated in Kenya till the early 70s, than it was for those white students who couldn't play for the team because they were not good enough.

It may also have helped that we were blessed with young coaches in their mid-twenties straight from England and Ireland; who looked like boiled lobsters till they accepted the Kenyan sun and who were as eccentric as they were liberal. They supported Labour, doubled up as literature or history teachers, assistant House Masters and introduced us to The Animals, the Rolling Stones and music that brought with it the first sniff of revolt...

It is not strange that my feelings of teenage angst reached their lowest in 1966, coinciding with the Brazilian team at the World Cup in England being put to the sword, squeaking through their first match without sparkle, and then losing 1-3 to both Hungary and their former colony of Portugal.

For a sixteen year old this ought to have been the World Cup to end all World Cups, when the Brazilians would bring their sunshine to England and, as if ordained, achieve a hat trick of victories and keep the golden trophy for life, a sign for all that they were the custodians of revolution in the football world. Instead, we were both to mirror the same, hollow tones of woe and misery and defeat.

This was the year that the Voice of Kenya TV showed the matches in black and white from the quarter finals onwards, either that very same day, or the day after. The image was blurred, and it shook and quivered if the antennae on the roof moved too much in the breeze, but I saw the World Cup as it was being played...

But being sixteen also coincided with discovering that girls were far more interesting than football; and that fathers, regardless of what they may have done

the same age, can also be authoritarian. Just before the World Cup in 1966, and till the end of 1967, my father's only reply to my question asking why I couldn't do something was: "Because I said so..."

I am convinced that in 1966, out of sheer perversity, he chose to support England to win the World Cup. The dining table was loaded with his analyses of how England would not lose to Uruguay and would get past Argentina and Portugal and win the World Cup. He capped this campaign against his son by giving him the morning papers with the gleeful snigger, "Your Brazil lost!!!"

The papers carried the famous picture of Pele walking off, weeping, and wiping his tears with his jersey, for two days running. 'The King' had been shamed. "That's your Pele," my father said, sniggering even more gleefully.

I never figured this streak of proto-fascism he was struck with, because he had a far more interesting side to him. At the end of 1965, a year before my Senior Cambridge 'O' Levels exams, he confiscated my school history textbook that had the really grand title 'A History of the British Empire and Commonwealth', and forced Nehru's 'Glimpses of World History' on me, carefully marking the book for the parallels I needed to read. Nehru would have been proud of me. I learnt the virtues of civil disobedience and took on my father. It didn't make life easier for a teenager.

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In early 1967, I stood up to my dad. I was 17, The Stones were next to God and I went for a dance dating an amazing girl – and how life-changing can that be?? We danced to The Shiftas, a Goan band led by a fabulous drummer called Jason Hendricks and danced to 'Massachusetts' a huge hit at The Goan Gymkhana, Nairobi, while I wondered how come I waited so long to find out that a girl could smell so amazing.

It was a memorable evening, even though I sat at a table with guys all older than me. I was in my last year of school doing my 'O' Levels, the other guys were either at the University in Nairobi, or doing their 'A' Levels at Strathmore College. I was on this table courtesy my girlfriend who knew the girls with the guys. I was cool. Okay, maybe I was also worried that the guys on the table would find my 60s fashion funny – a funky paisley shirt with a big collar, Irish linen bell-bottoms, and some wise guy who figures out that I'm wearing my dad's maroon Byford socks and his swanky Bata suede loafers. Also I was more preoccupied in figuring a smart line to get the girl with me to come out with me again.

In the middle of this, while I am leading to my line, a guy breezes past our

table, with two gorgeous women on either side. When you're 17, this guy is as dangerous as Al Capone. Everyone knows who he is, except me, and he stands there looking super-cool talking to the other guys.

"That's Cyprian Fernandes<sup>12</sup>", the girl with me said, "he writes for the papers". It wasn't my imagination; she was looking at him like he was God's gift to humankind.

"I know who he is," I growled at her. Didn't she know I was a literate who read his column every week? I still thought, aged seventeen, that he made my life unfair. Yes, he was a great sports writer for a younger guy; he went on to really great things, and wrote about it recently<sup>13</sup>, but many, many moons later – that's poetic justice – I get to tell him he's a right-royal shit for ruining my line which I never got to use on that night on a girl whom he distracted...

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After the Brazilian team allowed itself to be shamed in 1966, I shifted allegiance to North Korea, the guinea-pigs of that World Cup whom the Western commentators press derided for being short and stocky. They looked more like table-tennis players, is how they put it. I read the news-reports of their match against Italy several times and savoured the fact that the Italians, perennial pretenders to the tag of 'good football' were greeted back home with the derision and hoots they fully deserved.

The North Koreans fell fortunately to Portugal who presented little by way of a contradiction. I was not focused on the fact that the Portuguese had done to Goa what the British had done to the rest of the world, but on a black-skinned player called Eusebio, the first time a European nation would play a person of colour as they say. Although, interestingly, lighter skinned players from Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco and even Egypt were regularly playing in France's nascent professional league from the mid-50s but were just never considered good enough to play for the national team until a good ten years and more in the late 70s.

In 1966, Pele had allowed himself to be so pampered he found his muscles soft and yielding. The continent of Africa was still considered neither 'professionalized' or developed enough to come to the party, so it was fitting that Eusebio took over his mantle. He was immediately dubbed 'Black Panther' and lit up the soggy English evenings with his powerful running, his stamina, and like Pele, his ability to go through players like a hot knife through butter. Single-handedly, he inspired the rousing display after Portugal had gone down 0-3 to the North Koreans, a match Portugal was to win 5-3.

12. <http://www.nation.co.ke/lifestyle/weekend/How-Cyprian-Fernandes-set-out-on-the-road-to-be-a-man/1220-3468698-h36nx6z/index.html> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

13. <http://www.asianaffairs.in/2017/05/paradise-lost/#.WeWrQHBx08o> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

When Portugal lost to England on a muddy pitch more suited to rugby, I boycotted the final between whichever teams made it that year and went into mourning as dark as my shitty teenage years. As far as I was concerned the World Cup of 1966 did not take place.

A few years later though, before Brazil itself would reignite the dying embers of its game, I found out Eusebio was originally from Mozambique. I had visited Mozambique courtesy of a two-week holiday by ship with my parents when I was eleven and still living in Mombasa.

It was in Mozambique however, even as Brazil was licking its wounds and I was decrying the vanishing rights of teenage life, that the first embers were glowing of a new resistance. Mozambique saw the rise of the late Samora Machel, the guiding light of the 'Frelimo' forces that would do battle with the fascist Portuguese government of Antonio Salazar, aided and abetted by the South African armed forces.

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The year 1967, came as it did the year before, life a total shit for a seventeen year old madly in love. Cyprian's juju didn't work even though the girl succumbed to my line. But she also didn't cotton on to the fact that I was returning to "Mother India" as she referred to it. She wanted to go to Canada.

So it would be a backhanded compliment if you were to say I was one of the lucky ones – with my parents, moving lock, stock and barrel and boarding the last sea voyage of the MV Asia, a gleaming white with blue trim Lloyd-Triestino liner<sup>14</sup>. Part of history.

These ships once regularly plied from Southampton to Sydney, around the cape, touching ports in Nigeria, Apartheid South Africa, Fascist Portugal, and the independent Tanzanian and Kenyan ports of Dar-es-Salaam and Mombasa. Once these were 'all-White' ships. If they had tried that in Kenya in 1967 when Colonialism was in its death throes, they would have burnt the ship.

I remember being with my dad and his friend when we visited the docks and I saw the biggest passenger ship since the SS Rotterdam that regularly docked at Mombasa with well-heeled tourists. Dad was there to make sure his beloved Mercedes which was there waiting to be loaded en route to the Alexandria docks, Bombay would not come to any harm. Dad was also in a wheelchair, the result of a recent surgery on his neck.

Then football – what began these musings, and what ends them – surfaced at

14. <http://www.lastoceanliners.com/cgi/lolline.pl?LLO> (Accessed on October 18, 2017)

the Mombasa docks and made a perfect circle. One of the Landing and Shipping Company (Lasco) staff handling the loading was in the early 60s, a player with the Lasco football team, much known for his rough play. Dad had probably kicked him out of the field, more times than either could remember. In less than half an hour, all the ex-Lasco footballers were surrounding the wheelchair. The car was not a problem. Neither all the crates with our belonging. They were loaded in such a way that Dad's goods were first to be off-loaded in Bombay. For good measure, two of the union leaders had a polite word with the captain of the ship. On those seven days of sea travel, we were treated like royalty.

All I remember was standing at the back of the ship, below its flag whipping in the breeze, watching the propellers churn the blue-green waters, and not knowing why, remembering the Lasco team and their red-and-blue colours, fighting back the tears, and hating the Indian Ocean for taking me away from the most beautiful girl in the world.

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*Hartman de Souza was born in Nairobi, Kenya. Living as a child in Lamu, Eldoret, Nanyuki, Embu and Mombasa, he finished school in Nairobi, before moving with his parents to India in 1967, where he lived in Goa and completed his post-graduate studies.*

*With a varied background in journalism, education and theatre, he has lived and worked in Goa, Pune, Mumbai, New Delhi and Bangalore. Published widely in the Indian media since the late seventies, he has taught journalism and literature in several institutions while also working with theatre groups throughout the country. Till 2016 he was the artistic director of the Space Theatre Ensemble, Goa. He is also the recent author of the well-received book Eat Dust – Mining and Greed in Goa.*

*He lives in Pune with his partner Ujwala Samarth. They have two children, Zuri and Zaeen, both Kiswahili names.*



# The Evolution Of Goan Sports In Uganda

BY ARMAND RODRIGUES



*The Kampala Goan Institute winners of the Kampala, Entebbe and District tennis titles: D. Pereira, Al Mathias, C. Dias, H. Dias, J. Pereira.*

*In the realm of Goans and sports* in Uganda the Entebbe Goan Institute emerges as the flagship. The club dates back to April 24, 1905. Almost all Goan civil servants in Uganda had their start in Entebbe—which was then the seat of Government -- and it was no accident that Goan sports in Uganda made their debut at the E.G.I. and are inextricably linked to this club.

History will show that sports started as follows: Tennis 1907; Soccer 1907; Badminton 1908; Field hockey 1916; Cricket 1917; Volleyball 1952. Carom and Ping-pong were slotted in between. The club floated the E.G.I. Cup for field hockey in 1922 for an annual competition amongst all sports clubs in the Protectorate. (This cup was the equivalent of the Gold Cup in Nairobi) The E.G.I won its own cup for the first time in 1938. By inference, there were superior teams that held them back till then. It is noteworthy that this cup became the catalyst for Uganda's Olympic Hockey Team.

Whether one was born a gifted athlete, whether one's sporting prowess was inherited, or whether one was influenced by a pushy parent, are moot points. The bottom line is that Goans have a natural propensity for sports. And, in Uganda, the E.G.I. could not have been a better nurturing ground. In their formative years, the seniors of today and many of their parents developed a healthy penchant for soccer, field hockey and cricket', while at school or university.

Once they got into the workforce in Uganda they diversified into tennis, badminton, table-tennis and volleyball. The osmosis transformed them into all-rounders in sports. A significant number excelled in one or more sport and reached a pinnacle when selected to be on the national squad. In the process, they brought singular honour to the community and demonstrated convincingly that despite our comparatively small number, we could stand shoulder to shoulder with the best.

With the passage of time, it is far from certain the following list encompasses everybody with an E.G.I connection who played representative sports.

#### FIELD HOCKEY

Cosme De Souza was honoured on several occasions to captain the Uganda Hockey team in international matches versus Kenya, Tanzania, India and Pakistan. Others who represented Uganda include Michael Teixeira, Polly Pereira, Josy Pereira, Ambrose Da Silva, Carlitho Mascarenhas, Willie Lobo, Felix Britto, Renato Rodrigues, Denis Pereira, Aloysius Mathias, Tony Pereira, Victor Pereira, Joe Lobo, Leslie Da Costa, Wilfred Rodrigues, Leslie D'Costa, Alec Rodrigues, Abu D'Souza, Osbert Remedios, Donat D'Souza and Roland Colaco.



*Zulema Collaco de Souza with the Kololians 7-a-side winning team in Kampala.*

## TENNIS

S.P. Dias was the first Goan to win the Uganda Protectorate Open Singles tennis title. Later, in 1952, his son Celly followed in his father's footsteps and claimed the title. Others who regularly played in the Kampala & Entebbe District League include Aloysius Mathias, Denis Pereira, Josy Pereira, John Sequeira, Armand Rodrigues, Felix D'Mello (Jnr.), Felix D'Mello (Snr.), John D'Mello, Reggie Dias, Claude DeSouza, Edwin Fernandes and Peter Fernandes. Peter also claimed the Uganda Singles Junior title. Aloysius Mathias and Denis Pereira won the Uganda Closed Tennis Championship and the Entebbe Open Tennis Championship for two years. Al won the Entebbe Open Singles Titles in those two years.

## WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY

Zulema DeSouza captained Uganda vs Kenya on several occasions. Others who represented Uganda included Flora Gomes, Esmie DeSouza, Eurema Colaco, Ella Gomes, Helen D'Mello, and Delphine Francis.

Zulema Collaco arrived in (Uganda), East Africa in January 1961, having represented the Maharashtra Women's Hockey Association (Poona - India). She captained the Maharashtra Provincial Team and was instrumental in winning the

finals of the All India Women's Hockey Trophy (1958). News media described Zulema as a speedy winger with her body swerves, delightful ball control, neat stick-work and delectable play at left wing. (Deccan Herald, Nagpur Times, Poona Daily News, Times of India)

Zulema, captained the Poona University Team, Winning the All India University Women's Championship for three consecutive years. She was awarded the University Gold Medal for bringing great honour and for her contribution to the Poona University.

When she arrived in Uganda, she was the first woman hockey umpire, having passed an examination set by the Association for The Training of Umpires.

With her arrival in Uganda, East Africa, she taught High School at Kololo Secondary School in Kampala, where she coached and formed the Kololian women's hockey team. The team comprised of young students. Within a year, her team participated in the local women's tournaments, defeating practically every other team in Uganda. Many of her players were selected to play for Uganda, which in turn defeated the Kenya women's team.

When leaving for Canada in 1971, Zulema Collaco de Souza, was presented a Gold Medal by the Board of Governors of Kololo Secondary School in appreciation for her dedication, and contribution to the school. In Canada she represented the Ontario Women's Hockey Team on one occasion.

The Kololians as they were later named, played in numerous competitions in other countries, such as India, Germany, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), United Arab Republic and Kenya.

Some of the teams that she played against were India, Japan, Korea, China, Wanderers from England, and Kenya. Unfortunately, since there were no Women's Olympics at that time many women were very unfortunate in not participating in the Olympics.

# The Ugandan Cricket Legacy

BY JOHN NORONHA

*Uganda V Kenya, Nakivubo Stadium 1954: Standing left to right: Derek Johnson, Atul Shah, W Handley, Dilbagh Singh, Abdul Quadir, Keith Boucher, Charlie De Souza. Sitting: E H Wilson, John Sequeira, John Wild (Capt) Ramanbhai Patel, Ian McAdam.*



*It was often said that the Uganda Goans played the role of “giant-killers” at the game of cricket in pre-expulsion Uganda. It is true that the Goans did not have the extensive numbers of players to select from as had the British Asians, or in the earlier years, the players with English County Cricket exposure*

that the Europeans could recruit. However make no mistake, the Uganda Goan cricket legacy is steeped in legend, excellence and sportsmanship that rival the best.

For the record, cricket was first played in Uganda around 1900 and in the next decade or so a few club teams sprang up including the Entebbe Goan Institute and the Kampala Goan Institute. It was a Goan family led by Gerald Sequeira that donated the Lowis Cup in 1923 -- which gave rise to a club competition that lasted 50 years. In 1936 the donation of the Narandas Rajaram Shield led to the start of an annual communal tournament -- The Triangular -- that featured the Europeans, The British Asians (representing settlers from India and Pakistan) and the Goans. In 1949, the Africans led by Prince Maranda (brother of the Kabaka of Buganda) fielded a team to make the tournament a Quadrangular. Finally in 1965 the Muslims segmented away from the Asian team and we now had the Pentangular, which was contested till 1971.

In 1952, the first official Uganda representative side was selected and that saw the start of the annual inter-territorial contests between Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika and Zanzibar (post 1964 saw the merger of the later 2 into Tanzania). In 1967, neighbouring Zambia joined the competition to increase the excitement and level of competition. In between these annual 3 days matches, from 1956 to the expulsion (1972), a variety of test calibre teams from the UK, India and Pakistan visited East Africa and engaged local and representative teams -- providing the locals with a taste of the highest level of world cricket. World Class cricket names like Hanif Mohammed, Lance Gibbs, Basil D'Oliveira, Tom Graveney, Everton Weekes, Colin McDonald, Polly Umrigar, Asif Iqbal, Wallis Mathias, Mike Smith and Vinoo Mankad were among of those who thrilled the local crowds.

Against this backdrop then, the small but highly engaged Goan community created a great deal of excitement on the cricket field. The first contested version of the Lowis Cup in 1923 saw the Asian Sports Association play the Uganda Police team in the final. Deoniz DeSouza, who legend has it, cycled 50 miles the previous day from Jinja to Kampala, led the ASA to a victory with a swashbuckling unbeaten knock of 169 runs. Two years later, led by Gerald Sequeira, the Kampala Goan Institute won their 1st of 7 titles (the final one being in 1963). The Entebbe Goan Institute also won the trophy once.

The record of matches of the early years are limited, however the folklore emanating there from is significant. Led by the heroics of Deoniz De Souza and Gerald Sequeira, there was the powerful batting of Germano Gama, the superb cover drives of Euthrope Pinto, the dynamic leadership of Steven De Souza the artistry of Leo Gama and the clever bowling of Thomas DeSouza. This led to the triumph in winning their 1st triangular tournament in 1938 (after the Asians

and Europeans had won in 1936 and 1937 respectively). The ensuing war years caused a curtailing to sporting activity but the resumption of full-fledged play in 1944/45 saw the rivalry between the 3 teams intensify and led to a most exciting quality of competition that continued unabated until the Idi Amin expulsion order in 1972. The second half of the decade of the 40's saw a period of dominance by the Goans who won in 1946, 1948 and 1949. The pre-war veterans on the team had been bolstered by the arrival of a new set of stars --- Michael Texeira, John Sequeira, Alcantro Lobo and Celly Dias came to the fore -- and the Goans were a feared lot. The rest of the story is best told by highlighting some of the Stars and unsung heroes and the events of their contribution.

**Michael Texeira:** Texeira (or Texy as he was called by many) was a pure legend. His arrival on the scene in the mid 40's immediately made the Goans a team to be reckoned with. He was a devastating opening bowler, who on July 23rd 1950, achieved every bowlers dream of taking all 10 wickets in an innings demolishing the home team Kampala Sports club for 143 runs with figures of 10/44 in 23 overs. On a wicket that was giving limited assistance to the bowlers, he never allowed the batsman to settle and set the stage for a big win by the Kampala Goans. A few years earlier he had been instrumental in the Goans winning the Triangular in 1946 and 1948 (the later over the formidable Asian team where he, Thomas and Sequeira bundled the opposition out for 205 run in 2 innings). In 1949 Michael led the Kampala Goan Institute to victory in the Lowis Cup and then led the Uganda Goans to victory in the 1st Quadrangular Tournament (the Africans having joined the fest). The formation of Uganda Cricket Association in 1952, led to the selection of the first Uganda National team. Michael Texeira at the age of 34 was one of 2 Goans selected to the team that on august 22nd, 23rd and 24th played the 1st inter-territorial match against the powerful Kenya team led by Denis Dawson. This most modest of gentleman went on to play for Uganda until 1954 (although it should be point out that up-country work assignments impacted his availability). He was part of the Goans Quadrangular triumphs in 1954 (with significant bowling analyses against the Africans and Europeans) and again in 1956 over the Asians. It should also be noted that he was an outstanding hockey player at the club and national level.

The son of the first Goan captain, Gerald Sequeira, this fine all-rounder was a mainstay of the Goan team in the glory years of the late 40's and early to mid-50s. John could score runs all around the field and could lift the ball for sixers at will in his heyday. He would also open the bowling, and combined with Texeira, was part of an opening attack that was feared. He contributed significantly to the Triangular wins in 1948 and 1949 and was selected to the first Uganda national team in 1952. Perhaps Sequeira's most dominant moment was on November 29th 1952 in Jinja when he hammered 131 runs against the powerful European team led by Col Gordon. John followed his batting heroics with 3 wickets that



thwarted Gordon's team from winning their 3rd successive title. He went on to be an integral part of the Goan quadrangular wins in 1954, 1956, 1960 and 1964. In the 1960 final against the Asians, John took 7/55 in the second innings to seal the victory. This led to him being selected to captain Uganda in Sept 1960 against the touring Gujarat Cricket Club. This long serving and highly respected player was selected 8 times to represent his country between 1952 and 1960.

**Celly Dias:** Celly broke on the cricket scene in 1948 and at age 18 was the babe of the team that won the Triangular that year, playing a crucial unbeaten innings of 21 in that low scoring match. Within the next few years he became a dominant batsman who picked up runs in the most unconventional and effortless way. In 1950 in the match that Michael Texeira took 10 wickets, the Goans went in to bat chasing a score of 143 in 100 minutes. Celly opened the batting and took the challenge head on scoring 107 runs in 80 minutes and seeing his team to victory. A year later in 1951, opening the batting for the United Asians against the Uganda Kobs, he pummelled the bowling for 115 runs before retiring. For some unexplainable reason he was not selected to the Uganda National team till 1960 when he "earned" his one and only Uganda 'cap' in a win over Tanganyika. Numerous times this talented sportsman bailed the Goans out of extremely awkward situations. In the 1960 quadrangular finals against the Asians, Celly came to the wicket with his team at 106/6 and went on to score an unbeaten 87 and the took 3 wickets to lead the Goans to the Shield. In 1962 another tailender knock of 95 saw the Goans amass a total of 463 runs to achieve yet another impressive championship win over the Asians. He was also part of the 1964 quadrangular and the 1966 Pentangular wins by the Goans. Celly also was a difficult bowler to play against with his ability to mingle slow medium pace with delicate off spin bowling. When not spending his time in cricket "whites" all he did was win the 1953 Uganda tennis singles crown ( a feat his father had done in 1932) and was a top flight player for the Kampala Goan tennis team for a number of years, winning the Uganda doubles crown too.

**Edwin Fernandes:** Another highly respected cricketer from the colonial period, Edwin was a very dependable and cautious early middle order bat who went on to captain the Goans Quadrangular team in the mid 50's which included a big win over the Asians in 1956. Edwin earned 5 Uganda "caps" in games against Tanganyika and Kenya from 1953 to 1956. His memorable performances however would have had to be in the quadrangulares of 1952 and 1954. In the former he scored an 89 runs out of a total of 172 runs in the Goan second innings against the aforementioned European team led by Col Gordon – sealing any change the opposition had of winning the game by virtue of the second innings. In the 1954 championship, he followed a knock of 87 against the Africans in the first round with innings of 50 and 72 against the powerful European team to secure the trophy.

**Charlie D'Souza:** Arguably the best all-rounder Uganda produced in that era, Charlie D'Souza was certainly the longest playing cricketer at the National level. Records to date have shown that he had represented Uganda 50 times and at the time of the expulsion in Sept 1972, had been named yet again to the Uganda squad in preparation for the scheduled Inter-territorials.

Charlie was the son of Deoniz D'Souza, a legend in his own right. He broke into the Goan Quadrangular team in 1952, while still at school. The following year he played a significant role in skittling the Asian team in the second innings for 115 by taking 6 wickets. A strong batting and bowling performance in the ensuing selection trial match led to his first Uganda "cap" in Dec 1953 at Entebbe against Tanganyika. Batting at the number 10 spot, he scored 34 quick runs ( second highest ) and in very limited bowling got the all-important wicket of Ron Meredith in the second innings as Uganda waltzed to their first inter-territorial win by 5 wickets. Thereafter he became a fixture on the Uganda team, very rarely missing a game. Over the next 2 decades he played consistently against the East African countries as well as against visiting teams from Pakistan, India, England and Zambia. While in the early years he earned his spot on the national team as an opening bowler, he was always a dangerous late middle order bat who could delight a crowd with his attacking play and thunderous cover drives. Later in his career the batting became more penetrating and no bowling was safe when Charlie got set at the crease. All through his career he was the backbone of the Kampala Goan Institute team (captaining them to the elusive Lowis Cup club title in 1963), as well as the Uganda Goan Quadrangular and Pentangular teams. He was in the teams that won the Narandas Rajaram Shield in 1954, 1956, 1960, 1962, 1964, 1966 and 1971 (the last one contested before the Asian expulsion). Sprinkled therein was regular representation for the Buganda Province in the inter provincial Sazen Cup.

While impossible to detail all of the contribution by this tenured player, a number of significant highlight moments need amplification.

1) Oct 1956 – the finals of the Quadrangular between the British Asians and the Goans: The Goans score 154 led by a top score of 43 by Charlie. The strong Asian team boasting internationals like Salaudin Khan, Premji Patel, Shashikant Patel and budding spin bowler Kishore Vasani, were bowled out for 147, with Charlie taking 4/48. Kishore caused great problems for the Goans in their second innings bundling them out for 130. Set to score only 135 to win the Asians were veritably "licking their chops" as they started the final morning of the match at 43/1. However ably supported by John Sequeira and Michael Texeira, Charlie had other ideas – his figures of 5/27 of 25 overs with 12 maidens, sent the Asians spiraling to a mere 92 runs – a major 45 run win for the Goans.

2) Sept 1957 – In an international match against Tanganyika played in Kampala, Charlie caused much pain for the opposition with both the bat and ball. After taking 8 wickets for 101 runs in the 2 Tanganyika innings, he came in at number 8 in the Uganda second innings and unleashed a torrid display of batting, scoring 50 runs in 30 minutes.

3) Aug 1964 – In a match against the touring Pakistan International Airways team that included a number of prominent Pakistan test players, the visitors' fast bowler Antao D'Souza had torn through the heart of the Uganda batting in the second innings, when Charlie came to the wicket at 37/6. What ensued was a batting spectacle with the ball being hammered to all corners of the field. Most memorable was a hit of the Pakistan spinner Afaq Hussein outside the walls of Lugogo Stadium onto Jinja road. Charlie's knock of 52 was the only highlight for the home crowd as the tourists inflicted an innings defeat!

4) Jan 1965 – An inter-territorial match against Kenya led by Gurcharan Singh. Innings of 79 and 121 runs by Charlie took a near follow-on situation for Uganda and converted it into a chase for victory – which chase fizzled when our hero got out with a few minutes left in the game.

5) Sept 1968 – The East African quadrangular championships held in Nairobi between Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania and Zambia. In the match against Kenya, batting out of the number 9 spot, Charlie scored an unbeaten 115 runs leading Uganda to its highest score in an innings of 436. In an ensuing match against Zambia he had unbeaten knocks of 52 and 21. Together with some limited but most effective bowling, he garnered the best individual batting and bowling averages for the tournament and was named the Best All-Rounder by the East African Standard Newspaper.

Charlie did have the honour of captaining Uganda in the inter territorials held in Uganda in 1970. Earlier on, he was chosen to represent East Africa against the MCC touring team. He also was a good hockey player and represented Uganda in that sport in 1959 in addition to being on the Kampala Goan Institute team that won the M.R de Souza gold cup in 1957.

**Peter De Souza:** Peter De Souza learnt his cricket in Karachi, Pakistan before migrating to Uganda circa 1958. A very sound middle order bat, he also bowled slow leg breaks and googlies than could turn the fortune of a match. Unlike most of the Goans he opted to play his club cricket for Jai Sports club which at the time included a number of the Uganda Asians players. Jai had won the coveted Lowis Cup in 1956 under the captaincy of Premji Patel and the addition of Peter was soon evident. In 1958 he was part of the Goan quadrangular team and by December 1959 he made his debut for the Uganda national team against

Kenya in Nairobi. The following year he made his mark with an unbeaten century for Buganda province in the Sazen Cup and was made captain of the Goan Quadrangular team, leading them to victory after 3 years in the doldrums. This led to 5 Goans being selected to the Uganda team in 1960 (the highest ever) and in the ensuing match in Dar-es-Salaam, Uganda secured a convincing 6 wicket victory thanks to a fine bowling spell of 5/36 by Peter followed by an unbeaten 44 on the difficult Indian Gymkhana ground. The same year he was selected to represent East Africa against the visiting Gujarat Cricket club and shortly thereafter chosen to captain Uganda – a role he discharged with distinction for the next 4 years.

The high point in Peter's cricket career came in 1962 during the Pentangular finals against the Asians. Powered by a massive innings of 172 (a new Uganda record at the time) by schoolboy Pranjivan Davda, the Asians had scored 358 runs in their 1st innings. The Goans in reply started well but thereafter had a middle order collapse which saw half the team down for a mere 106. Peter took matters in his hand and after 3 partnerships (with skipper Carlitho Mascarenhas, youngster Leslie Da Costa and veteran Celly Dias) guided his team to victory with a record total of 463 runs. Peter's contribution was 164 runs. Peter went on to be part of future Goan Quadrangular and Pentangular titles in 1964, 1966 and 1971. He continued in the Uganda national team and was chosen to represent East Africa against the MCC in 1963. He represented Uganda on 16 occasions from 1959 to 1965.

**Carlitho Mascarenhas:** Tall and well-built, Carlitho Mascarenhas got into the Uganda Goan Quadrangular team in 1955 with a debut 44 runs against the Africans. The next year onwards he became a staple in the Kampala Goan Institute and Uganda Goan teams until his departure for Canada in 1967. In addition to being a hard hitting and adaptable middle order bat, he was an imposing pace bowler and was rewarded with his first "cap" for Uganda in Aug 1958 against the South African "non-European" team led by the famous Basil D'Oliveira. Batting at number 11, Mascarenhas scored an unbeaten 21 that included a massive sixer off the South African spinner, G. Langa. His next international match was against Tanganyika in Oct 1960, when he took 5 wickets, setting the stage for a Uganda victory. On the club cricket scene, Carlitho was a major contributor to the Kampala Goan Institute side at a time when they were the major nemesis to the Jinja Recreation Club (who ruled the roost for a good 7 years). He was a member of the Goan teams that won Quadrangular in 1956, 1960, 1962 (as captain), 1964 and the Pentangular in 1966. Perhaps his most disappointing match would have been the first Pentangular tournament in 1965, when as skipper of the Goan side he took 8/84 against the Asians in the final – alas only to see his team lose a tight low scoring match because of 5 unnecessary run-outs in the two innings. Carlitho's final swan song on the East African cricket scene was in the 1966

East African inter territorials in Kampala, where he got 6 wickets against Kenya and then batted a patient 34 runs while his batting partner amassed runs. This outstanding athlete was also a very good hockey left half, having represented Goans and the Uganda national team for a number of years.

**Felix D'Mello jnr:** One of the sporting D'Mello brothers from Entebbe, Felix was a mainstay for the Entebbe Goan institute team for many years. Being selected to the Uganda Goan Squad in the late 50's he was following in the footsteps of his older brothers – Joseph and John- and very soon he was opening the batting and pitching in with the bowling. Felix was a medium pace bowler who often resorted to the “bumper” or “bouncer” to get a wicket. He made his debut for the national team in 1960 in Dar es Salaam where he opened the batting with the great Noordin Virani, in a match that Uganda prevailed. Felix was an important member of the Goan quadrangular winning team in 1960 where his second innings unbeaten knock of 44, carried them past the victory line. He went to be part of the championship winning teams in 1962, 1964, 1966, and 1971. Felix made it back to the Uganda national team for the East African Inter-territorials held in Nairobi in 1968.

**Lawrence Fernandes:** A superb all-rounder, Lawrence moved back to Uganda from Mombasa, Kenya, where in 1960, he had already played for the ‘young Kenya Asians’ team at the age of 15. His arrival in Uganda was an immediate boost to the local cricket scene. Lawrence turned out to be a patient and technically sound opening batsmen, a spin bowler who had the occasional googly thrown in with his leg breaks and the best gully fielder Uganda had seen. His first big test came in Nov 1962 in the quadrangular 1st round against the defending champion Europeans. The Goan's opening and middle order bats had collapsed to 57/5, when Fernandes came in, batting an unbeaten, mature innings of 60 and together with veteran Celly Dias, anchored his team to victory. The following year he played his first of 26 matches for Uganda – against Tanganyika. Shortly thereafter he had the distinction of taking 5 wickets in one over in a club fixture. His big challenge came when selected to play the touring MCC team that included 9 English test players. Like all of the Uganda team, Lawrence acquitted himself modestly against the fierce bowling of Larter and Jeff Jones as well as the spin attack of Mortimore and Hobbs. However he distinguished himself by taking two spectacular catches to dismiss Peter Parfitt and Colin Milburn.

Lawrence was part of the Kampala Goan Institute team that won the 1963 Lowis Cup title and his spot on the Uganda team was ‘guaranteed’ – opening the batting for the next 7 years with Noordin Virani (arguably Uganda's most prolific pure batsman in the 1960's). Similarly together with veteran Kishore Vasani, formed a dangerous spin attack for the country.

Like Charlie DeSouza, Lawrence's achievements are too numerous the detail, but a number of standout moments must be mentioned.

1) In the East African Inter-territorials in 1966 held at Lugogo Stadium in Kampala, this amazing player, in a match against Kenya, opened the batting and stayed unbeaten to the end with a total of 160 runs. A very memorable part of the innings was a 118 run stand with Carlitho Mascarenhas (34) where Fernandes played a range of exquisite shots to all parts of the field.

2) In 1967, opening the batting for Uganda against the touring Warwickshire county side ( that included test players –Denis Amiss, Khalid Ibadulla, Mike Smith, Lance Gibbs and Tom Cartwright), Lawrence held his wicket while all around him were falling ( 4 ducks were recorded). Finally he found a terrific partner in schoolboy/wicketkeeper Bhasker Pandya and together they steered Uganda to a respectable score of 205 – Lawrence scored a patient 67, while Pandya hammered a torrid 66.

3) During the 1970 Inter-territorials in Kampala, in a match between Tanzania and Uganda, the former need 250 runs in the second innings to win the match. Lawrence, who had figures of 2/29 in the 1st innings, went to work on the Makerere University ground and other than a century by Gajjar, completely confounded the rest of the Tanzanian batsmen. Alas time was the enemy and at close of play, the visitors were reeling at 199/8, but managed to stave off defeat. Fernandes had taken 7/86 from 24 overs.

4) Lawrence was part of 4 Quadrangular/Pentangular title wins by the Uganda Goans --- 1962, 1964, 1966 and 1971. In the final one he together with skipper Charlie and 16 year old Braz Dias were the top players in the tournament.

5) Lawrence was selected to represent East Africa against the Nawab of Pataudi led Indian test team in 1967 and again in 1968 against a select "International XI ". In 1972 when the 1st tour of England by an East African cricket team was undertaken, Lawrence Fernandes was one of 5 Ugandan players chosen for the 12 friendly match series.

At the time of the Asian expulsion in 1972, Lawrence Fernandes at age of 27, had already played for 9 continuous years for his country and had been named in August 1972 in the Uganda squad for the East African Inter-territorials that never transpired.

**Lawrence Dias:** Another Lawrence who was a polished opening batsman and made it to the Goan Quadrangular side as a schoolboy. Dias was a hard hitting bat who could punish any type of bowling. His biggest 'block' to the

national squad was the presence of Lawrence Fernandes and Noordin Virani who “hogged” the positions. Nevertheless he did break through in the 1970 Inter-territorials and rewarded the selectors with innings of 71 against Tanzania and 51 against Zambia. Dias played the following year against the touring Hyderabad Blues and was also in the aforementioned select squad for the 1972 East African Championship.

**Aloysius Mathias:** A multi-sport talent Al Mathias broke into the Goan Quadrangular squad in 1951 in the heyday of Texeira and Sequeira and quickly assumed the position of opening bat. A regular in the Uganda Goan team till 1964, he broke into the Uganda team in 1958 for a match against Tanzania. Hockey and tennis were just as important an undertaking for Mathias and he had the distinction of being of national calibre at all 3 sports. A hard –working full back, he represented Uganda number of times in hockey including in 1952 against the touring Pakistan Rovers and in 1959 at the first Rahim Jira inter-territorials in Kampala. He was also a proud member of the 1957 Kampala Goan Institute teams that won the elusive M.R de Souza gold cup. At any given point in time in the 1960’s Aloysius was among the top 5 tennis players in Uganda and won the National doubles titles 3 times.

**Edwin Fonseca:** Another all-round sportsman, Edwin was from Mbale and went on to distinguish himself at cricket, hockey and tennis at Makerere University in the mid-1960s. Fine batsmen with a fierce off-side stroke he made the Goan quadrangular and Pentangular teams from time to time. In 1969 he was selected to the Uganda team that went to Zambia for the East & Central African championship.

It would be inappropriate to conclude this narrative without mentioning the number of other outstanding Goan cricketers from Uganda who played various roles in the team successes and the pleasure provided to the fans. The 2 sets of D’Mello brothers from Entebbe – Felix snr, Victor and Marcus (probably the best Goan fielder) and Joseph, John and Joaquim (brothers of already mentioned Felix jnr) were invaluable in their contributions. Leslie Da Costa was a key cog in the 1962 Quadrangular win and may have made national colours if not leaving for overseas studies. Francis Dantas and Lawrence Barretto safely kept wickets and pounded some runs. Claude DeSouza from Entebbe was always there to stem a collapse and Mombasa “recruit” Franklyn Pereira’s innings of 91 batting at number 10 in the 1960 triumph will never be forgotten. Mark Gracias and Alban Rattos added to the middle order batting punch.

There were others that have not been mentioned and they do have the writers apologies and sincere thanks --- Thanks for the memories and the great times.



*John Noronha at university graduation, receiving his degree from Ugandan despot the late Idi Amin whose one of many murderous sins was to expel virtually every Asian, at very short notice, from Uganda.*

*John was born in Uganda, his dad was in business and his mom was Principal of the Kampala Ithnasheri school. He grew up in Kampala and attended Makerere College, where he got to know a lot of the local Ugandans who later held good positions in society. Soon after his graduation, Idi Amin kicked us all out, so John was not committed to serve the terms of his bursary!*

*He joined the Royal Bank of Canada here and rose to be VP for mortgages for Properties in the Greater Toronto Area. He has recently retired. John was a keen follower of all sports and his memory is simply amazing! He remembers incidents, dates and scores that even we, as players in those matches, have "almost" forgotten!*

*John has been active in the Goan Community here for years and has been Vice-President and later President of the GOA Toronto. He still plays an active part and can be considered one of the leaders in our community. A man of strong faith, he and his wife Gladys (also Ugandan) undertake sessions for pre-nuptial couples.*



# Hilary Fernandes

The Wizard of D\*



*I must confess: From the first moment* I saw him play, I was an instant fan (without misshaping my integrity as a journalist), some whose admiration of the player and the man has never faded. As a young boy I never held a hockey stick in my hand. Unlike that other mob, Dr Ribeiro Goan School, St Teresa's



*Hilary Fernandes at his deadliest.*

Boys School in Eastleigh was not big on sport. A one-armed student Kersi Rustomji cut the grass in very large square patch and fashioned cricket pitch and I think cricket died after his class graduated high school. There was another block where the grass was occasionally cut to create a soccer field of sorts and was played on now and again. Dr Ribeiro's, on the other hand, was blessed with some of the best sports girls and boys in a large variety of sports.

Hence, when I joined the Daily Nation as a Sports Reporter I had to learn several sports in a hurry. Two men who spent many, many hours discussing, debating, arguing various points of hockey were Hilary Fernandes and former club player and international umpire Oscar D'Souza. I remain indebted.

Some folks used to say in complete admiration: Hilary was probably born with a hockey stick in his hand. Yet others would swear that he was blessed with one of the finest attacking hockey brains anywhere. In his time, he was the headline behind many a Kenya, Sikh Union and Railway Goan Institute win. As a young journalist who was privileged to see him play, it was easy to see why he was more often than not the headline: he was the creative genius who fashioned goals for others to score or scored himself.

Crouched low to the ground with the hockey stick seemingly attached to the ball, Hilary looked like a lioness or a cheetah on a kill and he applied the finish to his own "kill" (scoring goals) with same finesse the two animal species are famous for. Yet, the label most suited for him was "the wizard of dribble". His wrong-footed opposing defenders almost with every attack Kenya mounted on the opposition.

He was also a crafty devil. If there was no clear shot at goal available he would with greatest of calm, the innocence of a new born babe imprinted on his face and without a hint of guilt of wrong doing, he would flick the ball onto feet of the opposing player in front of the scoring area of the goalmouth. For intents and purposes, the not guilty verdict was based on the “fact” that he was passing the ball to a fellow player or in the processing of beating an opposing player.

The thing about Hilary was that he was great at reading the game and the opponents he played against. While mounting an attacking he was, like a great chess player, thinking three and four moves ahead of anyone else. To this he added the deftest of flicks to the right or left, a gentle push forward to be swooped on with the speed of a bullet followed by the lethal hit into the back of the goal net with the keeper left open mouthed and clutching at air.

The short corner brought into play his friend and captain Avtar Singh Sohal (Tari) who was often recognised as the best full back and penalty corner converter at both Olympic and international level. He was Kenya’s open-secret weapon.



*Sikh Union Hockey Team 1968 - Gold Cup Winners, H. Fernandes captain.*

What were your most memorable internationals/Olympics/World Cup games?

He was selected for three Olympics: Rome 1960, Tokyo 1964. He played for Kenya in World Cups in ..... Among Goans, he has won the most medals for winning the M R De Souza Gold Cup with Kenya Police, Railway Goan Institute and the Sikh Union making him the most decorated of Goan hockey players anywhere.

# A genius called Master

A personal tribute by Hilary Fernandes

*During my school days at* Dr Rebeiro's Goan School in Nairobi, Kenya I was very fortunate to come in contact with and later to be coached by this educationist and sport administrator who was known to us all as Master Anthony D'Souza. Simply because he taught Maths and English in our school.

He was or may have opted to train and select players for the school's A and B hockey teams.

We did not know of his accomplishments as a hockey player. His very modest introduction to us was that he had played hockey for the world famous Lusitanians Hockey team in Bombay. Although he was not an Olympian, he was going to be our coach.



*Anthony D'Souza*

This is how it all unfolded: he called on all those that were interested in playing hockey to turn out on a Saturday afternoon at the Railway Goan Institute ground. The turnout was very good with approximately 50 of showing up. He immediately made a list noting the name, age and preferred position for the trials. It was after two hours or so that he gathered all of us and read out the short list that he had created and read out the names.

I was happy that I made the list and it is from that day on, that I'm thankful for having been under his guidance. He was one of the greatest coaches from whom I learned every skill that is used in the sport and he had the ability and flair to disperse it to you. He made me and all the other Goan Olympians famous. I personally owe ever thing to him. I was very fortunate as he coached me in all the skills and tricks he himself used as a player. He had played exactly the same

positions that I did... inside right. He was so knowledgeable about the game that he could read the game within minutes of its start and execute a game plan.

Anthony was a well-respected person in the hockey circles and in my opinion one of the greatest hockey coaches that I have ever known. We are all forever indebted to him for his undivided attention in sharing with us his skills and talent in making us the great hockey players of yester years.

He too gained international status as he was an International Umpire and also was appointed as a coach of the Kenya team at the 1964 Tokyo and 1968 Mexico Olympic Games. In previous years he also accompanied the Kenya National Hockey team as Manager and Coach on various international tours abroad.

It was some 40 years or so when I received a heart wrenching letter from him informing me, that he had been diagnosed with terminal stomach cancer and that he did not have much time left, but was happy that he had joined his family in London, England. He passed away shortly and his passing away left a void in the hearts of the many Goan Olympians he had trained.

However till today his name surfaces in any hockey conversation especially when one is asked, where did you learn to play the game of hockey and who were you coached by. Now you have the answer. Only one person: my Coach, my Friend. The late Anthony D'Souza.

You are gone but will never be forgotten by many.

Thank you for I owe it all to you. Rest In Peace, till we meet again. Hilary.

\*The Wizard of Dribble (brilliant stick work). The D: half circle in front of goal which is the area from which scoring permitted. Outside the D counts for nowt.

# Alu Mendonca

The greatest Goan hockey left winger



*Alu scoring, a familiar scene.*

*There isn't a greater sight in* field hockey than seeing a player thunder down at full speed and cannon the ball to the back of the net with awesome power.

With the constant roar of the crowd chanting "Alu, Alu, Alu" the great Aloysius Mendonca would ignite Nairobi's City Park Stadium with his exhilarating pace on the left wing. The exclamation point was the ball finding the top of the net past bewildered goalkeepers. Just ask the best goalkeepers at the time -- India's

Deshmathu and Abdul Rashid of Pakistan -- and the others who faced him when he played for the Railway Goan Institute and in Kenya's colours.

This star, who was known to the fans only by his first name -- just like those Brazilian soccer maestros Pele, Tostao, Rivelino, Ronaldo and Neymar -- passed away peacefully at the Nairobi Hospital on Friday, March 10, 2017 at the age of 85. Alu's death comes two years after the dashing centre forward and his international teammate Egbert Fernandes died in Canberra in November 2014. He leaves behind his brother Pius, sisters Anne (D'Sa) and Teresa (Mandriks), a former Kenya international, children Derek (Rosalynn), Erika (Mendonca-DeSilva) and Cora Lisa (Barretto) and five grandchildren. He was predeceased by his wife Alba.

Alu was one of a kind. I was fortunate enough to line up with this multi-talented star for the Railway Goan Institute for several years and many a time stood still in awe watching this phenomenon perform his magic on a star-studded team that included Silu Fernandes, Hilary Fernandes, Leo Fernandes and Reynold de Souza. In 1976, Alu and I were together again when I managed the Kenya national team for the Rene Frank International tournament in Madras. I got an insight to his coaching methods as he was the national coach and was ably assisted by the late Hardev Singh Kular. Under Alu's guidance the young team posted a creditable fifth-place finish. Apart from his national duties Alu also enjoyed success coaching the Railway Goan Institute women, one of Nairobi's top women's teams.

Mendonca was born in Anjuna, Goa, in January 1933 and, on arriving in Kenya with his family, he joined Dr. Ribeiro's Goan School, the famed school in Nairobi that was a conveyor belt for producing world-class hockey players under the tutorship of coach-extraordinaire Anthony de Souza.

It was here that the talent of this exceptional athlete was recognized and he was picked to represent the Schools Combined XI against touring All India in 1948-1949. This was the match that launched the illustrious career of the greatest left winger of his era as he went on to represent his country at four Olympic Games. His first appearance came in 1956 when the country made its Olympics debut in Melbourne and it was a proud moment for all Goans as Mendonca's teammate, the late Anthony Vaz, was given the unique honour of being the flag bearer.

Four years later in 1960 Mendonca captained his country in Rome and he ended his career following the Olympics in Tokyo in 1964 where the squad posted its best-ever showing and earned an Olympic certificate.

Mendonca was later appointed national coach and that meant two more





*Alu Mendonca, Reggie and Renato Monteiro*

Olympic visits to Munich in 1972 and Montreal four years later. His six Olympic appearances were a rare feat matched only by his close friend and International teammate left back Avtar Singh Sohal. Avtar, like Mendonca, was also only the second Kenyan to be named the best player at their respective position by their peers and the world media.

Alu's flair wasn't only confined to hockey. He also happened to be a first-class sprinter and opened the bowling for the Railway Goan Institute cricket team. He will be remembered for giving the great Kenyan sprinter Seraphino Antao a scare after he had just returned from Perth with his two sprinting gold medals in 1962. Seraphino pipped the hard-charging Alu at the tape.

One of the many tributes that poured in after Alu's death came from Kenya's long time captain and international superstar Avtar Singh who echoed the thoughts of every player associated with Alu.

"Alu was my colleague, my captain, my coach and my great friend," said Avtar. "He was humble, down to earth and always smiling. You rarely get a personality

like Alu in your life time.

"I was very fortunate to play with the world's greatest left winger at three Olympics. Hats off to a great hockey player and a great man," added Avtar.

At the club level Alu played for the Railway Goan Institute, one of East Africa's premiere clubs, and captained the team to the club's first of three M.R. de Souza Gold Cup victories in 1958. He was an integral member of the team in the other two victories in 1967 and in 1969.

So what made Alu the greatest left winger of his time? It was his pace, power and incredible technique to score goals on the turn.

"He was the greatest left winger ever, period," said Silu Fernandes, that uncompromising left back, who played in three Olympics and a RGI teammate. "I played internationally so many times and never saw one winger as well as Alu. It was that ability to turn and hit on the run at full speed.

"We shared a room on every one of our numerous tours and he was one of the finest roommates you could have. My greatest memory of Alu was him depositing the ball past India's Deshmathu in a Test match in Nairobi. He never saw the ball."

Kenya's wizard of dribble Hilary Fernandes, another three-time Olympian, was also Alu's teammate at school and on the three RGI-winning teams. Although a world-class right inner in his own right, Hilary always looked up to Alu for inspiration. "He motivated us all and was a classy gentleman. Alu was a gifted athlete and his ability to hit the ball at speed separated him from all of the other wingers.

"My most enduring moment was setting up a pass for him after beating two defenders against Pakistan in 1960 and he found the net with an unstoppable shot in our 3-1 win." This was Pakistan's heaviest defeat and Kenya's greatest win against the world power. The goals came from Alu, Avtar Singh and centre-half Surjeet Jnr. The forward line consisting of Gurcharan Singh, Hilary Fernandes, Egbert Fernandes, Hardev Singh and Alu was generally considered by far the most potent line-up the country fielded.

Amar Singh, another Sikh Union ace and Olympic teammate, also had fond memories of Alu. "Alu was a natural left winger and I never saw any player dart down the wing at such speed and let go such a hard shot," said Amar who played on the right wing.

“He was always smiling and the beauty of our Kenya team was that we were all so fit and very, very close despite playing on different teams at the club level. Alu was one of a kind.”

*Norman Da Costa represented RGI on one Gold Cup winning squad in 1969 and managed Kenya's national team to India in 1976. Da Costa was formerly sports editor of the Daily Nation before migrating to Canada in 1976. He was the chief soccer writer for the Toronto Star, Canada's largest newspaper, for 27 years before retiring in 2010.*

# The Trojans of Kenya Hockey

*Between 1950 and 1970 two communities* dominated hockey in Kenya: the mighty Sikhs and their arch rivals, the Goans. This was a rivalry that has, perhaps, never been duplicated in any other country where two communities have warred for national, Olympic and club hockey domination.

For most of that period each of the factions were led by two fierce warriors: Avtar Singh Sohal "Tari" to everyone, who went on to become one of the most decorated hockey players in Kenya and Alu Mendonca, hailed as the greatest Goan player in Africa.



Avtar Singh Sohal

The rivalry was akin to Gor Mahia playing Maragoli (in its heyday) or Abaluhya when they were at their best. Days when Joe Kadenge was king and challenged by Elijah Lidonde or any one of the great Luo players. Like the Goans and the Sikhs, their supporters were passionate and dedicated.

While at club level, the brilliant Sikh Union dominated the decade with some of the toughest, defensive hockey ever seen in club hockey, their motto must have been "none shall pass" with Avtar Singh Sohal at the centre of it. There was brilliance up front too with the like of Surjeet Singh Panesar, for me one of the

*Alu Mendonca*



greatest centre-halves ever.

The Railway Goan Institute led by Alu Mendonca and the Goan Institute spearheaded by the late sterling centre forward Egbert Fernandes were no slouches either, especially in the MR De Souza Gold Cup tournament. The City Park stadium thundered in appreciation of the courage and guile on show each year.

Ironically, most of the Sikh and Goan Olympians were best of buddies on the national team and away from their respective clubs socialised as much as occasion would allow. However, the friendship between the two Trojans, Alu

and Tari was special. Make no mistake, they played hard against each, never gave an inch or took it a little easy on each other. However, once the game was over, they were back to being old mates. This was true of most hockey players. They left their differences on the rich murram of City Park or any of the other club grounds.

There was some spite off the field and it was by the Goan clubs taking aim at a Goan traitor, the brilliant strategist Hilary Fernandes who broke ranks and played for the emperors of club hockey: Sikh Union. The venom was poisonous that when Hilary and Elsie wanted to get married none of the Goan clubs would let them use their halls. I know Hilary was hurt because I was his Best Man.

There was always an after-the-match soft drink at the Goan Institute, the Railway Goan Institute, or the Goan Institute (the Singh's bar across the road from the GI where Egbert often hosted visiting before and after international matches). At the Sikh Union, on the roof terrace, the soft drink would be asked to be poured two fingers deep (it was actually four fingers) and it was served with some of the greatest curried "roast" chicken by men for men in those politically incorrect times, sexist times.

Sikhs also controlled the powerful Kenya Hockey Union and there were howls of

nepotism, bias and corruption every time a new Kenya team was selected. The barbs were aimed at Hardial Singh who was for many, many years the Kenya coach and a mentor to most Sikh players. One such “victim” was the enigmatic Franklyn Pereira from Mombasa who never made an Olympics team. The KHU was accused of being Nairobi-centric. I think that blemish, like indelible ink, never be forgotten by Goans at the coast.

There was always an after-the-match soft drink at the Goan Institute, the Railway Goan Institute, or the Goan Institute (the Singh’s bar across the road from the GI where Egbert often hosted visiting before and after international matches).

Virtually every one of the Goans admired “Tari” and players like Alu, Hilary Fernandes (who played for the Sikh Union for a while) Silu Fernandes, Egbert Fernandes were also considered Tari’s pals. Surjeet Singh Panesar and others enjoyed similar relations.

With Alu’s passing, memories of the great rivalries also begin to fade with only Tari, Surjeet Panesar, Hilary, Silu, Edgar, Raphael, Leo, Reynold D’Souza, and a few others left to carry the fading torch of days that used to be.

Here is a touching farewell from Tari to Alu in 2017: It is sad news. We lost a great man and great personality. I had the honour to play three Olympic Games 1960, 1964 and 1968 with him. He was my assistant coach in 1971 hockey World Cup where Kenya finished 4th in the world. He had great speedy and control on the ball and scored some fantastic goals in his career. He was the greatest felt wing Kenya ever produced. He was humble and down to earth. I had great memories with him and my other friend Egbert Fernandes. Very hard to get these type personalities in your life and it was honour to be their friend. Alu will be remembered for his great work in hockey. By the time 1970 arrived, most of the Goan and Sikh players had already migrated to other shores but Alu and Tari preferred to remain dedicated and loyal to Kenya and the game that had given the fame and pleasure. Both men served Kenya with distinction in the coaching area once their playing days were over.

Between 1952 and 1983, the kings of East African club hockey, the Sikh Union won an astounding 14 MR De Souza Gold Cup tournaments, more than any other club by a large margin.

The great hockey rivalry

- Tari was selected to play against South Africa at the age of 19.
- He was a member of the Sikh Union team which won the prestigious M R De Souza Gold Cup for the first time in 1959.
- He was undoubtedly one of the great short corner converters of his time.

- He was selected for the Rome Olympics, 1960, later captained in Tokyo, 1964, Mexico 1968 (ill), and Munich 1972.
- Appointed team captain in 1962 led Kenya for the next 10 years.
- In the 1984 Guinness Book of records as “the most international appearances”: Avtar Singh, 172 times between 1957 and 1972.
- Kenya coach 1978-1988 and FIH umpire.
- International Hockey Federation Development and Coach Committee, at judge at Seoul 1988.
- Awarded the International Hockey Federation’s Diploma of Merit for services to world hockey.
- Sikh Union won the M R De Souza Gold Cup 11 times (1959, 1962-1966, 1968, 1970, 1972-1974, 1979 and the last time in 1980 as SU and one more time as Simba). Tari was in 11 of those teams. The best Goan is Hilary who won with Kenya Police, the RGI and Sikh Union, seven winners’ medals.

Kenya 1956 Olympic team:

Goans: Reynold D’Souza, Michael Pereira, Alu Mendonca, Anthony Vaz, Rosario Delgado (5).

Sikhs: Gursaran Singh Sehmi, Tejparkash Singh Brar, Joginder Singh Dhillon, Tajinder Singh Rao, Balbir Singh Sidhu, Hardev Singh Khular, Surjeet Singh Deol, Avtar Singh Deol (8).

Kenya 1960:

Goans: Alu Mendonca, Anthony Vaz, Edgar Fernandes, Egbert Fernandes, Saude George, Hilary Fernandes, Silvester Fernandes (7)

Sikhs: Avtar Singh Sohal, Gursharan Singh Sehmi, Hardev Singh Kular, Jagnandan Singh, Kirpal Singh Bhardwaj, Pritam Singh Sandhu, Surjeet Singh Deol, Surjeet Singh Panesar (8)

Kenya 1964:

Goans: Saude George, Anthony Vaz, Egbert Fernandes, Edgar Fernandes, Hilary Fernandes, Alu Mendonca, Silvester Fernandes. Reynold D’Souza, Leslie Pinto (9).

Sikhs: Surjeet Singh Jnr, Amar Singh Mangat, Sang Singh, Jagnandan Singh, Hardev Singh, Avtar Singh, and Santokh Singh (7)

Kenya 1968:

Goans: Reynold Pereira, Egbert Fernandes, Leo Fernandes, Hilary Fernandes, Silu Fernandes, Alu Mendonca (6).

Sikhs: Kirpal Singh Bhardwaj, Harvinder Singh Marwa, Jagmel Singh Rooprai, Jagjit Singh Kular, Davinder Singh Deegan, Santokh Singh Matharu, Amarjeet Singh Marwa, Surjeet Singh Panesar, ch); Avtar Singh Sohal (9)

Kenya 1972:

Goans: Leo Fernandes, Reynolds Pereira, Phillip De Souza (3).

Sikhs: Amarjeet Singh Marwa, Avtar Singh Sohal, Brijinder Daved, Davinder Singh Deegan, Harvinder Singh Marwa, Harvinderpal Singh Sibia, Jagjit Singh Kular, Jagmel Singh Rooprai, Ranjit Singh Sehmi, Resham Singh Bains, Surjeet Singh Panesar, Surjit Singh Rihal, Tarlochan Singh Chana (13).

There were many, many times in international matches both at home and away that the Goans were the dominant members of the team. It all depended who was good, well and available on the day.



# Silu Fernandes, This sporting life...

*Three-time Kenya Hockey Olympian*, Sylvester (Silu) Fernandes, the second of five brothers was born November 26 1936 in Nairobi where he attended the Goan mecca of sportsmen and sportswomen ... the Dr. Ribeiro Goan School.

Growing up at the Railway Quarters in the Desai Road area of Nairobi, played hockey at a young age with neighbouring young lads.... including fellow Olympians Alu Mendonca, Hillary and Leo Fernandes, Saude George, Reynold D'Souza, Edgar and Egbert Fernandes ... on a tiny patch of murrum (hard, red earth) near to where they lived and would often hang around the nearby RGI hockey pitch hoping, to get a game with the senior players.

"Although I played a lot of hockey, cricket was my first love and much to the disappointment of my dear Mum who wanted very much for me to become a school teacher, I was tempted by the offer of a job to play cricket for the Standard Bank of South Africa in the Commercial League (very popular at the time) fortunately my younger brother Steve came to the rescue by becoming a teacher at a local school and later a Head Master, both in Nairobi and later in the UK.

As a cricketer I was privileged to play with the likes of Blaise D'Cunha Maurice Gracious and John Lobo all Kenya Representative players, and also had the very unique distinction of having my own team 'Silu's Eleven' made up by players of the calibre of Zulfikar Ali, Charanjive Sharma, V S Lamba and Ramesh Bhalla with annual fixtures against most of the leading clubs in Kenya.

My Darling Ivy, daughter Sandra and I were very keen squash players and were part of the Parklands Sports Club team in Nairobi ... Sandra was Junior Squash Champion and yours truly the veteran squash champion of Kenya three years in a row."

While at school, I came under the inspirational influence of Mr Anthony D'Souza, who was one of the greatest hockey coaches in Kenya. He was an ex-Lusitanians player and knew the game as it should be played at the highest level and passed



*Silu Fernandes*



*A Three Time  
Kenyan Hockey Olympian*



Rome 1960



TOKYO 1964



Mexico 1968

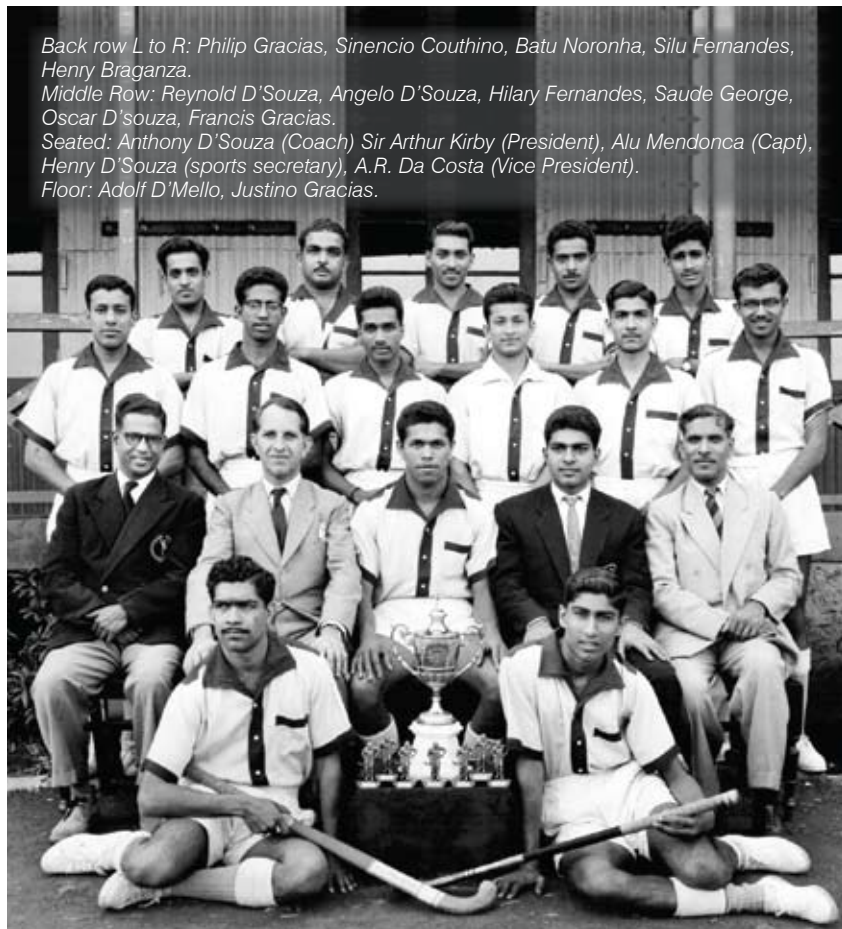
this knowledge to the likes of Alu Mendonca, Anthony Vaz, Reggie Monteiro, Renato Monteiro, Reynolds D'Souza, Hilary Fernandes, Edgar and Egbert Fernandes and myself. Mr D'Souza also showered his knowledge and several generations of young Goan boys and girls who attended Dr Ribeiro's.

Goan hockey reached its dizzy heights in Kenya mainly because of this Maths and English teacher.

My ticket to the Olympics was playing in the Emar D'Souza Gold Cup winning teams (twice) and I was spotted by the selectors. I got into the team in 1958, Rome Olympics 1960, Tokyo 1964 (sixth place finish, arguably Kenya's greatest team, Mexico City 1968 (stand in captain) and finished playing international hockey in 1970. However, continued playing at club level past the age of 55.

When we first won the Gold Cup with the RGI, I played at centre forward. I represented Kenya at centre forward at the opening of Kampala's Lugogo Stadium by the Queen Mother in 1958. I moved to centre half for the RGI and left half for Kenya.

In my professional career I also chased gold as hard as I did on the hockey field.



I was introduced to the Old Mutual by the then district manager Tony Lobo. In my first year, I won the award for the Top Salesman in the World for the Old Mutual. It was customary for the Top Salesman in the World to be flown into apartheid Capetown. However, when they realised I was not white, they decided the presentation party would be held at the Pan Afric Hotel in Nairobi. Old Mutual's top management flew in for the event in 1972. Unfortunately, the Old Mutual closed down in 1973, because of the changing political climates.

I changed careers in that I went into selling chemicals for a couple of years but fortunately was roped back into the insurance business by the manager for American Life Insurance Company, Mr Walter Nyadwe, in 1976. And I never looked back and went on to become the Top Producer Worldwide for the Gold Contest 1979. I have maintained my links with AIG ever since and to this day at 81 I do business with the company who took over AIG in Canada, the Bank of Montreal Insurance Company (BMO).

Soon after migrating to Canada, I was introduced to the great game of golf 22 years ago and which I still play pretty passionately. From the very first year, I have run a charity tournament called the annual Tusker Classic which has raised thousands for charities in Kenya, India and local in Canada.

The secret of my success was my late wife, my darling Ivy, who still inspires me to this day. We raised four children and eight grandkids. We have been blessed to be a close-knit family.

PS: My three all-time sporting heroes are (1) Muhammad Ali (2) George Best (Ireland and Manchester United soccer) (3) Cajetan (Cajie) Fernandes (Bombay and Kenya field hockey).

And life goes on ....

# Bertha Fernandes

*The Kenya Women's hockey team,  
Bertha (bottom second from right).*



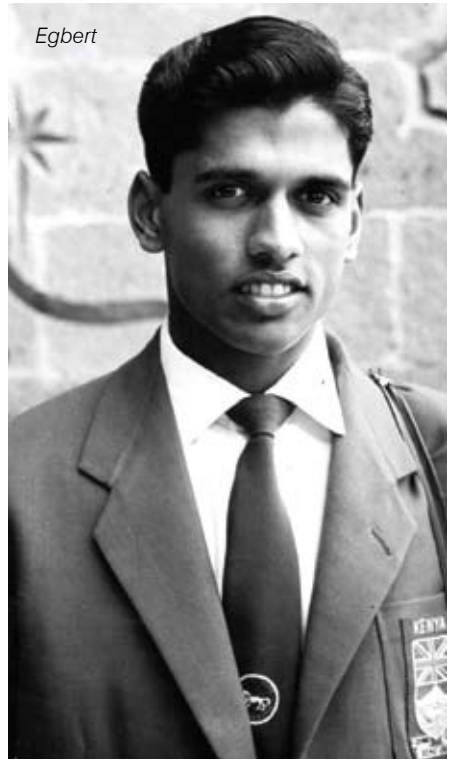
*He* was the late *Egbert Fernandes*, perhaps Kenya's greatest hockey centre forward. She was Bertha Fernandes, one of Kenya's greatest capped Goan hockey star. It was always going to be a match made in sport.

I started playing hockey when I was 16 years old. I first played with Ragtimers and later with the famous Collegians hockey team which was coached by one of the most respected men in hockey, the international hockey umpire Peter Barbosa.

During my time with the Collegians we played a lot of hockey, took part in the domestic league competition comprising of various hockey teams from different clubs in Nairobi. We also toured several places like Mombasa, Tanga, Dar-es-Salaam, Zanzibar and were victorious in all these places. I did not play hockey at school, as St. Teresa's Girl's school did not have the facilities, but I did take part



Bertha



Egbert

*Bertha Fernandes with some of her many trophies.*





*Another Kenya women's line up.*

in all track and field events. I also played Netball and competed with different schools in Nairobi.

Fortunately, I excelled in all of the above.

I joined the Spartans Athletics Club in Nairobi, but stayed with them for a short time because I had hockey on my mind. After Collegians finished as a team, I played for the once whites only Impala Club for a while. I would be about 19 years old when I was selected to represent Kenya. The father of hockey coaching in Kenya, the great Mahan Singh was our coach and he took my game to another level. Yes I was the most capped Goan player in the Kenya Team. I started playing right wing, then right inner, and sometime centre forward. I played against All England, South African Proteas, and Uganda (several times). I got along with all my team mates.

I have lots of good memories of my hockey career. One was when I was selected to play against the All England Women's hockey team. My mother, brothers and sisters, fans and friends, all turned up at the Nairobi City Park Stadium to cheer me on.

I remember the important build up to the game, the warm up, the cheers, the vision of scoring ... Although I played a number of internationals against Uganda, this was something special. Playing for your country was awesome. Hockey gave me something to be a part of where I felt I belonged. It allowed me to grow closer with people and has introduced me to more friends. I remember the joys of winning and the heartbreak of losing.

My favourite Goan male player will always be none other than the dashing centre forward for Kenya, the one and only Egbert Fernandes, my later husband.

# Sister, Sister!

*The Kenya Goan community was blessed* with two sets of sisters (there may have been a third pair in Mombasa) who were absolutely stunning in track and field and hockey: Nifa and Trifa De Souza and Astrid (later D'Souza) and Mitelia (later Paul) Fernandes. Trifa virtually won everything in her sights on the track, even giving the powerful sprinters in Mombasa a run for their money. Both sisters were outstanding in hockey especially for the famous Collegians team which set the benchmark in Kenya. In fact the Fernandes girls took over where the De Souza's left off.

Astrid and Mitelia achieved the unique distinction of each winning the Dr. Ribeiro Goan School track and field championships four years in succession (twice in the Under 15 division and twice in the Open division). Together, the Fernandes sisters were school champions for eight years in succession!

They both went on to win the championships of the Railway Goan Institute (RGI) and the Goan Institute for several years each. In January 1963, for example, Astrid won the Athletics Championship Cup for Women and was presented with her trophy Mrs Col Wright, wife of the then Governor of Kenya. Astrid also competed in the 100 and 220 yards in both the Coast and the Kenya Championship held in Kisumu. In the latter meet, she advanced to the finals.

*The Goan Tribune* quite rightly trumpeted: "As can be imagined from the brilliant feats of Seraphino Antao at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games in Perth and performances of the Kenya Hockey team against the Olympic champions, the standard of sports in Nairobi is pretty high.

"Goans can take pride in the fact that the Goan Institute here has been the chief contributor over many years towards bringing about that happy consummation and still is.

"There is a general air of keenness among spectators as well as participants at the sports meets organised periodically by the GI which augurs well for the future of sports and athletics in this new nation, with Goans happily prominent at least for some time to come.





*Astrid Fernandes ... all-round athlete in full flight.*

*"This was most evident at the GI athletics meeting last month. Open to all-comers, the meeting is easily the premier sporting event in East Africa and is dominated by Goans, though there were many entrants from other communities.*

*"The title of Victor Ludorum in the men's events – which ran the gamut from putting the shot to the pole vault – was won by Philip D'Souza with a score of 13 points and corresponding title for women was annexed somewhat sensationally by Mrs Astrid D'Souza with a score of 16 points, sensationally because it was the first time a married woman has ever won the title in East Africa.*

*"The events for the championship are: 100 yards, 220 yards, long jump, and the shot. Mr D'Souza won the first three and was third in the shot.*

*"Astrid has a remarkable athletic career. As a student she set a record by winning both the junior and senior girls championships for four years consecutively.*

*"In 1960, at the end of her school career, she won the Women's Championship at the GI meeting. She was married soon after but returned two years later to reclaim her crown. Last October she tied with her Mitelia for the Railway Goan Institute athletics title."*

A remarkable effort in any language.

Hockey was the other sport in which Mitelia and Astrid made their mark, with Mitelia representing both Kenya and East Africa and Astrid being a non-travelling reserve for the Kenya team. Astrid was the youngest captain of the Ragtimers team and later captained the RGI team.

When Mitelia finished her hockey career in Kenya the *Standard* newspaper noted: *"Mitelia Fernandes who has played in the Kenya national women's team for the past three years, left the country for Canada last week.*

*"Miss Fernandes, a left-winger, was one of Kenya's finest internationals and it will be difficult for the Kenya Women's Hockey Association to fill her place.*

*"She was included in the KWH side which played Indian last year and the Indus Times observed 'Outside left Mitelia Fernandes with speed and brilliant dribbling on again caught the eye most'."*

Both Mitelia and Astrid continued their hockey careers in Canada and were founding members of the GOA Ladies field hockey team in Toronto. Mitelia has represented Ontario in both field hockey and badminton.

# Turning Points

My Special Memories

BY ASTRID DIANA FERNANDES

As the East African Goan community, now spread far and wide across the world, go down memory lane, one cannot help but be struck by the realization that the Goans unquestionably had raw and innate sporting talent. Hindsight and our experiences of living in new countries, bring this fact into sharp focus. What is astounding is how many individuals of our time achieved great heights in the sporting arena with the minimal of resources, support or leading-edge coaching.

Track & Field and Hockey were my passion.

In the early 1950's when we lived on the grounds of the Railway Asian Institute my father, Lazarus Fernandes – himself a top sportsman – would have my sisters and I run from the club house to the pavilion and back to club house. This very basic training led me and my sister, Mitelia, and I to each win the School Championship (Junior and Open) for four successive years. Together, we did this eight years in succession – an unprecedented and perhaps unbeaten record. We both went on to be champions at both the RGI and GI sports meets.

I could have achieved another unparalleled record – winning both the Junior and Open school championship at the same meet. I had the Junior Championship in the bag and needed just one point to win the Open division as well. Midway through the meet, Father Comerford, the Principal, drew me aside and told me that I was not to hog the limelight by winning all the events. Intimidated, I chose to not run in the final event! It was a turning point decision that I have always regretted. I never told my parents.

Subsequently, I joined the Spartans Track and Field group. Trifa and Nifa DeSouza, Bertha Fernandes and I were four women athletes in a group of several men. We practised regularly at the Railways track on Princess Elizabeth Highway (now Uhuru Hwy). We did not have a dedicated coach and it was the men who coached us as best they could. We had little in the way of basic athletic equipment – everything was light years behind even ten year old standards. My best showing was the 220 finals at the Kenya Championship held in Kisumu. My long-held dream was to represent the country at the Olympics but I was born too early for that dream to become reality.

Goan School teacher, Mr. Stanley DeSouza, took on the challenge of forming the school's first girls hockey team. With enthusiastic dedication, he succeeded in molding us into a winning team. Our basic resources were thrown into sharp relief when we played league games at the Kenya High School (KHS). The extent

*Another trophy to the Astrid D'Souza collection.*



*Among the elite Spartans athletics club there were only four girls:  
Astrid D'Souza, Bertha Fernande and the sisters Nifa and Trifa D'Souza.*



*Astrid third GI Shot  
Putt victory stand.*



*Astrid at the Victory  
Stand GI Sports 1960.*



and quality of their facilities were startling. We were envious but knew our place in the Kenyan compartmentalized society.

It was my mother, Lourdinha, who dragged my sister, Joana Civita, outside of our hockey comfort zone. She talked our Nairobi Goan Housing Estate neighbours, Maggie and Martie Rodrigues, into taking us under their wing. They played for the Ragtimers. Soon our shyness faded and our game vastly improved as we played with the team's many skilled players. There were also handsome chaps working out with us. The social aspect of Ragtimers – going on picnics, parties, learning the cha cha cha – made for carefree and happy times. Down the road, I became the youngest captain. Playing for the RGI came later and is another great memory. Captain, Nora Braganza, and coaches, Alu Mendonca and (?) Chong were tireless and generous. The team was at its peak and hard to beat. Later I was proud to captain the side.

Perhaps my most enduring hockey memory was experiencing the highest of highs and the lowest of lows. A surprise letter from the Kenya Women's Hockey Association inviting me to join the national training squad was a thrill. I was on

cloud nine. During weeks of arduous training sessions under Mr. Mahan Singh I was in top form. But at the critical two-day selection trials in Nakuru my game let me down and badly – I was tired and hungry after the long drive and my game was unrecognizable. The damage was done and, notwithstanding my excellent performance during weeks of training, there was no second chance. I was devastated. I was chosen to be the non-travelling reserve and later played for the President's XI against a visiting South African team. Another of my life's turning point.

Mostly it is the happy memories of my sprinting and hockey days that are uppermost. Flying down the 100 yards track, totally oblivious of everything around me, and breasting the tape is the best of those wonderful memories.

# Life Within Myself

## BY MITELIA (FERNANDES) PAUL

*Sport in the world has taken on* its own entity, especially within the last two decades. Integration with technology has given a huge impetus to the quality of sports. However, in retrospect, when our Goan sports community in far-away lands thinks about our experiences in sports in Africa, we realise that sports was an entity all to itself, with the highest level of performance, akin to the level of sports that we experience presently.

As we reunite in various lands, we always revert to our wonderful days participating in various sports in Africa. When I immigrated to Canada in 1968, I used my performance level in field hockey, badminton and track and field, to propel me to representative sports in my adopted country, Canada. I was on the Ontario Provincial Field Hockey team and on the Canadian Women's Masters Field Hockey team. I also reached the Ontario Provincial level in the "Women's Doubles" in Badminton.

I was twice awarded the "Premier of Ontario Award for Contribution in Sports to Canada" - highest award from the Ontario Government. In 1969, in the early days of the founding of "The Goan Overseas Association" (GOA) in Toronto my sisters Astrid Fernandes, Yasmin Fernandes and Joan Lobo and I enlisted many of our Goan sports figures to form a field hockey team. As leaders of the team, we also co-ordinated the transportation and administration duties for the team, like umpiring, for many years, to achieve our goal of forming both men and women formidable Goan field hockey teams.

On both the Women's and Men's teams, we eventually had a winning combination of players from the Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania. In 1974, the GOA Women's team consisted of players from the Kenyan and Ugandan Women's international players. This team consisted of players like Ugandan stalwarts Nancy Agard, Zulema De Souza, Ella Gomes, Delphine Francis, and Kenyan players like Astrid Fernandes, Gloria Fernandes, Melba Almeida and Mitelia Fernandes.

With this solid base, many other Goan field hockey players from Africa and India joined the team. This champion team went on to win many provincial and



*Mitelia receives her award from her idol Seraphino Antao.*





state tournaments in both Canada and USA. We were not only the flagship of the Toronto Goan Overseas Association, but we were also ambassadors for the Goan community in North America. I have many splendid memories of my sporting career in Kenya, Africa, in badminton, track and field and hockey.

Both my sister and I dominated track and field at Dr. Ribeiro Goan School, Nairobi. We achieved the "Track and Field Champion of the Year" consecutively over an eight year span, amidst participation in other sports. My sister Yasmin Fernandes was also a member of the school's 1st XI field hockey team. We all credit our coaches at the school, such as the famed Goan field hockey coach Mr. Anthony D'Souza, our teachers and our parents for guiding and supporting us through these formative sporting years of our lives. Many of us, now living and communicating around the world, appreciate the benefits of our sports heritage.

My most poignant sporting memories are my participation in Field Hockey. I represented the Kenya Women's Field Hockey Team for many years as a left wing and left inner. I first represented the Kenya Women's Field Hockey second X1 team at the age of fourteen, eventually graduating to the First X1. Inclusion in the Kenya Women's Field Hockey team was a most difficult feat for non-British nationalities. However, with continued dedication, family support and exceedingly hard work in an extra-curricular sports' field, while in high school, many of us succeeded in achieving national status.

At this time in the sixties, four Goan girls were included on the Kenya team, Teresa Mendonca, Bertha Fernandes, Melba Almeida and Mitelia Fernandes, amongst ten British women and three African women. The four Goan players provided the core strength for our international team, as both offence and defence players, playing against teams such as England, International Wanderers, USA, Japan, India, Ceylon (Sri Lanka), Holland, Uganda and other national teams (see photograph).

Our Ugandan Goan counterparts were in the forefront too. We often had many tense games against each other in Uganda and Kenya. Ugandan players included Nancy Agard, Zulema De Souza, Ella Gomes, Delphine Francis and others. Many of us now live in Canada, and continued playing representative hockey. We were also recruited for the Canadian National Team, however, we were unable to travel across the country for the Canadian trials and training due to our recent settlement in Canada. Invitation to the Canadian trials highlighted the superior level of sports in Africa.

The highlight for the Kenyan and Ugandan Women's Hockey Team was an overseas trip to India, where we played in the "All India World Field Hockey

Championships” in New Delhi, Bombay and in the Punjab areas. We played against teams from Asia and Africa to capacity crowds at every game. We were treated as royalties, with an all-expense paid trip, photograph opportunities, autographs and travel across the sub-continent from the Himalayan foothills to the dynamic city of Bombay. It was at this time that both the Ugandan and Kenyan players forged solid relationships, which would serve us well in our adopted country of Canada.

However, the highlight of this trip was the Kenya team’s visit to “Government House” in New Delhi, where we had afternoon tea with the Prime Minister of India, Mrs. Indira Gandhi (see photograph). We were able to communicate with her informally and in-depth, as is unlikely today. She was especially delighted to meet with the Indian Goan members of the Kenya Team. We all left with life-changing experiences, after noting her most pragmatic yet charismatic personality.

When I returned to Kenya from India in 1967, I had two wonderful opportunities awaiting me in Nairobi. One was that I was given the most coveted “Independent Immigration Visa” to Canada, which could not be renewed or postponed. The other surprise was that I was to be included in the Kenya Women’s Field Hockey Team to the “World Cup Championships” in Germany, which also included international games around Europe. The dates coincided, and I had to make the most difficult decision of my life, either to immigrate to Canada, or to play in “The World Cup Championship” in Europe. My dream was to play on the world stage for Kenya, and yet I knew that we had to depart our beloved Kenya to make a new life. I chose to immigrate to Canada, knowing the long-term benefits for my family, my career and my life, especially given the unpredictable situation in Africa in the sixties.

This decision, in retrospect, was the most difficult, yet correct decision. My son graduated from Brown and Stanford Universities and is now a Californian physician. He is also an academic physician for Dartmouth and Stanford Medical schools. He is in addition, a physician for the USA Oakland “A” football team. My daughter graduated from Harvard Medical School, and is an academic physician at Harvard and North-western Medical Schools. Both are sports’ enthusiasts, having achieved the Canadian Swimming National Level status. They both did humanitarian work in Kenya and India, and they both have an intrinsic understanding about our cherished lives in Africa.

As we, the African sports’ enthusiasts reunite around the world, we are in unison about our sporting heritage, which gave us the solid foundation in all realms for our successes in life. Many of us are professionals and business owners. I owe my success as an educational consultant and achievement of my doctoral degree to my formidable grounding in sports in Africa. I have also coached many

*Mitelia with her Victoria Ludorum trophies for being the outstanding athlete at the Goan School, Railway Goan Institute and Goan Institute Championships.*





*Ivy Monteiro (left) and far right Theresa Mendonca and Mitelia Fernandes with the Kenya team.*

high school and university teams in field hockey in the United States and Canada, transferring my love for sports and Africa to the youth of today.

### **FIELD HOCKEY AT ITS BEST IN EAST AFRICA**

Competition in any sport is very competitive and engenders strong emotions. International competition is highly competitive and brings about the most intense feelings on the sporting field. Rivalry and dominance are key aspects of interaction between players and between teams. Athletes perform for themselves, and most importantly, they perform for their country. Rivalry and competition on the sporting field are often transformed into strong relationships off the sporting field.

The Kenyan versus Ugandan Women's Field Hockey games engendered tremendous rivalry and dominance in the sixties, during games in both countries. These emotions were heightened during the games against other nations, such as USA, Japan, India, England and other European nations. However, the most memorable games were the games against Uganda.

Both, the Ugandan and Kenyan teams were equally rated. Each team had strong

offence and defence players. Most of the players had international experience, so the games were highly intense, but most gratifying.

In the games against Uganda, most players remember the dashing forward trio of Nancy Agard, Flora D'Mello, and Zulema Collaco. Once this trio got the ball, the Kenyan defence were on high alert. Flora D'Melo's striking stick work and stamina, combined with Nancy's brilliant speed and dash were impenetrable. Zulema's strategical moves culminated the strength of this trio. Oftentimes, their brilliance led to many goals against Kenya.

The Kenyan defence players like Teresa Mendonca at half back and Melba Almeida at full-back, combined with Maggie Maddocks at centre half were superb at checking the Ugandan trio. Teresa was magnificent with her stick work, and strategical thinking. Maggie was the pivot in the centre, distributing the ball from left to right at invariably the correct moment. Melba was calm and collected with her deft handling of the hockey stick and her speed.

From a defence perspective, the Ugandans were equally strong as the Kenyan defence sector. Harjeet Sadhu at centre half was a very strong and stable defence player with her wonderful stick work and her distribution of the game. Ella Gomes, Delphine D'Sousa, Eurema Collaco and Esme DeSousa were equally strong and able defenders for the Ugandan team. They combined in a very strong defence team, which was difficult to penetrate. Muriel Mascarenhas was a solid full back, which further enhanced the Ugandan defence.

Jo Velzian, Jean Grant, Bertha Fernandes, Ellen Fernandes and Mitelia Fernandes had to not only use deft stick work in solo attempts but had to combine as a team to overcome the strong Ugandan defence. These forwards were able to strike fear with their speed, superb stick work and stamina. Time and time again, the Ugandan defence solidified as a team, covering each other to keep the strong Kenyans from scoring goals. This is what made the games so dynamic, to draw huge crowds at both the Nairobi City Park Stadium and the Lugogo Stadium in Kampala.

From this core group of national players, many were chosen to play in the East African team against India and Zambia. Additionally, some were chosen to represent their countries in the International Federation of Women's Field Hockey Games (World Cup – a precursor to the Olympics) in 1967 in Germany.

As intense as the games were, and as much rivalry there was as national players for their countries, the Ugandan and Kenyan players forged a strong relationship, which would take many of them to another country – Canada.

When they arrived in Canada in the sixties and seventies, they consolidated this bond by forming a strong Toronto Goan Overseas Association Women's Field Hockey Team. Their combined skills produced a champion team that dominated the Canadian, USA and Caribbean tournaments in the seventies. Some players played for the Ontario Province, and later recruited for the Canadian National team. – Mitelia Paul

### **LAZARUS FERNANDES – GOAN HERO**

***Written by his children – Lt. Colonel Dr. Lactancio Fernandes (USA Air Force), Mrs. Joan Lobo (Fernandes), Ms. Astrid Fernandes, Dr. Mitelia Fernandes, Ms. Yasmin Fernandes.***

Our father, the late Mr. Lazarus Fernandes was an avid member of the Goan community in Goa, Africa and Canada. He was staunch in his belief about forging a strong Goan community wherever he lived.

He was instrumental in the formative founding of Dr. Ribeiro Goan School, with his cousin, Dr. A.C.L. De Sousa. He was on the School's Board of Governors for many years. He was also instrumental with Dr. De Sousa, in the founding of the newspaper the "East African Goan Voice". Mr. Fernandes was also a founder of the Railway Goan Institute and the Goan Institute in East Africa in its formative years, emanating from Namasagali in rural East Africa.

Mr. Lazarus Fernandes was an avid sportsman, excelling in various sports in his youth, and continuing his passion, later in life in his seventies. He excelled in soccer, tennis, badminton and cricket. His passion was contagious, his wife Ms. Lourдина Fernandes and all his children participated in various sports at both local and national levels.

His legacy was continued when his children, Astrid Fernandes excelled in Track and Field events and Field Hockey, reaching representative levels in both sports in Kenya and Canada. Both, Yasmin Fernandes and Joan Lobo played field hockey and badminton at the local level in Kenya and Canada. His daughter, Dr. Mitelia Paul (Fernandes) excelled in track and field, badminton and field hockey in Kenya and Canada, also reaching representative levels. Dr. Lactancio Fernandes excelled in track and field and soccer in England.

To carry on their grandfather's sporting legacy, Mr. Lazarus Fernandes' grandchildren, Mr. Ivan De Sousa played for the Canadian Junior National Field Hockey Team, and played around the world for Canada. His cousins, Dr. Rowan Paul and Dr. Raina Paul attained Canadian National Level in Swimming, and eventually swam in the USA NCAA Division 1 swimming championship. Dr. Rowan Paul is also a Hapkido Black Belt champion in the USA. My brother's

*The Goan players on the East African team.*

*Standing: Theresa Mendonca, Nancy Agard, Mitelia Fernandes.*

*Kneeling: Bertha Fernandes. Seated: Harjeet Sandhu, Ella Gomes, Delphine Francis.*



children, too, were superb swimmers in the USA.

Dr. Faye Fernandes, Dr. Paul Fernandes, Dr. Victoria Fernandes, Dr. Diane Fernandes and Mr. Joe Fernandes all swam for the State of Mississippi Swim Team; they were also participants in the NCAA Division 1 competition in the USA. Additionally, they are active patriotic USA Air Force members sacrificing their lives in Syria, Afghanistan and Turkey. Akin to their grandfather Mr. L. Fernandes, who sacrificed his career selflessly in the East African Railways, in the late 1940s, by working with Dr. A.C.L. De Sousa to obtain British colony pensions for the Kenyan Railways workers.

Both Mitelia and Raina achieved the Premier of Ontario and the Government of Ontario's highest sporting award for athletic performance in amateur sports in Ontario, Canada.

Mr. Lazarus Fernandes continued his passion for a strong Goan community in Canada. He, together with his children, were founding members of the Goan Overseas Association in Canada from 1968 to 1970. Mr Fernandes was a guiding force through the many formative meetings with the three official founding leaders

of the Toronto Goan Overseas Association, Mr. R. Fernandes, Mr. A. Vaz and Mr W. Monteiro (the latter two being his cousins). Mr. Lazarus Fernandes' daughters were the founders of the flagship of the GOA, the GOA Women's Field Hockey Team in Toronto in the early seventies.

The Goan Overseas Association is now a strong organization, its membership emanating from approximately fifty plus, in the formative years in the seventies to thousands in 2017. The late Mr.Lazarus Fernandes would indeed be proud of not only his family, but the Goan community in Canada.



# Edgar Fernandes

## Hockey Olympian



*With Jesse Owens in Rome. Treble Gold Medallist  
Jesse was one history's truly great sprinters.*

*From the age of nine until he was 13*, Edgar was in a boarding school (St Stanislaus) in Bombay. There he played hockey, cricket and soccer. Looking back, he says: "No one taught you how to play. It just came naturally."

When he returned to Kenya, the family lived in the lush, green and beautiful Kiambu area which was bereft of any worthwhile grassless area. They lived around 16 km from Nairobi and he and his late brother Egbert were somewhat envious of the children who played hockey on in Nairobi's Park Road.

*Nairobi Goan Institute 1961 Emar D'Souza Gold Cup winners.  
 Standing: Raul Monteiro, Dunstan Rodrigues, Osbourne D'Souza,  
 Ivo Colaco, Oliphant D'Souza, Oscar D'Souza, David Carasco.  
 Seated: Ossie D'Souza, Edgar Fernandes, Renato Monteiro,  
 Anthony Vaz, Egbert Fernandes.  
 On the floor: Remy and Crescent Fernandes.*



At the age of 15, the family moved to Nairobi and it was not long before he tried out for the Dr Ribeiro Goan School Second XI. The following year he was selected for the school's First XI. Anthony D'Souza was Coach and Selector of the school team. "Needless to say, Mr. Anthony was my mentor who introduced us to "hockey intelligence" as the key ingredient in our training as most players were naturally skillful," Edgar explains.

"Hockey Intelligence" is the ability to create situations where your skills are utilised in a manner that produces a positive effect to your team's advantage and, hopefully, eventual success. It requires "peripheral vision" on a scale much greater than that of the average player. Using "deception" is an ability that can unsettle your opponents. Decision making is of vital importance and that comes with great peripheral vision.

"I learnt the body swerve from him and watching him play was an inspiration. He had played for the renowned Lusitanians of Bombay in his hey-day. He was

awarded a Gold Medal in Latin at University and got an Honours Degree at University. In my final year at school, he was my English teacher.”

1954 – Left School and played for the Goan Institute. The players I can remember when I first started playing at the G.I. are Cajie Fernandes, Francis Lobo, Paul Fernandes, Remy Noronha, Santos D’souza, Bruno Castellino. Of course, there were lots of others ...

1955 – Represented Kenya Goans

1956 – In the final selection squad for the Melbourne Olympics. Unlucky to be one of last four to be dropped. Final Year at Teachers College.

1958 – Played first International for Kenya against South Africa

1960 – Selected for Rome: “The Kenya Hockey Union realised that there were funds for only 15 players. Sikhs dominated KHU decided to make me the 16th player.

Pakistan toured Kenya and I had a chance to play against the Pakistanis at right half against Motiullah, considered to be one of the best left-wingers in the world at that time.

“Well, I played the game of my life, and made him look ordinary. He never got past me. I was determined to prove myself and was congratulated after the game.

“Col Conner, president of the Tanzania Hockey Association, congratulated me on my performance. He asked the officials why I wasn’t travelling to Rome. He was told the reason. No funds for the 16th player. He at once donated the required funds needed and that’s how I went to Rome. God Bless his soul. He lived till 99.”

1961-2 – While studying in England played for Hampshire County after “One of my lecturers was a selector, and when he heard I played for Kenya, he took me to the trials. Played centre-forward and right-inner. In the County championships, Surrey had not beaten us. They were televising the first game of hockey in England and when Surrey was asked who they would like to play against, they said Hampshire. It was the last game of the season ... it was rained off.”

1963– Toured Pakistan – A great experience.

1964 – Toured India in April, the hottest time of the year and went to Tokyo as right-inner.

1966- Retired as I wasn't a Kenya citizen. Just played club hockey. Coached the Kenya Schoolboys team. Had promising results against India and Pakistan when they toured and played the Schoolboys. One of them, Sutinder Singh played for England and I know quite a number of the Schoolboys played for Kenya, after I had left.

1973 – Migrated to Melbourne Australia.

"We settled near Frankston. Des Piper, who played in 3 Olympics was starting hockey in Frankston and heard from Nick Stephens (who played for Impala in Nairobi) that I was in the area. Introduced us and I discovered he didn't live very far from where I did. Played top League until the age of 41.

"Then went on to play Masters Hockey at age 42. Represented Australia in the Pan Pacific tournament. Kept playing Masters Hockey for Victoria and Australia in the Over 40's, Over 50's (Captain), Over 60's, Over 65's, and also Over 70's. Represented Australia in Hong Kong in world's first Over 70's tournament.

"I reluctantly hung up my sticks two years ago on medical advice of my surgeon, who repaired a meniscal tear. He me told to avoid playing as it could result in having a knee replacement.

"All I can say is, I have been lucky healthwise and still play tennis. Every day is a blessing and I live life to its fullest."

# Goan Institute, Nairobi

*Without doubt, the Goan Institute* was the most celebrated social and sports club within the East African Goan community. It was only surpassed in achievement by the Sikh Union in hockey. Others will argue that the Railway Goan Institute was the more dominant Goan hockey club, or that the Mombasa Goan Institute was the most successful in track and field. There is some truth in all of that. However, pound for pound, the GI was outstanding in most areas and provided some leadership and could easily have been the umbrella organisation for the Goans in Kenya but for some early prejudices.

## HOCKEY

In 1931 the GI became the only Asian team allowed to take part in the white-only European Merchant's Hockey Shield and thus began an illustrious history in the game.

1952: Winner Emar De Souza Gold Cup

1954, 1955: Winners Romeo Hockey Shield: Romeo Fernandes, Michael Fernandes, Cajie Fernandes represent Kenya.

1956 Olympics, Anthony Vaz.

1959: East African championships, Anthony Vaz, Edgar Fernandes, Egbert Fernandes, Saude George feature in winning Kenya team.

1961: Winners Emar De Souza Gold Cup

1972 Winners Nairobi League, Joseph & Sons Cup, play against Dutch team, GI Blues clinch Division 2.

1977 runners up Emar De Souza Gold Cup against Spain's Real Club de Polo

19768 Winners Ujaggar Singh Cup, lost to Mombasa Baobab in Emar De Souza



*Winners, M.R D'Souza Gold Cup, 1952, with the G.I. Sports Council.*

*Photo: Netty, Stan & Merwin D'Souza Archives*

#### **Gold Cup**

1991 winning 7-aside Kifaru Cup: Rabin D'Souza, Christo D'Sa, Greg Fernandes, Marvin Fernandes, John Kimani, Tonu Ngesa, Chris D'Souza, Neveson Vaz.

#### **Soccer**

1952 Salus Cup winners: B Castanha, s D'Souza, J. Lobo, F. D'Souza, L. Carvalho, R. D'Costa, B. Remedios, E. Caldeira. M. D'Souza, R. Noronha, S. George, A.T. Dias, H. Denis, N. Rodrigues, A. Fernandes.

1941 Nazareth Brothers Cup: C.Coelho, R. Mascarenhas, T.J. Lobo, M. Dias, C. Fernandes, F. Dias, M.R. Gama, J.B. Caldeira, M D'Sa, P. Lobo, M. Fernandes, CF.F. Carvalho.

#### **TABLE TENNIS**

Kenya representatives: Philo Pinto, Jane Pinto, Egbert Fernandes, Henry Braganza, Joe 'Smiley' D'Souza, Blaise Da Cunha, Jarnail Singh, Bertha Zuzarte, Louisa, De Mello, Michelle Carvalho, Noel Carvalho.

1940 Kenya Championships: Remy Noronha (singles), Aires Fernandes/Remy

Noronha doubles

1937 East African Students Cup won by three sets of brothers: Remy and Nazario Noronha, Aires and Tony Fernandes, James and Joseph Carvalho.

1957: GI wins Nairobi mixed doubles league.

1962 Division II league winners: Tony Fernandes, Bertha Zuzarte, Anthony Cardozo, Egbert Fernandes and Remy Noronha.

Kenya Championships winner Joe 'Smiley' D'Souza

Coast Open: Joe D'Souza and Henry Braganza

Kenya doubles: Joe D'Souza and Henry Braganza

Uganda doubles: Joe D'Souza and Jarnail Singh

1965 1966: Kenya duties abroad: Joe D'Souza, Henry Braganza and Jarnail Singh

1968 1973 Jane Pinto wins Kenya singles titles

1969: Winners Nairobi and District Division 1: Tony Fernandes, Bertha Zuzarte, Anthony Cardozo, Egbert Fernandes, And Remy Noronha. (Bertha and Jane were on overseas and home Kenya duty on many occasions).

1971/1973 Silver medal winners Afro-Asian Games, Jane Pinto, Louisa De Mello, and Michelle Carvalho.

1976 Joe D'Souza wins Kenya title, appointed coach.

1990s Emergence of Noel Carvalho and Michelle Carvalho carried the GI flag with great pride and honour.

## **SNOOKER & BILLIARDS**

Aires Fernandes was easily one of the greatest exponents of the cue-game in East Africa. Aires was earned the tag of King of Billiards after winning the Kenya championship three times in a row. Not far behind on the roll of honour were players like Joseph Carvalho, A. Vincy De Souza, Arnold Alpin, Tima D'Souza, Montez Fernandes (great soccer player, fisherman and lots more) Jarnail Singh, Vincent D'Sa and Romeo Dias. Others who excelled included Joe Smiley D'Souza, Egbert Fernandes and Godfrey Rodrigues, among many others.

The Diaspora Goan community lost one (October 2017) of its great sporting icons who was also an eminent community leader in the UK. Between 1961 and 1971, Aires Fernandes was almost unbeatable in snooker and billiards in Nairobi, especially on his home tables at the Nairobi Goan Institute where both he and his brother Tony were institutions.

Aires won tournaments organised by the Kenya Goan Sports Association, the GI, the Railway Goan Institute, the City Brewery Open, Haig Open and the Caltex Open which he won for four consecutive years thus making the trophy his own to keep. In 1967 he won the first of three consecutive Kenya Open Billiards championships.

In 1970, he won the Haig Open Snooker Trophy without conceding a single frame, an unbeatable achievement. He was a member of the Kenya Billiards and Snooker Control Council, playing exhibition matches against professional players of the time including Wilson Jones and Mike Ferreira. On migrating to the UK in 1975, he continued his winning ways, adding to the impressive collection of trophies.

He played a central role in the GOA UK for many years and always remained an important member of the UK Goan community (Mafalda-Anne De'Sa)

## **BADMINTON**

For many decades the Kenya throne belonged to the pioneering Mrs Virginia Paes and her sidekick Matty Braganza was not too far away. Mrs Paes' daughters Jeanette, Maureen and Lillian soon followed in their mother's footsteps. There challengers included the mother and daughter team of Alice and Wendy D'Souza. Bertha Zuzarte-Vaz was also a very handy player (great all-rounder). Rose Pereira also showed great promise. Among the men Remy Diniz was always up there at the top.

"My mother Mrs Virginia Paes, Matty Braganza, Nora D'Souza, Gladys Braganza and Alice D'Souza were on the scene in the late 1950s. They played for the GI and I think also for the RGI. Edward Braganza and Britto were the men involved.

"In the early 1960s Alice D'Souza was virtually unbeatable in the Nairobi Goan Institute. Then I came on the scene at the GI but I also played at the DD Puri Club I played singles, doubles with Rosan and mixed doubles with Turfles. Somewhere along the line came Jacinto Fernandes who went on to great success. We went to Uganda where I won the singles against Roshan and lost the mixed doubles to Gulam and his partner.

"Then I won the singles in Dar es Salaam and the singles against Alice D'Souza





*With A.X. George (Captain), J Christie D'Souza (President, GI) & Mr E. Zuzaria (Sports Sec.).*

*Photo: Netty, Stan & Merwin D'Souza Archives*

at the DD Puri Club. So I became the East African Champion!! I even got a letter of congratulations from the GI at that time. When I left Maureen Paes, Wendy D'Souza (Alice's daughter), and Rose Pereira were the Goans who took the lead.  
—Jeanette Fernandes

## **TENNIS**

Cajetan D'Souza will always be remembered as one of the finest talents to come out of Kenya. Others who showed the way included Alu Ribeiro, Marian Gama, Leo Gama, A B Rego, Hilary D'Souza and F T Gomes. Others who wore the GI badge with honour included Tony Fernandes, Jules Carneiro, Paul Nazareth (all-rounder), Greg Rodrigues, Eddie Rodrigues, Newton D'Souza, Cyprian Fernandes (not the author) and Greg Carvalho.

Towards the 1980, Louisa and Valeria De Mello (daughters of the late Oscar De Mello) began to make their mark in Tennis. Another promising star was Rose D'Sa, who once said: "One of my happiest memories of childhood is of playing tennis in the Kenya sun. Fortunately, my standard was good enough to attain a Kenya national (top three) ranking and thereby received a sports scholarship to the famous Millfield School in England. It would have been easy from that point to forget my modest home, but my father, Alex D'Sa, instilled in me from an early age, the importance of both my Goan heritage, and most especially, love for our club, the Goan Institute, Nairobi." She went to achieve great things in the legal world and played tennis for many decades if only for her own recreation and competitively in the senior ranks in the UK.

# UK: the Migrants of Sport



*James, Cyprian (not related), Jacinto, Pollycarp Fernandes ... all made a great mark in sport. Jacinto played a huge role in the development of Goan sport in the UK. James is still playing ... for more than 60 years.*

*The Asians of Kenya, Uganda and,* to a lesser degree, Tanzania, fled into the unknown, the United Kingdom, in three mass transmigrations: 1966, 1968 and 1972 when Idi Amin, the Ugandan despot sacked a whole community.

In Kenya, the exodus had really started as early as 1960 as fathers, who could afford it and were well placed financially, packed off their wives and children to the UK. They did this because they feared the worst under an independent African government. On the one hand, most Asians wanted to live in Kenya as long as they could under conditions that existed under the British colonialists in which they went about their lives and business, living in a bubble of their own, untroubled by the white or the Africans.

This was not be as voices in Kenya Parliament began clamouring for the Asians

to start seriously thinking of becoming Kenya citizens in an independent Kenya or “leave” as the enigmatic political leader Tom Mboya put it. Within days of Independence in 1963, the clamour for Africanisation and Kenyanisation sent thunderbolts of fear through every Asian family and by 1966 the first exodus had already begun.

As Asians were threatened and forced to sell their businesses, sometimes at a pittance, the larger exodus began in 1968 as the deadline grew closer for new British immigration laws to come into effect. The changes sought to lessen the value of the British passport and were designed to stop the large-scale immigration. It never worked.



*Jacinto Fernandes*

Since 1966, also, British opposition to migration by the East African Asians continues to grow in volume and it was not long before there were public calls for “don’t come to the UK”. “We don’t want you” “Stay away”. The leader of this message of awaiting doom was Enoch Powell, a Liberal MP, who famously warned of Britain running red with the “rivers of blood.”

For the purposes of this book, I will focus on the East African Goans as much as I can.

When the Goans came, they brought with them their well-spoken English, their laudable work ethic, social skills that did not include interaction with white people, but their insatiable appetite for sport: the play anywhere, anytime attitude, for the love of the game.

In the very early days, two sets of brothers, the Fernandes (Jacinto, Pollycarp and James) and D’Costas (Jason and Tony) were to play a starring role in the life newly-arrived Goans in the Greater London area. It helped that they all members

*Back: Paul Mendonca, Mario Fernandes, Connie Mascarenhas, Joe Pereira, Victor D'Costa, Giti Singh, Aires D, Menino Mascarenhas. Front: Jason D'Costa, Manny Rebello, Filu D'Souza, Fildelis D'Mello, Chris De Souza.*



of the Nairobi Railway Goan Institute and had represented the club in one sport or another. Jacinto Fernandes was already somewhat of household name in Kenya because he had represented the country at the Commonwealth Games and proudly wore the blazer wherever he went.

The late Freddie Mascarenhas, who passed away in Sydney Australia only a few years after migrating, must be credited with be the cornerstone as team captain and the driving force in getting the Goan Hockey Team to the heights it reached. There were others who helped along the way especially Victor D'Costa who was not only a prolific goal- scorer but also an inspirational team manager.

James and Pollycarp had played in Emar De Souza (field hockey) Gold Cup winning teams for the RGI. The Gold Cup was somewhat equivalent to the any FA Cup, albeit much smaller in size.

Jacinto Fernandes made his international debut against India in 1968. He won the Kenya Men's Double title in 1969 and 1970 and represented Kenya at the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh in 1970. In 1971 he was national single champion. He has been a big player in the organising major social functions. He

was also the chief organiser of the Goan favourite card game Troom.

His memories in arriving in the UK in 1973: "Being a keen sportsman, I got involved and set about structuring the sporting program for the GOA. Only men's hockey was being played in the 1970s, and when I was appointed Sports Secretary in 1975, I started the women's hockey section. I began badminton sessions on Sundays at the Crystal Palace Sports Centre and organised Troom and Squash tournaments. Playing all these sports gave me an added incentive and our sports program was well underway."

In 1975, he took over as manager of the men's hockey side which went on to win the Middlesex Division 2 and was promoted to the premier division. He was sports co-ordinator when GI Mombasa paid a sports visit which, apart from being a success on the sports and social front, "evoked fond memories for all us of our inter-club sports visits by Goan clubs in East Africa."

"Those glory days were being recreated in the UK."

## **Those were the days my friends ...in the UK**

Hockey started it all and who better to tell the story than Jason D'Costa who was there at the very beginning:

I arrived in London with the intention of continuing my studies. When we are young we always think the grass is greener on the other side of the world. My parents, in particular my father was not keen for me to leave for the UK until I completed a training course – I, of course, knew better! The excitement of travelling to London was too much; freedom, fun and frolicking were the words that came to mind then. In reality, however, it was shock, loneliness and being homesick for the comforts provided by our parents not to mention the cold weather. Being in a strange country where 95% were white was like living in a negative pool and one felt like one was in a fishbowl. We had to face difficulties of race, colour and culture. We enjoyed our curries, the local Englishman found it hard to accept the tantalising smells of rice and curry.

I was one of the lucky ones, my cousins Romeo and Filu D'Silva knew I was in London and arranged for Braz Goes and myself to stay in the flat above them. Of course, those who knew Romeo knew he was sharp of mind and tongue. On occasions we would rock up during the early hours of the morning and try and sneak into the flat without making a sound – hard when we had more than we could handle.

Chatting to Cyprian Fernandes we realised so much water had gone under the bridge of life... so many changes and experiences and most of all... many



*Back: Cedric De Mello, Orlando, Manny Rebello, Philip Fernandes, Val N. Mariano Gonsalves, Connie Mascarenhas, Paul Mendonca. Front: Fidelis DeMello, Filu De Souza, Dennis, Succor D'Silva, Victor D'Costa, Peter D'Souza, Chris D'Souza.*

blessings ... I went into my loft and started browsing through boxes of literature that I had amassed over the years. Pictures, video footage, newsletters and booklets going back to 1982 - then we produced them quarterly. So many of our friends had gone ahead of us, memories brought tears to my eyes.

The start of the Goan Association in 1965/1966 was finally founded in 1967 with a membership of just over 50 families. Euclid Fonseca was the first President of the GOA. Socials were organised in church halls mainly in Southwark and Victoria. Families travelled to meet old friends and make new friends and the Goans were no longer isolated.

I recall these days with fond memories – how we shared what little we had so that we could all enjoy each other's company and feel close to our own community and culture in a new land – England.

Prior to leaving for the UK for further studies, I played in Nairobi for the Railway Hornets together with my brother Victor and within the last year, we were pulled over to the Goan Gymkhana by Alfred D'Sa, now in Australia. During that last year both Victor and myself played in the forward line and reached the Kenya Cup final, sadly we lost to the Sikh Union. That evening a "sundowner" was organised at the Goan Gymkhana and we were excited. We showered and dressed to kill but we were refused entry as we were not members or Brahmins!!! However,



through Silu Fernandes who also played on that day and with Pius Menezes we got into the event. We were told we had to behave ourselves – ha ha ha. May Pius' soul rest in peace – if only he knew I am very happily married to his favourite niece Juliette.

We were fortunate as the Goan Association organised many events, funds were also collected with a view to purchase a property at some future date.

Our clubhouse in Beckenham was on 6.5 acres of freehold land with a four bedrooomed caretaker's bungalow, located and secured following the hard work of Seby D'Souza a former President of the GOA. His wish as was the wish of many others was that we would have our very own Goan soil, to have and to hold for generations to come. Unfortunately this was not the case. The Premises Committee headed by Alvaro Colaco sold £100 debentures and raised £50K within a calendar month. The purchase price of the property was £130K and Alvaro and his team turned every stone to reach our target. I purchased a life membership as did a few of my close friends and relatives. On each issue of the quarterly booklet was a list of those who had taken out debentures or made a donation to the Association.

When the clubhouse was first purchased, many of us gave up our time and our skills to secure something for future of our community. The clubhouse was to



*Front: Jason D'Costa, Filu D'Souza, Peter (Hammer)De Souza, Connie Mascarenhas, Victor D'Souza. Back: Val Nunes, Paul Mendonca, Manny Rebello, Philip Fernandes, Conrad De Souza, Menino Mascarenhas.*

provide our youth and future generations. The task of running the clubhouse rested on a few stalwarts who were in desperate need of assistance and guidance. Volunteers were required for their technical, financial, medical, admin and maintenance skills.

Those who did assist had donated their gifts of spare time and convenience. Virtually everyone lending a hand had a full-time job but gave their time willingly. When the clubhouse was purchased, we went and worked in the evenings (7.00p.m to 10.00p.m.) doing our best to put everything in order for the sake of the members and the future generations of our community.

In addition, there were various grant applications submitted. The hard work of Agnelo Fernandes, Baptiste de Souza, Ferdinand Rodrigues, Rabi Martins, Aires Fernandes, Trevin Pinto and Oscar Fernandes to name a few paid off. Some have gone ahead of us but there are a few who can reminisce over a glass of something ....

The Premises Standing Committee had little competitions to try and raise money. In Lay a Carpet Tile, for example, e a member or non-member could offer to lay carpet tiles and make a donation of £1.00 per carpet tile.

As time went on the clubhouse came to life and Goans being very sporty, starting organising their own Cricket, Badminton, Table Tennis and, of course, Hockey. Sadly, in 1988, the club house had to be sold because the loans owed became unsustainable.

The original GOAN Hockey boys had a history of their own and many a story to tell. With the arrival of many Goan students from East Africa in the 1970s to areas in the south of England such as Middlesex, Tooting, Kent and Croydon there were many obstacles to overcome. Money was very tight and we had to deal with a plethora of issues – race, cultural factors, the weather, part time jobs and of course the inevitable homesickness. Memories of our parents and siblings at home made one feel empty inside.

At the start of the 1970s, Michael Fernandes, who later immigrated to Australia, contacted some of the Kenyan students who knew each other in London on a social basis. We met during the summer weekends and started to play hockey in the parks and recreational areas in Tooting Bec Common in South London and in Welling, Kent.

Michael and Alex Costa-Fernandes, one of our past Presidents, were instrumental in facilitating our joint venture with Unilever, to play in a hockey tournament in Amsterdam over the 1972 Easter Weekend. We were blessed with a great



opportunity and benefitted from excellent exposure -- the young hockey boys fresh off Kenyan soil were getting used to playing with the young Brits and we were going to play the Dutch! This trip motivated us so much so that under the leadership of Freddie Mascarenhas, those of us who played together at school and at other Goan clubs back home in Kenya, started playing together on a regular basis.

The nucleus of the team had been formed and gradually others began to join the group. We played "friendly" games, initially hiring the red murrum pitch at Crystal Palace as it reminded us of home but more importantly – it was cheap! We were invited to a "mixed hockey tournament" in Bedford during the Easter of 1973 and we were happy to attend! We "carried" four girls both on and off the pitch and yet returned triumphant as winners, known as the Goan Hockey Team.

The team was: Paul Mendonca, Ronnie Fernandes, James Fernandes, Cedric D'Mello, Victor D'Costa, Stan De Souza, Freddie Mascarenhas, Cajie Miranda. George Roche, Bernie D'Souza, Amorito Nazareth, Linda Braganza, Nita Borges, Jason D'Costa

Word spread and other students and friends came along. This encouraged us to play competitive hockey. In 1973, Freddie initiated a meeting in Battersea to discuss entry into a league. Money was scarce and there was concern as to whether we would be able to participate in winter hockey due to weather conditions and distant locations. However as we were all enthusiastic, Freddie was elected Captain and Ronnie (Rufus) Fernandes was Fixtures Secretary.

Our team colours were white as that was the cheapest! At our first game at Meadhurst (BP) in Sunbury, in typical Goan tradition we turned up late – five of the players arrived just before half time. We drew that game and went on to win the Middlesex Div III league title during the season of 1973/1974. League status meant we needed a fixed home ground. We hired the White City Sports Ground which was more like a country field than a hockey pitch – but as the saying goes "beggars cannot be choosers".

Having been promoted to Division II for the seasons of 1974/1975 we managed to obtain a proper kit and sported the colours of Green, Orange and (Blue) Azure as Amorito Nazareth called it. He was an avid supporter of the Goan Hockey team and spent a lot of time and energy obtaining donations for our hockey kits. He was keen to see us progress and fly the Goan flag with pride. As our Team advanced, the need arose for a non-player Manager. Jacinto Fernandes was appointed to keep us in line and be the voice of our Team. Rules were drawn up and agreed and under his supervision we won Div III!

One of the first Goan Hockey teams: Filandro Fernandes, Blasco Goes, Ronnie Fernandes, Jacinto Fernandes, Alex Costa Fernandes, Hector Mascarenhas, Stan D'Souza, Paul Mendonca. Sitting (L-R): James Fernandes, Jason D'Costa, George Roche, Victor D'Costa, Amorito Nazareth, Stan De Souza, Cedric De Mello, Alan Braganza and Rabi Martins. Cajie Miranda (goal keeper).

Other teams over the years:

Victor D'Costa, Mario Fernandes, James Fernandes, Philip Fernandes, Fedelis D'Mello, Peter Rodrigues, Angelo Fernandes, Connie Mascarenhas, Phillip D'Souza, John Fernandes, Timmy D'Souza, Ronnie Fernandes

SUMMER CHAMPIONS 1989: Joe Nazareth, Menino Mascarenhas, John, Jason D'Costa, Connie Mascarenhas, James Fernandes, Peter (Hammer) D'Souza, Mario Fernandes, Val Nunes, Lyle D'Souza.

Victor D'Costa, Connie Mascarenhas, Tony D'Souza, Joe Nazareth, Mario Fernandes, Chris D'Souza, Romeo D'Souza, Francis Ramos, James Fernandes, Menino Mascarenhas, Tony D'Costa, Shafique Amin, Gerry D'Souza, Val Nunes, Peter D'Souza, Jason D'Costa, Seby Fernandes.

During the 1974/75 season, I took over as Fixtures Secretary and organised our first trip to Guernsey. In 1975/76 having gained promotion to Division 1, we also got involved in the Middlesex Indoor League. We had to stay in Div. 1 for two years as we were not fortunate to beat a British Airways side in the last league game, thereby finishing as Runners Up. However, we won the Middlesex Indoor League – that was a great achievement, beating Hounslow, who were fielding two international players. Having won the Indoor League, we qualified for the national Indoor Tournament and reached the quarter finals losing to Bedford Eagles in Rotterdam. (Bajinder-ex Kenya National Captain was playing for the Bedford Eagles at the time).

At this stage, Freddie Mascarenhas and my brother Victor D'Costa were called upon to play in the Middlesex County Indoor League. The following year, 1976/77, we won Middlesex Div. 1 and got promoted to the Regional league for Middlesex, Bucks and Oxen. The team had set the mark for the GOA and the press referred to our four year rise to the top in the Evening Standard. It was well worth noting that we played under the team captaincy of Freddie Mascarenhas and most of the goals had come via Victor D'Costa who was in excellent form at that time. Having got us to this level, Jacinto resigned and Victor was elected as Team Manager.

In the Regional League life at the top was difficult. We did not have the luxury of regular training sessions as players lived in various parts of London and finances

were scarce. With limited transport, we would congregate at Hanger Lane early in the morning and tag along with those who had cars, to travel to our games. We played hard – the games were there for practice, fun and competition. We did struggle to win and we lost too. At the end of each game we would drown our sorrows in the pub, promising a stronger skillful game against the opposition the following week. We would challenge our team mates to leave the drinking session early. Needless to say we were all well above the limit before returning home. Players did not want to be the first to leave the drinking session as it would mean that they were “under the thumb” and his credibility as a macho Goan stud would be questioned...

We travelled away to play matches and on one occasion, a young groom decided to bring along his new wife. That night when lights were out, they went to bed and the rest of us decided to play an initiation game. We found a cow in the field and dragged it towards the honeymoon tent and pushed into the tent. It was hilarious to us all except to the honeymoon couple – who soon split up after that as she could not accept he had friends like us!

We held our position within the Regional league for three years. This was difficult and we gradually dropped down to Div.1. Blasco Goes then took over as Manager. During the season of 1983/1984, Victor D’Costa took over as Manager and we won the Div. 1 title again for the following year – 1984/1985. Victor then left the team as he had moved to the North. After 12 successful years in both the Middlesex and Regional Leagues we swapped over to the Surrey League for the 1985/86 season.

Having reached the Regional League we had made a name for ourselves, more players joined the Goan Hockey team and a second team was formed. All wanted to play competitively, so we registered the second team in the League as well. We were invited to participate at various festivals and tournaments, some of which saw us come away as winners. A tournament held at the Uxbridge Hockey Club saw us emerge as winners after playing against some stiff competition. At that tournament we also won the beer race before the presentation of our trophies. The next trophy to add to our list came via the GLC Tournament where some of our Goan exiles were playing; the GOA team being stronger and more competitive won the day!

The GOA successfully staged its own annual hockey tournament. The I.P.Rodrigues Gold Cup was donated by Peter Rodrigues who passed away in 2016. This tournament attracted several visiting and local team and the GOA team won the trophy a few times. We travelled to Canada twice, to participate in their Men’s Gold Cup tournament. Unfortunately we were not at full strength, as not all could travel and this hampered our performance on the pitch. However

our host ensured a good time was had by all.

In 1984, we celebrated Easter in Llandudno in Wales where we were invited to play in a mixed festival. The festival was most memorable – we were having dinner at a restaurant located near a cliff on the Saturday evening and just before we left the restaurant, the police arrived to announce that a car had been hit and forced onto the sea shore. As luck would have it, it was my car that ended up over the barrier and so we had to hire a car to get back to London!

As time went to, more players joined the teams, while some left and then returned to the fold. We started to get recognised in all hockey circles for our style of play, friendly manner, temperament and social behaviour. Soon other clubs started to poach our good players. Peter Abreu, Anthony De Souza (Mzee) and Cyril Nazareth went to play for one of London's top sides – Blackheath. Peter Abreu went on further to be selected to play for the England national side. Francis Rodrigues was called upon to play for the Surrey County side.

In 1980, through Filu DeSouza (Boss), we formed a liaison with a team from Holland known as the Best Hockey Club. We enjoyed annual exchange visits spanning a period of ten years, entertaining each other and doing what is best – hockey and socialising. Joe Pereira our Sports Director of the GOA at the time encouraged us in this venture. During the first visit, one of our players did not carry his passport as he did not realise we were “going across the water”... unfortunately for him, his trip ended in Dover!

Our clubhouse in Bexleyheath, Kent, was a much needed base and became a popular haunt for the hockey boys, their families and friends. Apart from our social gatherings the clubhouse was being hired out for birthday parties, receptions and socials as a nominal fee.

We were most fortunate to have the grounds at our disposal and at one stage ran four men's teams and one women's team.

The women created history by joining the Kent League for the first time 1988. The team was managed by Sharon Sequeira, captained by Debbie DeMello. Sadly the ladies team lasted but a year as players dropped out and new recruits were unavailable.

Hockey was the main sport that carried the flag for the Goan Community and we were most fortunate to be funded by the Goan Association.

In 1992, while I was Sports Director for the GOA, I ensured that we held as many sporting events as possible. At that time we were unable to form a football team

due to poor response from the community.

Two of the most successful Sports Days held at our clubhouse were under my term as Sports Director. We had a wonderful turn out. The first one was opened by Seraphino Antao. The second event was opened by Egbert Fernandes who has sadly passed away.

The various Sports Directors tried their utmost to encourage the youngsters with training sessions. Wilfred De Souza (Shiree) was very instrumental at this time. Unfortunately, the interest was short lived as the youth were more interested in soccer and other social activities.

Due to the limited funding, a group of players got together and joined Etessa Hockey Club in January 1996 in order to make an independent trip to our homeland Goa. All costs were covered by the players. Following a competitive game against an "under 18 Indian team", our hosts the India Hockey Federation, looked after us well and we played a total of five enjoyable games, in good team spirit.

While Sports Director, I did my utmost to encourage youth hockey and would always take my son Warren with me. At first, the turnout was most encouraging with an attendance of 35 children on most Sundays, Joe Nazareth, Celius Fernandes and James Fernandes organised the training and practice for the youth players.

We arranged a few fixtures amongst these players, entry into a junior 7-a-side hockey festival. Sadly this section fizzled out too.

Now looking back, all our children have moved on to other activities. My son Warren played hockey for a while and later took up squash and would often play with me. I would let him win however as he progressed, he started beating me and in the end, I had to throw in the towel. From squash he has moved on to golf and plays on a regular basis.

Where Are They Now.....

From the original GOAN Hockey team that started in 1972/3, Freddie Mascarenhas who had migrated to Australia in 1986/87 died in a tragic boat accident on 5th February 1989. His departure from this world was untimely, a great shock to his family and to us all; however his memory lives on and there are not many who have not heard his name whispered in the hockey circles. Alan Braganza had contributed a lot to the Goan Hockey Team. Unfortunately he passed away in the UK in 2002. Filandro Fernandes, Stan DeSouza, George Roche, Cedric DeMello have all migrated to Canada. Michael Fernandes, Hector Mascarenhas

*My special thanks to Jason and Juliette D'Costa for spending many hour digging up facts and loads of pictures. Sadly, many were not usable because of they were too small to be scanned. Still, it was a great effort.*



and Cajie Miranda migrated to Australia. Ronnie Fernandes emigrated to the South of France. Blasco Goes, Alex Costa-Fernandes, Paul Mendonca, Blasco Goes and Rabi Martins are all in the UK and have hung up their sticks. From the very first team the two brothers, Victor and I have just hung up our sticks. I achieved my commitment of playing forty three years of hockey with the GOA! My brother Victor continued and played at Cannock and has only recently hung up his stick. He still has strong links with the club as he prepares curries for them every weekend.

#### Jason F D'Costa

Jason, ex Nairobi, was a very able sportsman on the hockey pitch and the squash court, has held office in the GOA in the past years. Qualified in radio electronics, he was involved in working on the prototype of Concorde. A genuine good Samaritan, helping with the disabled in his parish, the aged and assisting the Pilar Fathers, he is known for his innovative crib designs at his local church, creating a masterpiece each Christmas. Jason and his wife Juliette, also an

office bearer of the GOA, are involved in charity work, hosting annual events to raise monies for the less fortunate in Goa. The couple's artistic flair and expertise ensure the functions go with a bang! A gregarious party person by nature, Jason remains a popular and staunch member of the GOA.

I am indebted to Jason and Jacinto for use of this material which was first published by the GOA UK in its Ruby Anniversary brochure produced under excellent editorship of Mafalda-Anne de'Sa.

The early emigres also included some other outstanding Goans: Seby Gomes (football administrator, treasurer), Eulogio Braganza (Nairobi Heroes), Aires Fernandes (master snooker and billiards champion), David Carasco (hockey), Crescent Fernandes (all-round sportsman), Arnold Alpin and many others.

## **Once upon a time ...in the UK**

Sports have always played a major role in the GOA's diary of events. I was fortunate to be elected as Sports Director 1988/89 when the GOA owned its premises and grounds. In my opinion the life and soul of the clubhouse during my time as Sports Director, were our sporting events – events which gave us an excuse to have social get-togethers.

My term was very fulfilling, satisfying, though at times frustrating! I was unable to extend my term of office due to an overseas posting, but while I was at the helm of the Sports Section, I had an excellent team of Managers who worked and played hard to promote their individual sport. Each sports section was financially independent as those participating had to pay a levy, thus enabling me to purchase new equipment.

Maintaining the grounds was a nightmare! Anyone who volunteered to drive the tractor was persuaded to hop on and mow the grounds! Wives, girlfriends no exception! During my term two sizeable trophies were presented: The Romeo Fernandes Cup donated by Mrs Bevinda Viegas for Hockey and the Stanley Braganza Cup donated by Mrs Bertha Braganza for the 100 metres.

Thanks to Peter Rodrigues who put Sports Day on the GOA UK map! Way back in 1979, my team and I were able to hold the 10th annual sports day at the clubhouse, in 1989. I was fortunate to have the expert services of Caruso Monteiro and his helpers in setting out the sports track. I applaud all those then and now who are involved in this great event as it is a lot of hard work.

Badminton became a popular indoor Sport under the management of Steve deSa and in the 1989 tournament enjoyed by players and spectators, there was some fierce competition before the finalists received their well-deserved trophies.



*Alvira and Donald Almeida*

Cricket was organised by Lazarus Rattos and apart from arranging outside fixtures, he also had a Sunday League to compete for the Sunil Gavaskar shield. Teams comprised of club members residing in the South East counties of England. The keen spirit and enthusiasm of the teams to win the shield was incredible...you would have thought "The Ashes" were at stake! To Kent's disappointment Croydon won the shield. As always the spouses were very supportive in providing scrumptious teas and snacks, the taste being all the sweeter for the winning team!

Football saw Errol Colaco devote a lot of his time to form a team that would compete in the Kent Sunday League. Our good football players were not forthcoming; nevertheless we had a lot of tournaments, among them 7a-sides. Tough refereeing stopped many a punch up! And friendship was resumed over a pint or two at the bar.

Hockey: Again a lot of dedicated champions to promote hockey, namely:  
1st Eleven: Oscar Fernandes



2ND Eleven: Filu D'Souza  
Special Eleven: Denis Lobo  
Ladies Eleven: Ronald Vaz

There being a few hockey bulletins in this brochure, I shall not cover that sport in depth except to say that the Wallington 6 a-side was won by G.O.A captained by Fidelis D'Mello.

Indoor sports organisers were Chris D'Souza: Darts; Val Nunes; Pool and Vince Fernandes; Table Tennis. A good social atmosphere presided. I thought I had become the second Eric Bristow in the Darts tournament only to be beaten by Chris! In the Pool tournaments Val observed that the youngsters were giving the seasoned players a run for their money! Vince had a difficult task as there were some very skilful table tennis players who were a thrill to watch.

Trook was managed by Jacinto Fernandes, who continues to run this tournament to the present day. I thought Trook was gentle card game but tempers were easily raised when a player played the wrong card! Many an argument was firmly and fairly handled by Jacinto.

Volleyball always provided a highly explosive situation, but on hand to diffuse that particular bomb was Richard Fernandes! Richard coached and managed a G.O.A team that finished third in the Kent and Surrey casual leagues. There were a number of trophies to be played for, one being the St. Brittos Trophy and the other the G.O.A Open Trophy. Fierce competition between teams gave the spectators sheer entertainment!

With the help of my team Managers, it gave me great pleasure to organise the first Interclub Tournament, held on 4th June 1989, between Simba, South East Goans and the G.O.A. The Association took the opportunity to host this event to promote sporting links between the clubs. This was achieved by friendly rivalry and good sportsmanship. I had hoped this event would have become an annual fixture with plans to invite other Goan clubs from further field.

Wilfred De Souza and Mafalda deSa were voted Sports personalities of the year 1988/89 for their participation and contribution to their sports.

My memories as were remain fond and often wistful. There were good days our Clubhouse years, if only for a short while. My association with the GOA was an enjoyable experience and long may the GOA continue as the unifying force of our community. -- Donald Almeida

# Joe Gonsalves

*Joe Gonsalves was a young soccer player* and athlete in Mombasa at a time when the Kenyan coastal capital was blessed with some of the greatest Goan sporting heroes of our time: First there was the greatest of them all, the Commonwealth Games double sprint gold medallist, Seraphino Antao, Albert Castanha (the finest all-round sportsman), Joe Faria (sprinter), Jack Fernandes (sprinter), Laura Ramos (sprinter), Franklyn Pereira (hockey), Joe Fernandes (soccer), Tony Masky (soccer), George Da Costa (soccer), Wilfred D'Souza (soccer), Leslie Pinto (hockey), Silvano Pinto (hockey), Michael Fernandes (hockey), Reynolds Pereira (hockey), Alan Noronha (sprinter, hockey), Michael Fernandes (Hockey Olympian 1956), Anthony Pinto (cricketer), Ernest Vianna (spectacular tennis player), Xavier Vianna (tennis), Alcino Rodrigues (400 metres specialist), Effie Antao (sensational soccer goal scorer). There were many others, too, and whose names have faded just as much as my own memory continues to fade with time. God Bless 'em all.



Joe Gonsalves

So it was amongst this exquisite collection of male and females sporting icons that Joe Gonsalves walked tall with great pride and even greater humility. It was sufficient that his teammates looked up to him and those he played against respected his skills. He would have played in the English Premier League, or at least had a shot at it, after soccer coach Ray Batchelor arranged for Joe to trial with a premier club. However, being the only boy in the family, his father asked Joe to put his family first and put an end to the idea of going to the UK. Two great English players, Sir Stanley Mathews (Wolves, West Brom, various) and Len Shackleton (the Clown Prince of Sunderland) were very impressed with Joe

after conducting various soccer clinics in Mombasa.

During the late 1950s and 1960s, there were three tremendous soccer teams in Mombasa and the rivalry among the three was as ferocious as it is between the UK soccer giants Liverpool, Manchester United and Manchester City. Ironically, one of the teams was called Liverpool (name after its UK counterpart, later, for political reasons it was changed to Mwenge) and the others were Feisal and the Mombasa Goan Institute. Matches between any two of these teams attracted hordes of supporters, sometimes even reaching as many as 8,000 or even 10,000. This may seem small in modern times, but in those days of small populations, it was big time.

As opposed to the somewhat “hard” style of soccer played by their northern counterparts in Nairobi representing tribal groupings like the Luo Union (later Gor Mahia), Abaluhya, Maragoli, Nairobi Heroes etc, soccer at the Coast was all finesse mixed with goal-nets smashing power. Joe Gonsalves provided the finesse and creative genius for Feisal before he moved to the Mombasa Institute. Effie Antao was an absolute goal net smasher. The leading Goan players (only the best made it to the three teams and wannabes were droves in number) were shared between the three teams. Against each other and other teams, especially the ones from Nairobi, there was nothing soft about the battles. However, the Coast teams add finesse with deft touches to their power plays. Sadly, they did not always succeed. The Nairobi teams had a larger population to pick the best from.

However, Joe did play alongside and against the likes of Kadir Farah, Ahmed Breik, Ali Sungura (the barefooted left winger with the deffest of turns of feet and a bullet like shot) and Ali Kajo (simply the greatest ball player in Kenya for a very long time; his skills and finishing was sensational).

The thing about Joe was that, way before his time, and way before the advent of the professional supremos of the international game, Joe had already the finessed skills of super anticipation, the unbeatable through ball for someone else to score and the ability to read the game beyond the first two or three passes. Joe, the quiet genius, made the game look so easy, yet he was no pushover. He was solid as he was as quick as the cheetah running away from his markers or lethal as a leopard in scoring goals. Joe played mainly for the Mombasa Goan Institute and represented the Mombasa regional team. He should have played for Kenya but the administrators in up country Nairobi always seemed to have other ideas in relation to their coastal cousins. Like Joe, many more Goans, should have represented Kenya especially my own personal favourite Franklyn Pereira, one of the great hockey players of our time.

That wonderful Kenyan coastal newspaper the Mombasa Times (forerunner to the equally successful Coastweek) religiously chronicled all aspects of life at the coast, especially sport. Needless to say, Joe featured in many a headline. Sadly the beloved Mombasa Times is no more.

However, Joe's daughter, Jocelyn, was able to salvage one or two clippings. Here are a few glimpses in match the Goan lost 2-3 to the mighty Liverpool (they had previously drawn 2-2 twice in the same competition, the Nyama Cup). This report is by soccer and athletics coach Ray Batchelor (I know he would have been proud to pay a tribute or two to Joe, Ray was always a great pal of mine): "The Goans attacked and J. Gonsalves pushed a cunning ball through the middle and the deceptively slow moving Seraphino Antao was on the spot to push the ball past Hassen to give the Goans the lead."

Soon after Liverpool equalised, Joe was at it again: "From a free kick, away went J. Gonsalves and his cleverly engineered opening for Lucas Remedios had the crowd really screaming." Sadly, the shot was stopped by the full back. The Joe Gonsalves-Seraphino Antao has gone down in soccer history as the combination that terrorised most teams at the coast.

A special tribute by Hockey Olympian Raphael Fernandes: As the Sports Fraternity especially the soccer players share their deepest sympathies and condolences to Natty, Jocelyn, Sharlyn, and Tashlyn, not forgetting Joshua & Jonah, we respect, reflect upon and reminisce Sir Joe Gonsalves, an officer and true gentleman who touched everybody's lives with his warm and handsome smile that portrayed his love, kindness, and generosity.

I will always cherish the day I had the pleasure and honour of meeting Joe with the Kenya Hockey Union Committee in Nairobi, as Reynolds Pereira and myself attended the trials at the City Park Stadium, and he sure showed how proud he was of us as we represented the Coast – Mombasa, where he grew up. He inspired me to be great sportsmen with diplomacy, in guiding me through the golden rules of sport: Love, Respect and Discipline. I will always be grateful for his kind attention.

We definitely built a great camaraderie through the years and I had the pleasure to meet his gorgeous angels -- Jocelyn, Sharlyn, and Tashlyn, and finally his glamorous niece Alison, who is now my loving wife, thanks to Joe for being very instrumental.

On all our visits to Joe and Natty's home in Nairobi and Australia, he always welcomed us with open arms, as he built a home full of love, kindness and respect that portrayed that generous coastal warmth, and I will always treasure

those fond memories.

Sir Joe Gonsalves, the diverse sports fraternity around the world and I will personally salute you indefinitely and will always be there for Natty, Jocelyn, Sharlyn, and Tashlyn.

Kwaheri Mheshimiwa – Tuta Onana! (Goodbye Sir, We will meet again)

Joe was not only a great football player but also a great sports administrator. One of his many admirers was the hockey great, Franklyn Pereira, who remembered a brilliant but shy star who did not seek the limelight, who was, in fact rather shy. Franklyn went on to become a leading businessman in Mombasa, chairman of the Mombasa Goan Institute for long spells and one who really helped the folks of the coast wherever and whenever he could. "A fantastic footballer and his legs spoke the language; he was a great dribbler with full control of the ball – it was magic but most of all he shared his talent with many youngsters who wanted to play the game."

In Nairobi, he served as the vice chairman of the powerful Kenya Hockey Union and chaired its disciplinary committee. With Hygino Vaz, Joe started the Vikings hockey club. He was a bit of a gentle godfather to the team. Very special relationship.

Alcino Rodrigues (ex-Mombasa), another contemporary of Joe's, was also an elite athlete: "My memories of Joe are that he comes from a God loving and God fearing family and a great gentleman, someone many would like to emulate. He was a true sportsman on and off the field."

Alban Cardoso (ex-Mombasa): "Uncle Joe was a natural musician. He played the violin, accordion and flute rather well. I remember him once playing the violin for the Goan School band. As a natural athlete/sportsman, he played badminton and field hockey in his younger days. Of course, he was pre-eminent in his beloved soccer, and played the game with passion, tactical brilliance, elegance and sportsmanship. I remember how thrilled he was when he met Sir Stanley Matthews, the "wizard of the dribble." He was also complimented by Len Shackleton."

Patrick Martins (ex-Mombasa/Nairobi): In the late 1970s, Joe was the founding Vice -Chairman and sponsor of the Vikings Sports Club, formed as a breakaway from the Goan Institute Nairobi, with a view to providing youngsters with the opportunity to compete with the hockey leaders at that time. The legendary hockey umpire Peter Barbosa was the first chairman. The team included Olympians Leo Fernandes, Silu Fernandes, Hygino Vaz and the late Hippol Fernandes as

goalkeeper. That was Joe; he loved sport and believed the strengths of youth when combined with experience could be a winning combination for any team. After a Kenya Cup game in Kiganjo against the mighty Sikh Union, Hardev Singh (brother of the legendary Kenya coach Hardial Singh) called the Vikings the future Kenya team ... not only because of our performance but because of the mixed blend of players from all walks of life. I guess, where Joe, Effie, Masky and all presently find themselves is the cycle of life ... those were the days ... when we were all fearless ... and today we watch the next generation carry the baton ... fearless too ... in all of their pursuits...

# Nairobi Heroes

BY JOHN J. D'SOUZA

*From left: Luis Pereira, Anthony Raposa, Cajetan Fernandes, Billy Gomes, S. Soares, Anthony Fernandes. Middle: George D'Souza, Xavier Santiago, Johnny Lobo, George Rodrigues, Santos D'Souza. The two players on the floor were not identified on the photo.*



*F*ollowing the post-war period, Nairobi had a number of Goan clubs which had been in existence for decades. These clubs had their own buildings, hockey cricket and football grounds, badminton and tennis courts, and a host of other facilities. However, membership into these clubs was often depended on what one, or one's father, did for a living!

2017: Surviving members of the great Nairobi Heroes soccer team: (Reuben Rebello visitor) Eulogio Braganza, Johnny Fernandes (visitor?) Alex Fernandes, Johnny Lobo, Francis Fernandes, Casimiro Joanes, outstanding track and field athlete ... a few are not in this historic picture including Greg Carvalho, Jack Carvalho, and Tony Silva (who was to pass away in November 2017).



In the early fifties a group of young Goan Turks formed the Nairobi Heroes Sports Club. Admission into their ranks was open to all, with one simple proviso; to be outstanding in playing the game of football. (They were very quickly adopted by the Nairobi Goan tailors community as their team as many of their sons were in the side.) Within a few years they were able to challenge the established clubs and win innumerable trophies...

The “Mother “ of cup final matches in Goan sports history, took place one sunny evening in 1950 when the Heroes squared off against the renowned Goan Institute (founded in 1905). The pre-game formalities were spectacular. The Goan Institute (GI) team in their azure blue shirts lined up in one corner of the field. In the opposite corner the Heroes did the same, wearing their distinctive flaming red shirts. Each team, led by a mascot, a young girl in white dress with a



*Front left: Francis Fernandes, Norman Da Costa (visitor), Alex Fernandes, Robert Santiago.  
Next row: John D'Souza, Martin D'Souza, Jack Carvalho, Johnny Lobo, Eddie Rodrigues.  
At the back: Eulogio Braganza, Crescent Fernandes, Tony Silva, Muren D'Souza.*



sash of the team colours, filed along the side lines, and to the centre of the field where they were greeted by the guest of honour, the Portuguese Consul. The referee for the game was none other than the football loving, friend of all Goans, Irish Father Leahy.

The game met all the expectations of the real Heroes' fans, the young boys of the community. The main action was in the GI half, the team playing hard to defend its reputation. The few GI scoring efforts in front of the Hero's goal were quickly stifled by spectacular diving saves of goalkeeper and team captain, Johnny Lobo. The game is especially remembered for the way it ended. The Heroes no doubt won convincingly, but towards the end referee, Fr. Leahy got kicked by a GI player. Heroes fans, to this day claim it was deliberate, while those of the GI, swear it was accidental.

The Heroes grew in stature and in 1950 alone won all the four football trophies in tournaments that season. To be playing for the Heroes was an honour. They were soon joined by the best players of the established clubs, who were only able to field token teams in subsequent years.

The Heroes began as rebels in our community. Their cause was that of our unrepresented youth. They achieved what they had set out to do with dare and determination and became Our Team & Our Heroes... and are remembered for all time.

By 1967, in the post-independence era, times had changed. The once thriving community was being dispersed to various parts of the world. The Nairobi Heroes Sports Club was wound up at a Gala Dance held in a prominent Nairobi Hotel, with the same sense of style as when they came into being.

## **Oscar De Mello**

Star sportsman, perfect gentleman

Oscar De Mello, the great soccer goalkeeper and all round super sportsman, was a family friend. My brother David (Johnny) who hero-worshipped him to the point he copied everything that Oscar did between the goalposts, brought him home once and a special relationship grew between the rest of the family and him, and especially my mother.

We welcomed him to our humble home as an elder brother and that he continued to be in more ways than one. He got me my second job and would go on to help the family in many ways. My mother and he shared a love of punting at the Nairobi's Ngong Racecourse. Oscar and Johnny used to work there on race day and Oscar would occasionally slip my mother a winning tip which, at first, she discarded and stuck to her own system but occasionally won a bob or two on Oscar's tips.

When I became a journalist, I would spend quite a lot of time with him at Nairobi's Queen's / Brunner's Hotel discussing various points and politics of the game. His insights into the administration and playing of the game were of immense support to me education of the game. Oscar, a Kenyan of Goan-Portuguese ancestry, developed a love for soccer at a very young age and his interest developed more in the sports than school work, although he was good at his studies.

Born on August 21, 1930 in Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika (at the time), and Oscar's life was never a bed of roses. He was orphaned at very young age but rose to become a soccer legend. He was raised at St Joseph's Convent in Dar when the then Bishop Edgar Maranda took custody of his brother and four sisters. Oscar spent most of his time on the sports field, especially when he should have

been in class. He began his soccer career at the 11 in the forwards but a bout of asthma forced him to switch to goalkeeping duties as his colleagues told him it was the best place to rest ... between the goal posts and it would help him to stop coughing from the running required up front.

When he was 14, his eldest sister married so the new family decided to take care of remaining siblings and so they all left the convent.

His first job after finishing school was an apprenticeship with the East African Railways and Harbours doing clerical work and earning the handsome sum of 100 shillings a month. He first approached the Dar Goan Institute for membership but they turned him down, probably because he was a half caste. Instead, in 1945, he formed a multi-racial club with his former school mates and called it Dar Wanderers.

At 16 he made a major break-through when he played for Tanganyika against a visiting UK team and there was no looking back as continued to represent his country for the next 10 years.

Being a non-African, he could not play for the Tanganyika in the Gossage Cup as this was for Africans and Arabs only. When the naval vessel HMS Kenya from England docked at, they had a semi-professional team on board.

The visitors beat an African XI 1-0, drew 0-0 with the Asians and trounced the local Europeans 11. Still licking their wounds, the Europeans asked for a return match and wanted Oscar in goal.

How? What about the racial divide?

"Goans were never classed as Asians but as a special class above Asians but below Europeans because of their Western lifestyle and their close relationship with their colonial masters, the Portuguese, who were something of a British ally in colonial Africa."

In the first half of the match, the opponent's goal-keeper never had a chance to handle the ball, in fact the foreigners dominated the match and a constant threat at their host goal-mouth, where Oscar was the custodian and he pulled several magnificent saves.

"At the end we settled for a 1-1 draw and the sailors carried me shoulder high, saying that I was the man of the match, a thrill I never experienced in life.

"They even hosted a party in my honour at the club they were staying and I felt overawed," he reminisced.

*Martin D'Souza, John Fernandes, Francis Fernandes, Tony D'Silva, Arcanjo or Lawrence, Muren D'Souza, Alex Fernandes, Oscar D'Mello, Tony Pinto, Jack Carvalho.*



*This team that toured Tanzania in 1968 included players from Crusaders, Nairobi Heroes and Young Goans.*

*Back row – Alex Fernandes, John (Bull) D'Souza, Manu Fernandes, Menino Fernandes, Hippol Fernandes (my late brother), Joseph D'Sa, Leo Fernandes.  
Front row – Andrew Fernandes, John D'Costa, Greg Carvalho, Tony Gomes, Jack Carvalho.*







*Nairobi Heroes and their families, a historic photo.*



*From left Anthony Miranda, Aloysius Fernandes, Albert Diniz, Hippol Fernandes, Filu (Mazor) Rodrigues ...on the ground John Lopes, Alex Fernandes Laddis Rattos, Peter Pinto.*



While still a member of the Referees Association as a third class referee, Oscar abandoned Dar Wanderers in 1950 to join Sunderland FC, whose patron, Ali Bin Said, saw the potential in him requesting that he plays which he obliged.

He was thus the first non-African to play for an African team in those days.

"In 1956, an ex-team-mate, Peter Pinto approached me saying that OXO EA Ltd an agent for Tanganyika Packers had a vacancy for a clerical officer in Nairobi and asked me if I was interested to take up the offer which I whole-heartedly did and decided to travel to Nairobi.

"The same year, I joined one of the top teams in the City called Nairobi Heroes which was a multi-racial team and I felt comfortable here," he said.

Pinto had steered Nairobi Heroes to success and the Football Association of Kenya (FAK) spotted Oscar's myriad talents and he was soon selected to represent Kenya in all its international matches.

Oscar however admits that the team never performed well in Lorenzo Marques, as he claims he had too much on his head.

"One of the main reasons was that at that time, I was busy courting my long-time girlfriend, Zelia, whom I later married and she bore me two beautiful daughters, Louisa and Valerie," he said with a broad smile. Louisa and Valerie later grew up to become Kenya's international Lawn Tennis stars in mid-1970s and brought Kenya fame by representing the country in several international events.

"Nairobi Heroes were second in the Commercial league table, but in 1965, there was a mass exodus of Nairobi Heroes players due to Africanisation.

"Around or about the same period, I also acquired Kenyan Citizenship.

"I had to quit the club and join Nairobi Spurs and the same year became a member of the FA of Kenya."

He was invited to sign up to play in England but nothing really came of that. In the early 1970s, he suffered severe cartilage issues in his knee which ended his playing days.

However, he did not quit football altogether. It was not long before he was appointed Treasurer of the Football Association of Kenya which was in dire straits both financially and administratively. More than 10% of the gate receipts never reached the FA coffers and things were getting worse. It took all of Oscar's

determination to make temporary headway in curbing the corruption, but not for long because he was soon voted out of office. However, he did represent Kenya at the FIFA Congress at the Mexico World Cup in 1974.

Oscar's came to a complete halt when his wife Zelia was killed in a car accident. A runaway bus smashed her car to smithereens.

"I considered Zelia the pillars of my life. She was good everything. She encouraged me and advised me in so many ways." But life was never the same again. He married again and had a son, Tony. Thus ended the story of a "perfect gentleman".

*This story is largely based on a one published by and reproduced with the permission of the CoastWeek newspaper in Mombasa. I am also indebted to its author William Faria.*

## The Mighty Spurs

Once the all-conquering Nairobi Heroes hung up their boots in the Railway Goan Institute sheds (most of their played for the RGI when Heroes closed shop) in the

*Irenio Costa-bir with Princess Anne in London.*







*Irenio's farewell in Nairobi.*

1970s, three teams challenged to take their place at the top of the soccer ladder in Nairobi: Crusaders, Young Goans, Spurs.

Crusaders who were led by that enigmatic forward Thomas D'Souza looked the goods for a long time. Young Goans led by Hippol Fernandes would give them and others a run for their money. However, the team that captured everyone's imagination and began to impress very quickly were the newcomers: Nairobi Spurs. They were brilliantly managed by Nobby D'Souza and coached by George Riggs.

They won tournament after tournament. In the RAF cup, for example, they thrashed Crusader 4-0. Crusaders were fielding two top guests Wanyama from the powerful Abaluhya (National League) club and Tony Masky from the Coast. Spurs had two outstanding players, the brothers Andrew, George and Tony Staussi. Tony was their chief goal scorer.

There were other outstanding players including Claude Horeau, Barry Riggs, John St Jorre, N. Shah, Ijaz Hussein, Lucas Paul, Sydney Laval, Ivan D'Souza, Filandro Fernandes, Roland Laval and Irenio Costa-Bir.

Costa-Bir was a key player in the attack but he would come to help snuff out many an attack and often played various playmakers out of the game. As an inside forward he had his share of goals but he also set up a lot. He actually began his soccer career playing for Crusaders but switched over to Spurs after a year. He had played for Nairobi Heroes, the once-all Italian Juventus, and Nairobi Wanderers in the Nairobi Football League.

At school he had represented Dr Ribeiro Goan School in the 800 yards and the one mile which he won. He had the unique record of winning the school mile in three consecutive years: 1962, 1963 and 1964. I think the record stands today.

The Laval brothers, Guy, Philip, Sydney, Roland and Cyril were all pretty good players. Guy and Philip were in a league of their own but Roland and Sydney excelled for Spurs. Roland probably played his best soccer for a team called the Hawks made up of St Teresa's classmates including Hippol Fernandes, Vincent



Gunputrav, Brian Officer and Ivan D'Souza among others. Like so many players of the time, Roland could play any position but was later happy playing at full back.

Teams in the Nairobi Football League in 1969 included: Railway, Crusaders, Young Goans, Impala, Goan Institute, Nairobi Spurs, Cogs, Kenya Air Force, Manchester and Stan Bar United.

Daily Nation journalist Peter Moll once wrote: "Major contributor to the Spurs' success was the man they dubbed Nairobi's Pele, centre forward Tony Staussi who scored 40 goals in the 1960-70 season.

"Inevitably, Tony Staussi is the man around whom the rest of the Spurs side manoeuvres but they are no one-strike outfit. Left winger Filandro Fernandes, only just 18 and the baby of the squad and Andrew Staussi have both shown that they are very brainy football players.

"Lucas Paul, the captain, directs matters from the Spurs' goal line and he has been with them since they were first formed in 1960. Two other stalwarts joined the same year and they are Roland Laval and Ivan D'Souza."

Long-serving Sydney Laval has been a vital link man at centre half. Both Sydney and Brian Riggs, another key player, were due to leave Kenya in 1970.

"Departures have been a major problem for Spurs since Kenya's work permit regulations began to bite. But nothing succeeds like success and this season (1970) they have attracted a whole galaxy of would-be young stars.

"Among recent signings is the former Kenya international, ex Nairobi Heroes, and ex Young Goans brilliant and mercurial centre half Alex Fernandes. So tremendous has been the response to the Spurs policy of signing on youngsters with talent that Coach Brian Riggs was hoping to start with a first and second XI in training."

In 1969, Spurs won the Firestone Cup, Kenya Air Force Cup and Invitation League Cup as well as finishing on top of two tournaments.

## **Alex Fernandes**

Alex Fernandes, perhaps the greatest Goan player ever to the grace the game as a centre half. Played for Kenya, Nairobi Heroes, Spurs, and various other teams. Had some success at county level in Kenya. One of the most respected and loved sportsman.

*Alex Fernandes*



# The Spartans Athletics Club Nairobi

*Philip D'Souza nearest camera for a sprint start.*



*Casimiro Joanes' winning ways.*



*Casimiro with a colleague Chaudhry.*





*Casimiro Joanes' winning ways.*



*Casimiro winning at the Nairobi Goan Institute.*



# Nairobi Railway Goan Institute

*RGI Ladies Hockey Team: Mitelia Fernandes (Paul), Olga D'Mello, Astrid Fernandes (D'Souza), Margaret Braganza, Doris Fernandes, Melba Almeida, Melania D'Souza, Joyce Lobo, Judy Laval, Rufina Fernandes.*



*In hockey, the rivalries involving* the Nairobi teams: RGI, Goan Institute, Sikh Union and the visiting Kampala Goan Institute, Mombasa Goan Institute and others made the annual M.R. De Souza Gold Cup the hardest fought and the best known hockey tournament in Africa. The rivalry between near neighbours GI and RGI was particularly ferocious. While the RGI won the prestigious tournament three times (1958, 1967, 1969), it came to be dominated by the mighty Sikh Union, arguably the greatest club side in Africa ... after all it was packed with



super-talented Kenya internationals.

Nonetheless, the RGI was rich enough in talent and fielded three teams. The others being Garrets and Tridents. The Garrets were responsible for one of the biggest on field riots against the star packed GI in 1967. It caused a rift that never really seemed to have healed.

The RGI boasted some of the finest Goan talents in the country: Alu Mendonca, Hilary Fernandes, Silu Fernandes, Reynold De Souza, Leo Fernandes, Philip De Souza, Maurice Gracias, Philip Gracias, A. D'Mello, F.Gracias, Oscar D'Souza, Saude George, A. De Souza, Paul Nazareth, Silvano Gomes, Raul Fernandes, Tyrone De Souza, James Fernandes, Norman Da Costa, Max Alfonso and many, many others throughout its hockey history.

#### CRICKET

An outstanding spinner, Blaise Da Cunha was selected for Kenya, East Africa and the highly prized Asians team for the annual match against Europeans in the years before independence. Others in the RGI side included Johnny Lobo, Teddy Gomes, Alu Mendonca, Darryl Carvalho, Sidney Machado, Charlie Ferrao, Piety Fernandes, Batu Noronha, Donald Gonsalves, Louis De Souza, Charlie De Souza, Norman Da Costa, Silvano Gomes, Pascal Denis, Sunil Sarkar, Tony Reg D'Souza, Soni, Cecil Fonseca, Louis De Souza, Arthur Braganza and Rowland Rebello (once took 9-31 in 11 overs).

#### SOCCER

The RGI soccer team was made up of what was left of the once mighty Nairobi Heroes after some of the players left Kenya. Tony Pinto, Martin De Souza, Eddie Rodrigues, Alex Fernandes, Eulogio Braganza, Greg Carvalho, John Fernandes, Jack Carvalho, Robert Santiago, John De Souza, Francis Fernandes swept everything before them.

#### BADMINTON

Alice De Souza was truly an outstanding player, winning the women's championship in Kenya, Uganda and Tanzania.

Jeanette Paes followed in Alice's footsteps after some memorable battles between the two. Alice's daughter Wendy won the Kenya title on three occasions. Jeanette won the Kenya singles, doubles (with her sister Maureen) and the mixed doubles. Maureen went on to represent Kenya. Collen D'Souza played for Kenya against in Zambia.

Jacinto Fernandes was the only Goan to represent Kenya at the Commonwealth Games in Edinburgh in 1970. Remy Diniz played international badminton on a

tour of China.

#### TABLE TENNIS

Joe De Souza (Smiley) and Henry Braganza represented Kenya. They were also formidable as a doubles combination, winning seven titles in the process. Blaise Da Cunha was another ace player.

#### WOMEN

Mother and daughter team Connie and Gladys De Souza also earned international honours. Olga Fernandes, Michelle Ribeiro and Bertha Vaz (GI) were also regulars in the Kenya team. Sharon Braganza from Mombasa also represented Kenya as did Ruby Gama in the Afro-Asian Games in Seoul and Tokyo. Jean Andrade played for Kenya in China in 1975.

#### TENNIS

Railway Goan Institute ladies

Late Esme U Chong, Late Nora nee Braganza, Late Rufina Fernandes, Fabiola Machado, Delfine da Costa, Melanie De Lima, Late Eva Noronha, Astrid Fernandes, Mina nee Noronha, Margaret Vaz, Bertha Carvalho, Elma, Circula, Joan Rosario, Bernie Miranda, Rineth Scott, Late Natty Carvalho, Maureen D'Souza, Lillian D'Mello, Alpha Butt, Sandra Butt, Ivy Fernandes.

Leo Fernandes 1964, 1968, 1972

Reynolds Pereira 1968, 1972

National representation, East African Hockey Championships

1966: Fonseca, Leo Fernandes, Silvano Gomes, Silu Fernandes, Hilary Fernandes, Alu Mendonca, Avito Abreu.

1967: Silu Fernandes, Octavio Pereira, Hilary Fernandes, Leo Fernandes, Alu Mendonca.

1968: Silu Fernandes, Leo Fernandes, Alu Mendonca, Reynolds Pereira.

1969: Egbert Fernandes, Reynolds Pereira.

1970: Leo Fernandes

1973: Reynold Pereira, Alu Mendonca

1974: Reynold Pereira

1975: Raphael Fernandes

Others who have represented Kenya are Silvano Gomes, Reggie Monteiro, Dunstan Rodrigues, and Tyrone De Souza.

UGANDA: 1959: Polly Pereira, Joe Lobo, And Remy Collaco.

1962: Roland Collaco, Alu Mathias, Alu Gomes, Willy Lobo, Franklyn Pereira.

1968: Rolland Collaco, Roger Gomes, Zenon De Souza, Polly Pereira, Osbert

# RAILWAY GOAN INSTITUTE, NAIROBI WINNERS 1949 – SEYCHELLES AND SALUS CUPS



*The Photo Studio*  
NAIROBI

*Standing:-* L. to R. RUI RODRIGUES, L.C. D'SOUZA, R. DIAS, R.P. COLACO, C. COELHO, A.T. PINTO, J.B.V. FERNANDES.

*Sitting:-* L. to R. D. COLACO, J.R. GRACIAS, J. FERNANDES, J.C.J. DIAS, D.R. NORONHA, S. GEORGE.  
(CAPT.) (SPORTS SECTY.) (VICE-PRESIDENT) (VICE-CAPT.)

JOHN LOBO.

## D. J. PAES CUP.

WINNERS 1945.



*Back Row:* L. D'Silva, M. Fernandes, F. D'Silva, E. Fernandes, J. D'Souza.

*Sitting:* G. Noronha, M. Fernandes, F. X. Carvalho, C. M. Gracias, M. J. Carvalho.  
(CAPT.) (S. SECT.)

*Front Row:* B. Noronha, S. D'Costa, B. Pereira.

1967 - RGI Cricket Team.

Front Row (from left): Alu Mendonca, Daryl Carvalho,  
Piety Fernandes (Capt.), Batu Noronha, Charlie Ferrao.

Standing: Norman Da Costa, Silvan Gomes,  
Pascoal Denis, Sunil Sarkar, Tony D'Souza,  
xxxx, xxxxx, Tit Gomes and Arthur Braganza.



Remedios.

1970: Roland Collaco, George Moraes, Willy Lobo.

TANZANIA: 1945-1946 Fred D'Cruz.

1959: G. Almeida, A.Fernandes, P. Gonsalves, Chris Saldanha, M. Andrade.

1960: Alban Fernandes.

1963: Alban Fernandes, A.Fernandes, Chic Saldanha.

1968: Chic Saldanha, Angelo Martin, Peter Furtado, Hermes Gonsalves

# Angela and Auggie Pereira



ANGELA PEREIRA  
(1933-2016)

Angela was born in Tanga, Tanganyika (now Tanzania) in 1933. She was one of 10 siblings. At the age of 16, Angela was invited to play field hockey with the European Gymkhana Ladies Team in Tanga. She learnt the game quickly and field hockey became her passion.

Shortly thereafter Angela decided to form a Goan ladies team to represent the Tanga Goan Gymkhana, encouraging young and old to come out and play.

Very shortly thereafter, Angela decided to form a Goan Ladies Team to represent the Tanga Goan Gymkhana encouraging ladies, young and old, including her sisters, to come out and play.

Her enthusiasm prompted to pit the young Goan team against the more experienced European Gymkhana side.

In 1951, she arranged for a trophy, known as "The Dr. Dias Cup" named after the donor, which was surprisingly won by the Goan ladies, and who remained undefeated for three years.

Angela represented the "Tanga 11" regional team as the only Asian amongst the Europeans and played against the National Rhodesia side in the early 1960s.

Angela's passion for field hockey took her to different places in the world, where she played in tournaments, or joined the local teams as a guest player. She has played in East Africa, Bombay, England, Bermuda, California and several cities in the US as well as across Canada.

As a guest player for a number of teams, Angela was headlined in the Kenya National newspaper in 1955 titled "Brilliant display by Tanga girls". Angela, being one of the two young and promising girls caught the eye of many a spectator, including the well renowned Anthony D'Souza- ex-Lusitanians, and A. Mascarenhas – Secretary of the Kenya Hockey Union. The article written by Saude George – Kenya's well known sports reporter at the time, said "her skillful dribbling and deceptive body swerves could be considered as poetry in motion, an expression of beautiful balance and poise. Her reverse flicks and through passes were a treat to watch."

Up until she left Tanzania in 1976, Angela continued to encourage the young Goan ladies in Tanga, including her 3 children, to play field hockey and was a leader in the sport, captaining the team several times and winning many tournaments. Angela was admired by her peers. She is fondly remembered as "our captain" and, upon her passing, many of these ladies commented "if it was not for Angela, I would never have played field hockey."

Angela joined the GOA Toronto ladies field hockey team in 1976 and continued playing until the age of 65, participating in the Masters Field Hockey Championships in Canada.



*Auggie at St Anthony's School in Monte Guirim, Goa.*

Their collection of numerous sports medals and trophies represent Angela and Auggie, as well as their 3 children's achievements over the decades, and is a true testament to the family's passion for competitive sports.

As a young boy, at the age of age of 10, growing up in Goa (Vasco da Gama), Auggie loved to watch soccer (football) and would run around to the different sports fields to watch the local soccer games. He soon picked up quite a few techniques and would try them out when playing with the other children in the neighbourhood.

Auggie joined St. Anthony's High School, Monte de Guirim, Goa and with his keen interest in soccer soon represented his first team at school. He was the youngest player at 14 years of age, to play for the senior school team. Within 2 years Auggie became the Captain of the team for 3 consecutive years. In those days the team played barefoot on a murram ground for several years before they were presented with soccer shoes.

Auggie was also was a good athlete, especially in the Long Jump, Hop Step

and Jump and the 220 yard sprints. He represented his school in the inter-school Macidad Portuguese Championship in 1947 and won the Long Jump and Triple Jump events, carrying the school championship cup for 3 consecutive years.

Auggie moved to Tanganyika, East Africa, in 1950 on a work permit, and was employed by Mona Sisal Estate in Kisangara. There he sought out and joined the local village African soccer team, that was captained by the Railway Station Master named Juma. He was very welcomed and played with the team for 2 years. Seeing the need, Auggie provided new uniforms and soccer balls to support the village team. In 1952 Auggie moved to Tanga. He joined the Tanga Goan Institute and quickly became part of the Goan Gymkhana soccer team in the Centre Forward position. He was also part of the Athletic team for the Gymkhana.

One of his proudest moments was in 1956, when he captained the Goan Gymkhana Soccer Team and led the team to win the “Peter Freer” Soccer Shield award in the championship league. It was a proud achievement for the Goans, the only Asian Team playing in the first division of the Tanga Association Football league.

In 1956 Auggie also represented Tanga region in the Regional Athletic Championships held in Tabora after winning the Goan Gymkhana championship in Athletics.

Field Hockey was a secondary sport to Auggie. After seeing his talents as a stand in for the injured soccer goal keeper, the captain encouraged him to play hockey as a goal keeper. With his natural skills and talent, Auggie was soon picked up by the Tanga Provincial Hockey team and played against Zanzibar in 1958 and continued to represent Tanga Region until his departure from East Africa in 1976.

Auggie’s big achievement was in 1962 when he was one of the 14 selected by the Tanganyika Hockey Association to represent the National Side in the inter-territorial and East African Championships.

Auggie was elected Secretary of the Tanga Regional Hockey Association in 1968 and also held the position of Sports Secretary in the Tanga Gymkhana for several years.

Auggie has been headlined nationally, as an “All Rounder from Tanga” being one of the most versatile sportsmen Tanga has known. He captained the Tanga Gymkhana side several times and won the coveted “Guru Nanak” Cup in 1972 – a tournament that he initiated.



Auggie met his late wife, Angela, in 1952, in Tanga. Angela was also an avid sportsperson, especially in field hockey, and together they dominated the sports scene, which has been the fabric of their lives.

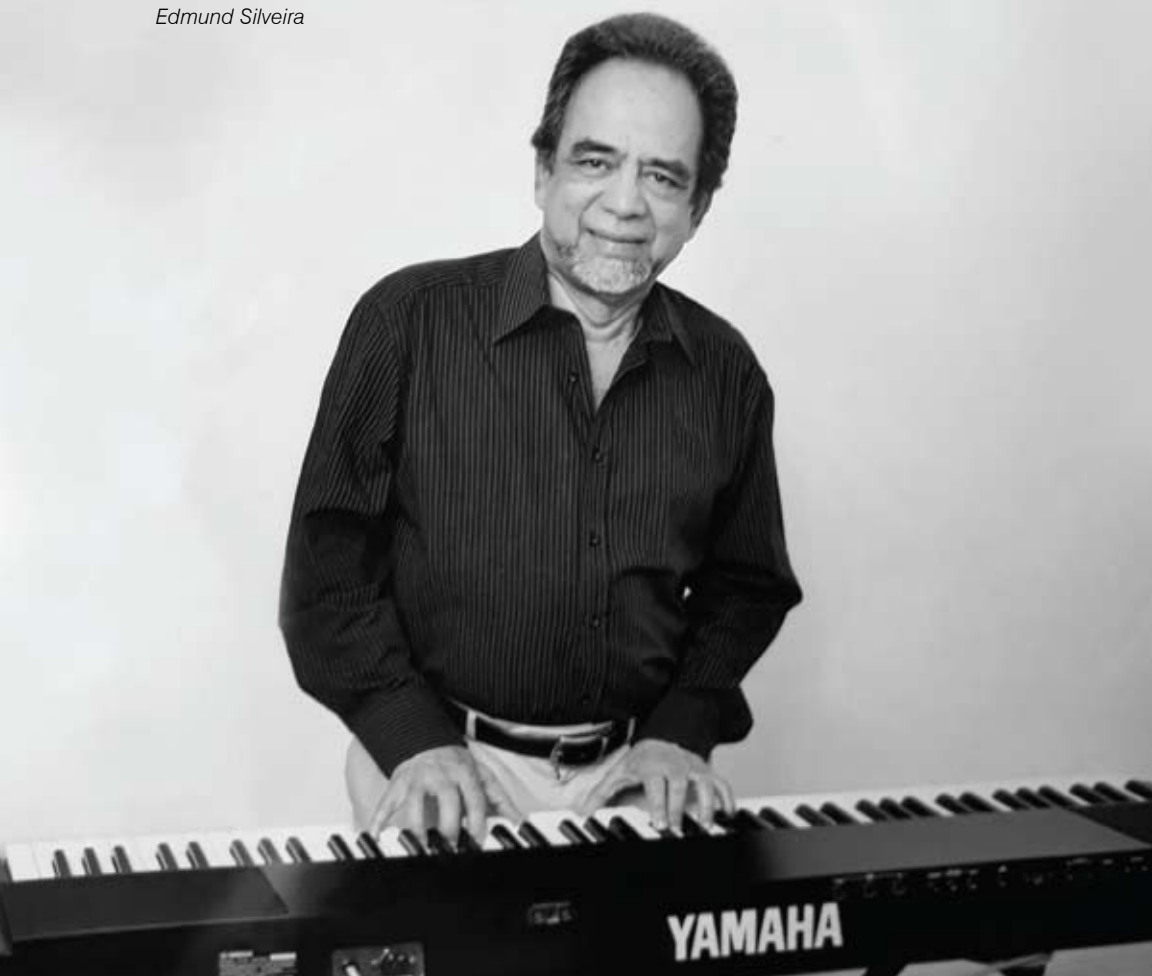
They emigrated to Canada in 1976 together with the 3 children, who also played field hockey, and all were very quickly part of the Toronto Field Hockey teams. In Toronto, Auggie joined the Wanderers field hockey team and was invited to join the Sikh Union Team to play in the Masters World Cup held in England in 1986.

Besides being a sportsman, Auggie is a talented musician, playing the saxophone, violin and clarinet, and was bandleader for the “Blue Notes” in Tanga.

# Mombasa's emperor of music

BY EDMUND SILVEIRA

*Edmund Silveira*



**Where were you born and when?**

I was born in Mombasa, Kenya, on 19 January 1935.

**How did you come into music?**

Music was very much a part of our home.

My father, Ubaldo Silveira, born in Goa, was a studied and gifted violinist. He was the founder of the Nairobi Goan Music Society, and was the conductor of the orchestra, Kenya's very first classical orchestra. He was a multi-instrumentalist, led a dance band and a classical orchestra, taught violin and guitar, did piano repairs and tuning -- all this besides being in a full-time day job! That, in a nutshell, is the musical genius of my father. He passed away at the age of 60 in 1964 and sadly left no records of his greatness.

I imagine that my Dad must have been a member of the Goan Gymkhana, Nairobi, because when I was seven years old I distinctly remember accompanying my parents to dances there with my Dad's dance band in attendance. When we moved to Mombasa he became a member of the GI and was the club's Social Secretary.

My mother, the late Katherine Silveira, born in Nairobi, was an accomplished pianist and piano teacher. She met my dad at practices at the Rodrigues' home of three brothers all classical music enthusiasts and performers. The music sessions blossomed in two ways: the participants enjoyed their music making, and love grew between Ubaldo and Katie which culminated in marriage in 1934. If ever there was a marriage made in heaven, this was it!

I began piano and violin lessons, at the age of 7, with Mother Gertrude, headmistress of the Catholic Parochial School, Nairobi, where I attended.

When I was 13, we moved to Mombasa and I had piano lessons with an American tutor, a Mrs Rogers, and achieved honours in all my piano exams, practical and theory, at the Trinity College of Music, London. In 1965, a school teacher at the time, I was awarded a British Commonwealth Music Scholarship to the Dartington College of Music, England, and on my return to Mombasa I was made Musician-in-charge of all primary schools at the coast.

My brother, Ernest, 20 years my junior, a qualified electrical engineer by profession, studied classical piano during his youth and is now a bass guitarist in my trio. How did you make the 'piano' your life?

At age of 14 at the Goan High School, Mombasa, I was the pianist around whom Mr Neves Pereira (school teacher) built an orchestra of 10 guitars, 10 mouth-

organists, one drummer and one bassist. I also played my Dad's saxophone in the school's brass band.

At concerts in Mombasa I also recall playing Frederic Chopin's 'Minute Waltz' and famous Beethoven sonatas on the piano.

When I turned 19, I was a student at the Coast Teachers Training College when I joined my Dad (on drums). He had been given a couple of LPs of the famous British pianist, Charlie Kunz, who played music for ballroom dancing and to which I listened to and played in his style. We performed as a duo on two nights of the week at the popular Rendezvous Restaurant in town, and occasionally at 'Blue Marlin' hotel in Malindi. Dad and I also accompanied Christmas pantomimes at the popular Little Theatre Club.

### **Who are the musicians you remember from the old days?**

In 1957, I qualified as a primary school teacher and my first band was a trio with Tony Fernandes (double bass) and Gulu Moosa (drums). We played over the weekends at the Mzungu (white) owned First & the Last Inn in Kwa Jomvu, a few miles north of Mombasa.

I then formed a freelance dance band with Tony, Gulu, and a talented sax player, Joe Ngala -- all of us were into full-time day jobs! We became the most popular band in town, performing at weekends at the private clubs here, hotels in Malindi, and once in Nairobi at the Goan Institute.

After Ngala left to start his own band, Philip Mascarenhas (trumpet), joined me and we became very popular doing Herp Alpert's (trumpet) famous hits. At that time there was another band led by Raul (Da Costa), a fine saxophone player. Then were the Shiftars, who played covers of The Shadows and were led by Benny Mascarenhas (guitar), Philip's brother. They were a big hit with a younger audience. At that time there was also a young Goan singer by the name of Henry Braganza who was making waves in Nairobi singing in the style of Jim Reeves. In the early 1960s, I did a concert at the Goan Institute, Mombasa, with Kenya's very own singing star, Sal Davis, on his return from the UK. This was followed by a concert with Sal in Zanzibar (with a Goan drummer and bassist from Zanzibar) where Sal was stationed. I particularly recall this show because I wound up playing a double bass! When Sal was requested to sing 'Fever' by the full house and the bass player did not know it, Sal to my surprise and shock, announced that I was also a fine bass player! Of course, I had no choice but oblige as the bass player had already disappeared into the wings. Sal later moved to Mombasa and did cabaret stints with my trio at the Mvita Grill. He sang in the style of Ray Charles and also had a fine sense of humour with his rib tickling jokes he told the audience.

**What bands did you play with/ who was the greatest player for each instrument?**

Jazz was very popular in Mombasa in the 1960s and I recall jamming with other groups in town, usually African musicians who were into jazz. With the overseas tourist boom here at the coast, jazz sadly took a dive as the musicians got jobs at the beach hotels springing up everywhere, performing a more popular type of music to please the many European clients.

Whenever I went to Nairobi I usually jammed with an excellent jazz group performing at The Ambassador. They were: Olavo Vaz (leader on sax and clarinet), Auggie Alvarez (trumpet), Reggie Dias (string bass), Mario (DeSouza?) (drums) and a Ceylonese pianist/band leader called Cecil. Both Olavo and Auggie were exceptionally gifted jazz musicians and were the star attractions at the Ambassador. It was Olavo's exciting jazz sax playing that had a great influence on me and got me hooked on jazz. Not long after his stint at the Ambassador, he left for England, got his Masters in Music and made a great name in the UK as a fine jazz saxophonist and a teacher in London. Unfortunately I never managed to make contact with him again during his hey days in London, and I heard he sadly passed away a couple of years ago.

**When did you make music your profession?**

In 1970, I quit teaching as the invitations from hotels to perform there were too attractive to ignore! I soon became the resident pianist/band leader (photo attached below) at the prestigious Oceanic Hotel owned by Aziz Kassim Lakha. I performed both on the grand acoustic piano of the hotel for listening pleasure of diners, and on an electronic keyboard for the dancers. The bassist was Ahmed Jonjo and the drummer was Adam.

Karl Ruedin, the Swiss owner and director of African Safari Club Hotels, had heard of our success and in 1971 my trio (with Joe Nazareth on drums and Ahmed Jonjo on double bass) joined the ASC group, performing at 3 hotels here and at the Watamu Beach Hotel near Malindi. We had hit popularity amongst the locals at the Oceanic, and now with the Swiss tourists.

We were the very first Kenyan band sponsored by the ASC to perform annually on promotional tours in Zurich, Basel, and Berne (Switzerland).

**What about the Mvita Grill?**

In 1975, at the invitation from Yehuda Paldi, General Manager, I became the resident pianist at the Nyali Beach Hotel managed by Jack and Tubby Block of Norfolk Hotel fame. I performed as solo pianist at the popular Gourmet Grill of the hotel, and in 1981, I brought in Joe and Jonjo who had worked with me at the Oceanic Hotel, and we entertained diners at the newly opened Mvita Grill.

The hotel mainly attracted British and European tourists and became one of the most prestigious hotels in Kenya. The hotel often had guest artists from abroad, international singing stars like Peter Brent, Julie Felix, and others. At the same time I joined the Coast Academy as Music Teacher.

In the 1990s, my trio now with Eluid Jorjo (drums) and Jonjo (double bass) (photo attached below) became a big hit and received praises from all the overseas clientele. We also performed the song hits of the famous Louis Armstrong as Jorjo did a superb imitation of Satchmo. We were invited by Lady Groag (owner of the famous Stagecoach company) to perform on New Year's Eve 1999, the millennium, at her castle in Scotland which we most unfortunately couldn't oblige as being the millennium we were required to entertain a full house here at the Nyali Beach Hotel.

### **What about singing?**

Never took a singing lesson, but both my parents were good singers. When I formed a dance band which required songs by Englebert, Tom Jones, Cliff Richard, etc, besides playing the piano I decided to sing the popular songs made famous by these stars – and I reckon this had an impact on our popularity as a band.

### **Why did you retire?**

Retirement was forced upon me in 2012. A hotel in receivership for 7 years finally did it! Here I was playing as well as I did at any time of my life, my mind was active, my fingers still nimble over the keys, and my trio could still wow an audience. It was the overseas tourist that was the mainstay of the Mvita Grill and the many beach hotels. The death of overseas tourism here at the coast resulted in the loss of jobs by hundreds of hotel workers and entertainers. In short, I had lost my market!

I retired after 37 years as resident pianist and bandleader at Nyali Beach Hotel, a total of 57 years in the music business.

### **What do you attribute your longevity in Music?**

I attribute my longevity in Music to an extensive and ever-changing repertoire of songs, but mainly to performing every piece of music with 'feeling'. I believe that Music is what feelings sound like, and people listening to music are as affected as the performer. Whilst at the Mvita Grill, as much as persons motivated to do their thing on the dance floor, I had diners sometimes moved to tears by a tune I played – as with a British couple to my rendition of 'Send in the Clowns', and a lady listening to 'Wind beneath my wings'.

### **What exactly was your music repertoire at the Mvita Grill?**

Famous musicals (e.g. Phantom of the Opera, Les Mis, Westside Story, My Fair Lady, South Pacific, Fiddler on the Roof, etc), Popular Evergreens of long ago (As time goes by, Unforgettable, Wonderful World, Over the rainbow, etc), Pop hits (by Celine Dion, Stevie Wonder, Michael Jackson, the Beatles, the Carpenters, etc), Folk Songs of Ireland,

England, Scotland, and other countries, Bollywood hits (Kal Ho Na Ho, Main Hoon Na, Om Shanti Om, Kabie Alvida), Famous Kiswahili songs (Malaika, Jambo Bwana, Mama Sofia, etc), Song Hits from famous cartoons (Jungle Book, Beauty and the Beast, Lion King), Popular jazz hits (Take 5, Take the A train, Summertime, Rondo ala Turk) and Latin American music.

It was this wide selection of music to appeal to all ages and to all tastes that really made the difference and made us one of the most popular bands in the country.

### **What about Jazz?**

Jazz is a passion with me!

It's a great form of music for it gives the performer 'freedom' for self-expression. 'Improvisation' is the vital ingredient, like spices are to Indian curries, and pasta to Italian cooking! Improvising takes you into a form of 'instantaneous composition', allows for individuality and originality in one's performance.

Never took a lesson in Jazz; my teachers were the LPs of famous jazz pianists like Oscar Peterson, Erroll Garner, Bill Evans, Herbie Hancock and others.

In 1965, whilst at the Dartington College of Music in England on a British Commonwealth Music Scholarship, I formed a college jazz quartet and we performed on Friday nights at "The Cellar" of the college. We also performed in 1966 at a Jazz Festival in Devon that featured some of the top British jazz groups at the time.

### **Did your band do any concerts besides just performing at the Mvita Grill?**

Yes. In 1995 I did a jazz concert at the Mvita Grill in aid of the Ziواني School for the Deaf with my trio, Jorjo (drums) and Jonjo (bass). It also featured my children, Mark on synthesizer, and Michelle (vocals). It was a huge success and well attended.

After retirement in 2012 I did a Jazz Concert at La Veranda Restaurant in Nyali. Besides my trio (with my brother Ernest on bass guitar and Jorjo on drums) performing famous jazz hits it also featured Jim Horne, an American Baptist

pastor and fine jazz singer. The show was a huge success and Jim excelled in his rendition of the famous Michael Buble songs.

### **What was the greatest moment of your musical career?**

In 1995 I was sponsored to go to Switzerland by an elderly lady, Daria Impallomeni, to record a jazz CD – a tribute to her late husband, G Impallomeni, a well-known Swiss bandleader and composer. I wrote the arrangements for piano, bass and drums. The bassist was the great (and late), James Woode, ex-Duke Ellington Orchestra. Jimmy's bass playing was inspirational!

Some of the jazz legends with whom Jimmy had worked with read like a 'Who's Who' in the world of Jazz: Miles Davis, Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, Lionel Hampton and the great Duke Ellington! The drummer was a very talented young Czech called David Elias. I was in elite company! Jimmy praised me as an above average jazz piano player – that coming from a famous American jazz musician was 'music in my ears!'

Performing with Jimmy Woode was indeed the highlight of my music career!

Sadly the two other producers with Mrs Impallomeni fell out because they said that the CD was a tribute to G Impallomeni but it only had five of his compositions! There were three of my compositions and the other four were famous jazz standards. The CD never materialized, to my knowledge.

### **What about your family?**

In 1966, on being appointed Music-in-Charge of all primary schools at the coast, I called on the Municipal Education Office and it was there I met Hasu who was the personal secretary to the MEO. I learned that she too had just returned from college in the UK having done a course in administration. I needed copies of song scripts for the classes I held for the teachers, and she readily agreed to do them for me. Fortunately the need for new songs increased, which meant more visits to the MEO's office! And that's how it all began!

Both our children, Mark and Michelle, are very musical having achieved distinctions in all their piano exams at the Royal Schools of Music, London. Mark has this phenomenal of 'perfect pitch' in music, and Michelle is a fine singer. She was the star of a charity concert I did in 1995 when she was just 14. Mark is a corporate lawyer and Michelle is a consultant pharmacist, both work in London. Your jazz CD, 'Just for you.'

On my retirement In 2012 ,I did a jazz CD titled 'Just for you' which was recorded at Kelele Records, a recording studio in Mombasa run by a German,



Peter Gessler, with Ernest (bass guitar), Eluid Jorjo (drums), Michelle (vocals), and Mark (synthesizer). All the music arrangements were done by me!

**Now retired, what are your thoughts about your life in Music?**

I cannot express in words the wonderful feeling I experienced and continue to experience by playing the piano. Not forgetting the excitement brought about by playing with other fine musicians and the rapport that me and my trio had with audiences. It's just indescribable! Looking back on my life, I thank God for blessing me with this wonderful gift called Music. I'm also grateful that my parents were so musical for it's their genes I inherited, and for getting me on piano lessons at an early age with the two wonderful piano teachers mentioned in my story. My grateful thanks to my wife and kids for their support, for being behind me all the way. And getting into this exciting and scintillating music called Jazz furthered my love for music to an incredible high!

# Julian Costa Silva

A pioneer Goan Musician

BY MONA DIAS (NEE SILVA)



*Julian Costa Silva who was born* on October 6, 1892 in the south Goa village Betalbatim was an extraordinary Goan musician and pioneer. He was perhaps the first Goan to write songs in Swahili which were sung by Goans, especially children, backed by Goan musicians at concerts and any musical opportunities that presented. This was at a time when most people frowned upon engaging socially with Africans. The Swahili was not the classic coastal version

*The Silva children*



but what most people called “kitchen Swahili.”

He was utterly dedicated to teaching young Goans music, especially the playing of the Goan “national” instrument, the humble yet venerable violin.

He raised funds, penny by penny, to build a Goan club and a Goan school.

He was so busy with work and music he married rather late.

However, the Mombasa Goan community ignored his pioneering efforts until 2001 when Franklyn Pereira, the Mombasa Institute President and chair of the Centenary committee, acknowledged the huge contribution made by Julian Costa Silva to the Mombasa Institute and the Goan community for several decades.

My father lost his father when he was just three years old. It was a struggle for his mother and sister; hence he had to leave school early to support them. Around 1912-1918 he sailed across the Arabian Sea/Indian Ocean in a dhow to Mombasa, Kenya, to seek work at a time when the British were opening up East Africa. In those days, it was a miracle if one landed safely across the waters. The more than a month-long voyage was treacherous and passengers slept on the open deck with limited food rations, so the family back home in Goa when farewelling them, never knew if they would ever see or hear from their loved ones again.

In the early 1900s he worked as a Clerk/Accountant in a number of private and government shipping companies, but mostly in the Railways & Harbours under the British Government, until he retired in 1956.

During those early years in Mombasa he played the violin and with a small group of other Goan musicians, who met at the Old Mombasa Port near the Fort Jesus, for Penny Readings. After each of these gatherings, a hat was passed around to collect funds for the first Goan Club. The Liwali Sir Ali Bin Salim, the Arab ruler of the Coast, donated land to the Goan community on which the Mombasa Goan Institute was eventually built. Dad was so passionate about nurturing young musicians that he tutored them for free in playing the violin. He also sponsored a number of relatives to Kenya and assisted them in seeking work.

In 1931, Dad and A.C. Pereira jointly produced the first Goan Konkani Concert in Mombasa, with the funds going towards the Goan Institute, as well as for the Goan School – the latter school was also built on land donated by the Liwali and the foundation stone for its construction was laid on August 14, 1932. Following this Dad composed, produced and directed dozens of Swahili and Konkani songs, plays and English/Konkani skits over the years.

He married at a late age as he was so ‘wrapped’ up in his music and, with much coaxing from his mother; he married Mary Rodrigues in 1932. His close friend and orchestra drummer: the late Joe Sequeira, whom he took under his wing as a young naïve man, was his Best Man. Mary was born in Entebbe, Uganda to Sebastian and Maria Rodrigues who were well known and had established a business in Uganda in the 1900s. They hailed from the village of Lotulim, Salcete, Goa. Her parents passed away when she was young and as such, she and her three sisters were then sent to the Convent School in Belgaum, India by her uncle Milo Rodrigues.

Despite the tradition of an arranged marriage and the huge age difference, they were both close and had seven children: Juvy, twins Bonny & Joel, Martha, late Mina, Melba and Mona. The three girls: Martha, Mina and Melba were born

during the Second World war in a "godown" (sic warehouse), near the main Post Office as the hospitals were taken over by the British Army and Navy. Mona was born at the end of World War II in a maternity hospital not far from the Railway Quarters and was brought home in a horse-drawn rickshaw!

We lived in the Landi (sic Railway Quarters) for almost 15 years, until Dad retired in 1956. It was a long road of terraced houses – four to a block with a grassy space between, where the young men played football, "gili danda" (a wooden bat & a pointed-whistle stick), Rounders (a little similar to baseball) and, of course, competitive marble games between the girls and boys!!!

As the World War II intensified, the British evacuated the women and children to Uplands, Central Kenya for safety. On a second occasion Mum was not able to take the children up north, as some of us had contracted measles and to prevent an epidemic on the 'cattle truck' trains, they remained on the island of Mombasa. Times were very hard for all and food was rationed. On many occasions we children would sit around Mum on her huge 4-poster bed listening to the war stories and thought it quite exciting when she told us how she had to quickly gather us to the safety of the air raid trenches as soon as the war sirens sounded, with the Germans planes circling above – much to her anxiety!!

Besides his love of music, his hobbies were carpentry, gardening, stamp collecting, poultry keeping, grafting roses and walking. He often won the seniors' walking race at the Goan Institute Sports Day and refused to own a car or catch a bus wherever he went! He also had a love of dogs and we always had one all our lives.

There was constant music in the house as most of the family members could play an instrument, be it the violin, drums, guitar, piano or ukulele and we would have regular sing-a-longs... Juvy, the eldest played in a band headed by Abel Correa for a number of years. Martha, Mina & Melba sang periodically at weddings and Mona the youngest followed suit when she migrated to UK and Australia.

The community spirit and neighbourliness in the Railway Quarters where we lived, (not far from the Star of the Sea School), was unsurpassed. Each year we would have a Christmas party on the grassy area in front of one block of the Quarters. The tall Christmas Tree (casuarina) was "nicked" by the Railway Quarters neighbourhood teenage boys at night from the European (white) areas near the Lighthouse sea front and carried all the way back, with the African "askaris" (security men) in hot pursuit!! This tree remained, though dead, in the ground until April and almost every evening the adolescent boys and girls would sit around it in the moonlight after dinner chatting away, until we were hauled back indoors by our parents to sleep!!



*The Silva girls*

In the early years, almost every Goan child attended the Star of the Sea Convent School, which was considered then the best on the island; it was run by the White Sisters of Africa and had a dedicated team of English/Irish Nuns and teachers. Admission preference was given to the Catholic families, then Indians and Arabs. Later in the mid-fifties the boys at the age of 10+ were sent to the Goan School in Ganjoni and only girls were taught at the Star.

Dad rode a bicycle to work at the Mombasa Kilindini Port each day, as did the 3 brothers, so I learnt to ride one at an early age. Juvy, the eldest was the “king-pin” of the Quarters – he had a ‘racing fixed-wheel bicycle’ – equivalent to the “Ferrari” of that time and the envy of many a boy, though they came to watch him clean/service his cycle with loving care each week. The neighbourhood boys and girls looked up to him as being an avid reader, he was very knowledgeable and he imparted interesting information on worldly matters and film/photography to them. During those days, he taught many of these boys to ballroom dance

and we girls (including my sisters/self) partnered them. Those were the happy days!!

Dad worked tirelessly with his own orchestra and despite the hardships of bringing up 7 children, he continued to play free for many years raising funds for the Mombasa Goan Institute, as well as the first Goan School. He would retreat to the solitude of the Fort Jesus jetty area to write his music and I accompanied him as a child on many occasions. He frequented the Goan Institute and once a month I went with him to borrow magazines or books from the Library which had a varied collection.

Since the Goan School was a private school and not government funded initially, he continued with his Penny Readings to raise funds towards the salaries of the teachers. His dedication to the school and resourcefulness continued thorough his life. In 1948, a variety concert was held by the Goan School with the pupils performing "Taming the Shrew". He specially wrote a Swahili song sung by his three sons as part of that performance. In the early 1950s, we seven children frequently performed in his shows, but he was a perfectionist when directing others to perform at his concerts. Dad stitched most of our costumes and when performing the Swahili songs, we were expected to 'blacken' our skins – he would burn cork and this was rubbed on to our face, arms and legs. It was an arduous task each night after the performance to wash this off at home late at night!

His "standing ovation"/signature Swahili songs at the Mombasa Goan Institute were:

\*Mimi Ayah Mutu Muguani – performed by Mrs M. Homem.

\*Toto Juliani – Fukuzu: Sisi na soma Goan School - by Juvy, Bonny & Joel Da Silva.

\*Maskini - performed by the Silva family.

And many more, performed by his close friend late Anselm Dias and others.

His favourite English songs were: Harbour Lights, Tzena, Tzena, Ramona and The Loveliest Night of the Year – though he did not write these.

On the 12th February 1955, he held an Extraordinary Concert for the Goan High School Building Fund, in the School compound, with the assistance of Mrs. H. Homem, Anselm Dias and many others.

Although retired from the Railways in 1956, he continued to write many Swahili songs, interspersed with some Konkani and English plays until 1959. On his retirement in 1956 he took the family for the first time to see Goa for several months.

He was considered the 'Patriarch' of our local relatives and each year they would always visit to pay their respects to him on his Birthday. In addition to this, other relatives from Nairobi would come down to the Coast to stay with us for their annual 'mundance' for the benefits of the seawater, bearing gifts in a large trunk of brawn, ham, Upland sausages, pork and such luxuries not readily available or affordable in Mombasa. In reciprocation, we would give them: mangoes, halva, chickoos, papettas, tender coconuts and other tropical fruits.

In late 1969, after most of the family members had married, Dad and Mum returned to Goa for good, but he died in 1974, following the death of his beloved wife Mary in 1972, leaving behind his 7 children and many grand and great grandchildren, most of whom then migrated to the UK, following the expulsion of the Uganda Asians and the new post-independence immigration laws in Kenya. In 2001 the Mombasa Goan Institute celebrated its Centenary and folk from all over the world attended. It was one of the best events I attended and meticulously organised. Julian Costa Silva who was born on October 6, 1892 in the south Goa village Betalbatim was an extraordinary Goan musician and pioneer. He was perhaps the first Goan to write songs in Swahili which were sung by Goans, especially children, backed by Goan musicians at concerts and any musical opportunities that presented. This was at a time when most people frowned upon engaging socially with Africans. The Swahili was not the classic coastal version but what most people called "kitchen Swahili."

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Africa. In those days, it was a miracle if one landed safely across the waters. The more than a month-long voyage was treacherous and passengers slept on the open deck with limited food rations, so the family back home in Goa when farewelling them, never knew if they would ever see or hear from their loved ones again.

In the early 1900s he worked as a Clerk/Accountant in a number of private and government shipping companies, but mostly in the Railways & Harbours under the British Government, until he retired in 1956.

During those early years in Mombasa he played the violin and with a small group of other Goan musicians, who met at the Old Mombasa Port near the Fort Jesus, for Penny Readings. After each of these gatherings, a hat was passed around to collect funds for the first Goan Club. The Liwali Sir Ali Bin Salim, the Arab ruler of the Coast, donated land to the Goan community on which the Mombasa Goan Institute was eventually built. Dad was so passionate about nurturing young musicians that he tutored them for free in playing the violin. He also sponsored a number of relatives to Kenya and assisted them in seeking work.

# Max De Souza

*The man, who once jammed* with the great Count Basie and his orchestra, met the likes of Paul McCartney, Michael Jackson, Diana Ross, Eric Clapton and many, many of the greatest stars on the international superstar sky, tells his story.

**Upright bass – Electric Upright Bass – Accordion - Electric -- Guitar and Vocal**

## **Where did you learn to play?**

My dad (Moirá, Bardez, Goa) gave me the love of music. My earliest memories of him are of him playing the violin each evening. I sat there completely mesmerized. I watched and listened intently as he made the violin speak and sing in the sweetest sounds. It was particularly special because it was in the quiet of the Nairobi evening... almost magical. Later he would pick up the guitar and sing his favourite song: Forever and Ever My heart will be true (Margaret Whiting, in 1949). He was a great fan of the old big bands and told me their songs would never die.

Today, I still have his precious violin and I can almost see and hear him playing when I open the case. Dad told me: "Close your eyes and listen to the song. Learn your instrument, make it your own and perform through your heart." Those words still hold true for me to this day.

## **What inspired you ... what musicians, Goans and international?**

Naturally, music was a great influence in my life while I was growing up. Music was a great influence in my life. We lived in Nairobi South C and went to school at Dr Ribeiro's Goan School in Parklands, a couple of bus rides away.

My dad bought me a Hohner 120 bass piano accordion. As soon as I learnt to master it a bit, I met Raymond De Mello, who played some drums and the melodica and Denzel Moraes, a guitarist. We decided to get together and practise for an important "Carnival" during February. It is celebrated with great gusto, colourful costumes, dancing and lots of music in Goa. It is a bit like Halloween, except groups of kids would go house to house singing and playing



*Max De Souza  
with his family.*

their instruments in even. Masks and costumes were a must. We had a great time and got paid with loose change and candy. I remember carrying this 120 bass Hohner accordion on my back, Raymond playing the melodica and Denzel playing the guitar. Happy times. Of course, we played more songs at the homes of pretty girls.

I will always treasure my dad's violin. My very first guitar and start of my musical career was really born with a walk from Nairobi West to South C (three or four kilometres) to the home my friend Ken Pimenta. I asked him if I could trace his Egmond Electric guitar (the body and the neck) on a newspaper. I then went to a carpenter shop in South B where a kind Sikh took the tracing and routed the body and neck for 10 shillings. It then took me two months to carve the side of the body and the neck. I cut the heads and ends of nails and used the remaining pieces as frets on the neck and the tuning pegs were from an old acoustic guitar. I bought the single pick-up from Assanands. The strings were from the same acoustic guitar and lo and behold history was born. I used this as a bass guitar at my first gig with the first band "The Hurricanes" with Ronny Victor on guitar, Lawrence Fernandes on lead guitar, me on bass and a drummer whose name I forget. It did the job as I could not afford much at that time. At the age of 18, I bought my very first Eko Bass.

### **The Hurricanes**

In the 1960s, the music scene in Nairobi was strongly influenced by the British rock bands and it was not long before I joined good friends Ronny Victor (rhythm guitar) Lawrence Fernandes (lead guitar) and Chand, the only left handed drummer in Kenya. We called ourselves "The Hurricanes".

I was 16 at the time and there was not much money at the time and sometimes I would walk home to save the bus fare towards my first guitar.

Arun from Assanands Music Store in Nairobi was gracious to put away my first Eko Bass guitar until I was able to fully pay for full amount. We played a lot of rock n roll at the Goans club: Goan Institute, Railway Goan Institute and there Goan Gymkhana. There were a lot of great bands as you will learn.

I then went on to play with great big band musicians and was gradually mentored into Jazz by: Joachim Fernandes (sax), Joachim Furtado (sax), Valentine (guitar), Philip De Souza (guitar), Auggie Alvarez (sax and trumpet), Leo Rodrigues (drums) Anthony Coutinho "Cooty" (sax, bandleader of "Cooty and the Supersonics"), Amigos, the New Avenue Hotel resident Band: Keith on piano (South Africa) Angelino (sax, Italy) – Enrico (guitar, Italy) and George (drums, South Africa), The Stringbeats, and other big bands at that time. Nairobi was alive with the sound of these big bands virtually every week or second week

and loved listening to them and watching the dancers going round the round the dance floor enjoying the different dance tempos Waltz, Fox Trot, Tango, Mambo and slow songs. Dancers and Bands were in sync and applauded after each song the band played. Music didn't start until 9pm and went on till the early hours of the morning. I had many a conversation with band members during their breaks or at the end of the evening, making good friends and being inspired later during their rehearsals.

Oh, and there were no booze buses!

I started working at the New Avenue as a hotel receptionist. In the evening, I would play with the resident band in the hotel's Grill Room. It was at the Avenue that I took my first steps in the world of professional musicians and was mentored by the musicians already mentioned, mainly from South Africa, long before Kenya gained independence in 1963. Playing with these pros, I got the chance to back some international artistes. The guys in the band urged me to learn to read music as this was vital in the professional world as most international artists just hand in their music sheets and they may or may not have a rehearsal.

However, at the band's rehearsals the discipline, dedication and commitment contributed to each night's 100% performance. I brought on my good friend Philip De Souza on guitar and later Terence Pinto on organ for a few months to the Avenue. I enjoyed four years performing 6-days-a-week with these wonderful great musicians who I still keep in touch having moved to different parts of the world.

The late Anthony Coutinho ("Cooty") was my greatest inspiration in dance band music. He took me under his wing and mentored me in his band "Cooty & the Supersonics". He coached me on what it takes to be a band leader: the time and patience for rehearsals, song selections, discipline and managing musicians including marketing, provided me with a wealth of knowledge. We performed at several big events and big clubs, Nairobi, Nakuru, and Eldoret and all the way to Uganda and every event was sold out. All of seven of us travelled in his Peugeot 504 station wagon with all the equipment loaded on the roof-rack. His musicians (some of whom I still keep in touch with) Paul De Souza (drums), Neville De Souza (Guitar), Philip De Souza (Guitar), and Joseph Raposa (vocals) It was not such a long time ago that I played alongside "Cooty" in Canada. Rest in peace with the great bands in Heaven.

### **The Canadian experience**

Soon after migrating to Canada in 1973, I played with several good bands: Mystics (friends from Bombay) Lester Rodrigues (guitar), Dennis Davids (piano) and Ken Fialho (drums) for three years. The band was very popular within the

Can-Orient circle and GOA Toronto. I then formed a band with my brother-in-law: Roy Rattos (guitar/vocals) Percy Gomes (drums), Steve Alvarez (sax) (one of the truly great musicians from Kenya), and Peter Grimmer (guitar). The band was called "Blytz".

We had a great run, playing all over the place for four years... The band did everything from 70s classic rock to Dance music and kept the crowd on the floor. Great memories. Working during the day in major systems operations and project management had its challenges but music kept me sane. I have performed with more than 50 bands in Canada, playing classic rock, 50s and 60s show bands, Latin, Jazz, Country, Celtic and I still enjoy them all.

### **What is your favourite instrument?**

Though I owned several instruments through the years, my favourites are Eko Beatle Bass (owned since 1969), Steinberger CRM4 Electric Upright Bass, Steinberger XL Bass and Musicman Stingray Fretless.

### **What is your favourite music, why?**

My favourite music is songs from the Great American Song Book. Songs by Frank Sinatra, Tony Bennett. Louis Armstrong, Nat King Cole, Bing Crosby, Bobby Darrin and many others from the 50s and 60s as well the Motown soul sounds by The Temptations, Stylistics, Platters and many more

### **What are your fondest memories?**

Growing up in Nairobi and performing with our Goan musicians each has a special memory through the photographs and times together on and off stage. Working at EMI/HMV Records in London England for three years provided me the opportunity to meet personally with likes of John Lennon, Ringo Starr, George Harrison, Eric Clapton, Jimi Hendrix, Mama and the Papas, Pink Floyd, The Free, Led Zeppelin, Diana Ross and the Supremes, Jimmy Cliff, Jackson 5, Ry Cooder, Cliff Richard and the Shadows, Shirley Bassey, Al Martino and many many others informally, back stage, working with them on albums (track summary), publishers, radio stations, festivals and shows. When I visited them at their homes to review the album in the evening, it was a surprise and interesting to see who walked and shared in the conversation. I would land up playing an instrument and a few chords with them or enjoying that informal musical jam. Interesting to share in a conversation on an upcoming song or what made them write or review a song presented to them by another artist. Seeing musicians that don't perform together just sit down and play was incredible yet memorable. There was nobody in that room that had a recorder or even attempted to interrupt that moment in time. It was just friends getting together informally enjoying time together. Many a story about their day to day world would go around and they would be like normal people. Memories at Abbey Road studios, where heated

discussions during recordings and views, exchanges or disagreements would lead to a complete stop. I never imagined that these are artists that I would meet these artists who we worshiped and listened to in Kenya. I experienced a world of Music and memories never imagined would happen. To understand the lives of the Beatles watch the movie "Let It Be" where you will experience their lives in the Abbey Road Recording Studio. This will give you a unique feel of their musicianship, highs and lows and great talented musicians they were. This was one of the times I watch them record at Abbey Road Studio in London.

### **Best Gigs**

Performing with my good friends – The Hurricanes (we won 1st prize in the Teen Beat Completion) remember my good friend Cyprian Fernandes arranging this event with a number of bands performing. He was kind enough to loan us an amp for the event as we could not afford to buy one. I remember an English band that was very good with expensive instruments performing. Everyone was certain that they would take the first prize but due to their arrogance had one of their girlfriends sing which didn't go down to well and they lost.

The Hurricanes – My first introduction into the world of music during school with my good friends Ronnie Victor/Lawrence Fernandes/Chand and me on bass. Memories playing at the Zambezi Motel – Goan Clubs – small restaurants and private parties.

Our first outside Nairobi gig was at a small restaurant/bar outside Nakuru about 5 miles. We paid a taxi service RVP that took passengers from Nairobi to Nakuru every day to get there with all our instruments. Upon arrival we setup all our musical equipment ready to play for a sold out crowd of about 200 people from Nakuru that night. At the end of the evening the bar refused to pay us and all the people had left. We had nobody and could not use the telephone to call our parents, these were mean people. We were not allowed to stay but leave our equipment to be picked up the next day. Being only around 18 years old and no means of transportation at 3 am in the morning decided to walk the 5 or more miles to Nakuru. Walking on the railway tracks and the only light was the moon, seeing eyes from animals in the night looking at us through the tall grass it was incredibly frightening. A car came by and stopped across the road and we were about to call out but stopped when we saw 3 Africans come out of the car with machetes. We quickly sat low in the tall grass as they were looking for us. We sat there in the grass for it seems eternity when they left. We continued to walk through the night, always looking out for wild animals as the eyes kept on following us. We got to Nakuru town at around 6am and walked into one of the band member's homes tired, cold and hungry. We told them what happened and unknown to us being young and stupid found out that the tracks ran through a Game Reserve which had lions, leopards and other animals. Through the grace

of god they said you survived. – Lesson learnt – don't take gigs from people that you don't know.

The other gig was at Zambezi Motel outside Nairobi on the way to the Rift Valley. It was a beautiful place and we played there and they provided accommodation and food for the night. We played there for almost 6 months until one weekend when being young again decided to stay home and let the driver know that we are sick. This did not go down well especially when you are letting the event owner down on day of performance. We all wanted to watch a very popular TV program called “Bonanza”. My parents asked me why were we not playing that night and I said we got the day off and another band was there. The doorbell rang at around 7pm and the lady who owned Zambezi Motel was at the door. My dad answered the door and she said Mr. De Souza your son and his band are to be performing at the Zambezi Motel and I have the house full so she came to see why did we sent the driver back saying we were sick. She was here to pick us up with all the other band members in the van outside. My dad looked at me and shook his head, yelled and said to get dressed right now, take all your equipment and leave. As I went down all the other band members were with their heads down, in the van. We played the last night there and was told never ever lie again. Lesson learnt – Honour your commitment and be respectful as musicians

Embarrassing Gig - We were booked for a Corporate Christmas Party and again I worked for the company so they provided us with transportation for all our equipment. Two band members at the age again of 18 or so had never ever had hard liquor. After the first set, they both disappeared to the bar without me knowing and as we started the second set, something was wrong. The Lead guitar player was falling down on his guitar while playing so we stopped. I smelt liquor on his breath and asked how much had he drank. He had taken almost 4 shots of whisky so we tried to sober him with coffee. That didn't work as he was totally intoxicated. Now thinking that the rest of the band was ok and we could carry on the rhythm guitarist started to slow down during the second set. I found that he also had a couple of drinks and also was in no condition to play. This was totally embarrassing as we no longer can continue so had to stop, have someone to get a record player and play songs through the night. Needless to say I had to go through the embarrassing next day at work with all the Company and was lucky not to get fired. The band members were told off about the incident and it at a time when they were young and didn't know any better.

New Avenue Hotel Resident Band – Performing with great musicians from South Africa/Italy/England and South Africa.

Cooty & the Supersonics – Performing with this band gave me the experience in the world of larger bands and venues including travel to Uganda and other parts



of Kenya. Wonderful experiences of sharing stories, going to rehearsals with my bass strapped to my back while riding my Vespa scooter. Every band member contributing their very best this made them one of the best bands in Nairobi and outlying areas.

The Blytz Classic Rock Band with Roy Rattos – Percy Gomes – Steve Alvarez – Peter Grimmer and guest Louis Pereira.

The Informal home get-togethers in London England with Professional Musicians, Meeting, Touring playing their instruments, show setups at big events, great conversations, friendships.

Performing with a show band here in Canada “Little Peter & The Elegant” 50’s 60’s do wap band. They performed all the songs that we had grown up through the 60’s from Elvis – Buddy Holly, Billy Haley and the Comets, Danny and the Juniors, The Monotones, The Marcel’s, Dion and the Belmont’s, The Platters, The Temptations and won the Mississauga Best 50’s 60’s Band trophy.

My most memorable time was when I was working at EDS Canada in systems and configuring the network between Roy Thomson Hall and Massy Hall. One evening when I was coming home and walked back stage “Joe Williams and The Count Basie Orchestra” were rehearsing. I stopped back stage and was watching the band and Joe Jackson’s wife came up to me and said “Cat you dig this music” and I said hell yes... this is what I love listening to... and my idol Joe Jackson and The Count Basie Band, It can’t get any better. She told me to stay and I did, as the band took a break she introduced me to all the band members including Joe Jackson and then he asked me if I played an instrument or just loved Jazz. I said I played upright bass and he told the band, hey cats this guy loves Jazz and plays the upright bass, get him up for a few songs during rehearsal. I almost fell down at that time and could not back out, so played “Satin Doll” – All of Me and Take the A Train with The Count Basie Band. What a thrill what a memory, what an experience and a complete memorable end of day. I wished and thanked them all and they bid me with a saying “Hey Cat remember it is all about Jazz” keep it alive.

Performing for the Ex-Prime Minister of Canada Hon Brian Mulroney for a special event. He came up and sang “When Irish Eyes are smiling” with our band Liquid Jazz Project.

Performing at the Burlington Centre of Arts for the Musical Arts CEO’s and dignitaries for a concert.

Today performing with my band – Liquid Jazz Project – Jonathan Rattos – Craig

Rattos - here in Toronto Canada. Every gig that we perform across US and Canada, - The songs that we perform bring back a memory in time to each and every one of our audience everywhere we perform. Our songs from Frank Sinatra - Tony Bennett - Louis Armstrong – Nat King Cole – Bobby Darrin – Bing Crosby and many others from the “Great American Song Book”. We are part of the CJRT 91.1 Jazz FM station musician family and also recognized by The Great American Song Book Internet Radio Station including being endorsed by Bose Systems US.

**My Band website [www.liquidjazzproject.com](http://www.liquidjazzproject.com)**

**Who do you play with ... describe them, their musical style, their special talents.**

I formed my band “Liquid Jazz Project” 7 years ago and perform with both my nephews – Jonathan Rattos 23 years old (keyboards) and Craig Rattos 25 years old (drums). Both my nephews are Humber College Grads and I am blessed to have them with me. I started Jonathan at the age of 17 years and our first performance was at a restaurant in Oakville (Pasquale Trattoria). He only knew 7 songs and my words to him were “use your ear and follow my bass lines and vocal melody” and the rest will come together naturally. Though he was stressed in the beginning, his ability to listen and capture the chords and songs were amazing, great talent. Here was my nephew who I used to hold in my arms at a very young age and now today with me on stage performing with me – tears and happiness together experiencing this wonderful gift of music. Jonathan is my right hand man, backbone and musical arranger for the band. His brother Craig Rattos (drums) joined a year later and again extremely talented and proud to have them both part of Liquid Jazz Project. His capability to play Jazz with a great feel and his smile through each performance captures the audience. He is gifted like his brother Jonathan and both are Music Teachers coached and tutored by Brian De Lima (professional musician in Canada). They both are now Music Teachers in Piano and Drums. Though they are young and started not knowing any of the artists from the Great American Song Book i.e. Frank Sinatra – Tony Bennett – Nat King Cole and many others, they both are extremely talented and capture that era with passion. Through my mentorship and coaching they both are very committed and each performance the audience is captivated with the sound and musicianship. We have Professional guest artist perform with us at different events some are very good friends of mine.

Craig and Jonathan are sons of Roy and Marilyn Rattos of Nairobi. They have their own band “The Chronicles Dub Trio” which captures the 70’s Dub Reggae influence. Members: Jonathan Rattos (Left Hand Bass, Keys/Organ, Melodica, Dub Controls) Alexei Orechin - Rhythm/Lead Guitar Craig Rattos – Drums. These musicians are very dedicated and committed to keep the era of Dub and Reggae alive and working very hard within the Greater Toronto Area. I am very proud

of their first CD "Reflections" has been doing extremely well played in Canada on Radio Stations Jazz FM 91.1 Toronto - Europe – England and across the globe – doing very well within the Reggae Dub Community. The Chronicles Dub Trio is an instrumental dub wise roots-rock reggae band that is based out of Toronto that truly believes in preserving the vintage-golden era of reggae; the 1970's sound. That being said, the Chronicles specialize in the Rockers era. December 2016 saw the release of their debut album 'Reflections', showcasing their compositions and explorative improvisations within the realm of dub.

**Website [www.chroniclesdubtrio.com](http://www.chroniclesdubtrio.com)**

I am very proud also of my son Carl De Souza a very accomplished Bass player like his father. I remember taking him to music stores with me at the age of 6 and him sitting by my which trying different basses and guitars. He amazes me with his style and confidence in playing bass in the music genre that he enjoys (R&B – Funk- Motown and Reggae). Carl has performs with name Professional artists at Music Festivals, Shows, Restaurants and Clubs across the Greater Toronto Area. We both enjoy music and though our playing styles are different him more on the R&B Funk Motown and me on the Classic Jazz genre, we share our experiences of types of basses and guitars including bass amps. We share till today one day a month time permits "Dad's Day" which we celebrate by going to all the music stores in Toronto looking at instruments, meeting our peer musicians, exchanging ideas and most time land up buying a bass or guitar. The great times between dad and son will always be there just like my father share with me many years ago. Carl my son website [www.soultones.ca](http://www.soultones.ca)

My daughter Lisa who is extremely talented and formed a company "Nzuri Wewe" you are beautiful in Swahili. She crafts bags, purses attire from used jeans. She hand makes each one and the company keeps with the tradition from Kenya. Check out her FB page.

**Who are your favourite musicians you played with and why, what makes them special.**

While working at EMI Records in London England during the 70's my job was to review each artist LP with them and find out which track would be the one that they liked best and what was it that they likes, i.e. Memory – or what make you write that song – what part did you like the best. – What is it that you think your fans would like to hear etc. This meant personally sitting down with an individual or band in a listening room or at home informally and summarize. This summary is what at the back of the LP cover and also used during the Radio show in interviews. Meeting with these artists either at Abbey Road Studios or at their homes was very interesting and memorable. You see the side of them like any other musicians, the fights, the discussions, the calm moments, the dedication and commitment, and love for music, their talent and most of all how they as

friends work together. At their homes, you never knew who else would show up i.e. would be it John Lennon, Paul McCartney, Mama and the Papas, Jim Hendrix, Eric Clapton or members of Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin or many others. They mingled and talked like very good friends, no arrogance just plain good folks. It was interesting when someone played a guitar and they all joined in singing. I sat in playing a guitar laughing and talking having a drink and just enjoying that moment in time. What a great time with these awesome talented musicians and my times with EMI – Electra – MCI – HMV will never ever be forgotten

**Just tell me the things that float in your mind when sit down and think back on your life.**

I think back of all the great times and musicians in Kenya that I have listened to, being mentored, performed with passion, entertained at Clubs (Goan Institute, the Railway Goan Institute and the Goan Gymkhana). How the people danced to the big band sounds and even the Sunday afternoon Hops that Rock & Roll Bands played. People and Musicians shared the passion of music and dancing together with wonderful memories of our people. We laughed and cried, celebrated together each moment in time. We were a community together all Goans and other cultures – Life was beautiful in Nairobi – we didn't have to rely on technology to keep us together just friendship and a smile. The Saturdays when you went to town and walked round and round meeting friends and the movies on Sunday's or going to an afternoon Hop at one of the clubs.

Today in tribute of those days my favourite song I perform is "What a Wonderful World by Louis Armstrong". It brings back many a happy memory to young and old till today.

**What were the early days like?**

Early days were peaceful – happy – lots of good friendships and family oriented. We enjoyed meeting everywhere, no phone calls to say we are coming over just being welcomed at any time. Musicians had a passion and we shared times together, learning from each other and lots of laughs and being happy. People were more family oriented which today we miss. The technology today has made us distant and times have changed though we must embrace change and understand that the younger generation has its own challenges.

Today at the age of 69, having retired from my real job (Sr Systems Project Manager) being thankful that Music is still a big part of my life. I spend my time still performing at many events during the course of the year. My frequent visits to favourite store, "Long & McQuade" Mississauga where I continue buying lots of my musical equipment, learning new products and enjoying talking to the store staff. They have become like second family to me, each one of them. We share many a laugh each time together, I help sell basses when am at the store, coach



*Max with his nephews ... Liquid Jazz.*

and mentor new young musicians, meet new musicians which all help keep me mentally young and happy. This store is like my friendly bar where everyone knows your name. We share a healthy daily dose of "Music".

I still continue performing with my band "Liquid Jazz Project" across Toronto and the US. I coach and mentor young musicians and encourage Older musicians to share their life story, the ups and downs of the musical industry, the marketing, the performance side, the roles and responsibilities of each musician. I keep busy also booking musicians for my good friends at a family restaurant "Marco Polo Restobar" here in Mississauga. I worked with them on a complete "Restaurant Entertainment Makeover" by reviewing their clientele and providing different genre of Musical Bands (Classic Rock/Classic Jazz/R&B Funk Motown/Country/Reggae/Brazilian Latin Spanish/Uruguayan South American & Irish Celtic music. This has proved to be a success as their Restaurant sales base has increased 90%. I am very proud of this achievement, and look forward taking on additional business.

To all my special Musician friends for providing the opportunity to be part of your lives and experience this wonderful Musical journey. Together we laughed,

cried, shared and tutored each other with no egos. We sat together exchanged ideas and just had a whole lot of fun while enjoying Music and performing for our community.

My special thanks to my wife Angela my son Carl and daughter Lisa and my precious granddaughter Mariah for providing me the opportunity to do what I love best Music during my lifetime. My brother in law Roy Rattos – Marilyn Rattos and their sons Ryan Craig Jonathan for keeping my Music dream alive with their gifted talented family. My family has been extremely patient in my buying of guitars and musical instruments during the last number of years, plus having to put up with the many weekend performances. Without their love and standing behind me through the years I would not have enjoyed the years of being a musician and father. My son Carl, daughter Lisa and my precious granddaughter Mariah each have a guitar that brings back a time during my musical career that will bring back fond memories. The best part of life is today being a grandfather and enjoying precious time with my granddaughter Mariah.

The great Nat King Cole said, it needs to be: “sweet, soft with plenty rhythm”. Musical Memories we will have and keep alive through time.

# The Bandits

*Not exactly the Bandits, but there's Jessel Mandricks and Joey Peters with George D'Souza and Swiss Grill's Mario on a special gig.*



## How it all started

**Percy Siqueira, bassist:** It all started when a bunch of guys namely Jessel, Joffre, Joe and myself started jamming with card box for drums and a string bass mounted on a box (the one string makeshift skiffle kind). Joe was the only one who played guitar before. Then Jessel's father, Joe Manricks, decided there was

something happening. So struggling to buy instruments we performed at the GI. We knew just a few songs. I remember one tequila (why one tequila?) Warren McMahon was the first singer we had. He was followed by Gilbert Lopez and Vincent Siqueira who made Elvis' Hound Dog an anthem because he started the song with a verse of Que Sera Sera ... I asked my mother: What will I be? Here's what she said to me (or words to that effect) ... followed by "You ain't nothing but a hound dog". Brilliant. It won the Bandits their biggest competition at the Patel Club, Nairobi.

Vincent was already an established singer a long time before that. He was in Mogadishu for a few years singing at a night club. Then things fell into place and we played almost as professionals. We all were still in school.

I remember we played for the opening of what was to be one most iconic musical haunts in Nairobi ... the Starlight Night Club. I think it was the Beatles that inspired me .I was almost kicked out of school but then they (teacher Jeanette Paes Fernandes) wanted to build a swimming pool so we asked to play to raise funds.

Vincent was a rebel and did things his way .He was a good dancer. I always wished I could do the moves he made... of course attracting all the girls. So that's how it went in a nutshell.

**Jessel Manricks:** The two guitarists, Joey and Joff, worked together, more like Lennon & McCartney. They worked every hour of the day, listening, blending and, most of all loving it, with a small Tusker beer for inspiration!!!! Joff was really the main man behind the Bandits. He was a brilliant Rhythm guitarist with a magnificent ear for finding complicated cords he mastered very quickly. The two of them bonded well to give the Bandits that special sound. Added to that was Percy's own unique style ... Wow! I was mad about jazz from a very early age, 14-15, taping BBC world services jazz shows, listening, copying drummers like Joe Morello, Art Blakey, Buddy Rich, Brian Bennet, Ringo and many others. Night after night, until my dad, totally fed up, drags me to Shankardass, the major music store in Nairobi and placed an order for a Broadway drum kit, I was in heaven, but I had to wait a whole year for it to arrive. Then it was bliss.

I must also pay a special tribute to the great drummer and friend Leo Rodrigues, who very often lent me his Zildjian cymbals at a drop of a hat. He is a true great friend and drummer who gave me great encouragement...

**Percy Sequeira:** Of course, The Shadows (Cliff Richard backing band) who were unique in their style and presentation were the biggest influence on the Bandits. We modelled ourselves on them and it paid off big time.



# George DeSouza

Have guitar, will rock

BY FRANCIS NORONHA



George DeSouza

*George DeSouza was an eight-year-old* in Dar es Salaam when his big sister Ivy bought him a 20 shilling (in 1954 that was nothing to be sniffed at, if you had a shilling in your pocket you were considered rich) box guitar. His sister could see that George was really interested in music and made



*George Quartet*

the big sacrifice.

From that moment on, George began the sometime tortuous journey, but always borne with great determination, of learning to play the instrument. "I was self-taught. I picked up some books from the library to help me learn. I listened to records and music on the radio to sharpen my ears to be able to pick up keys and chords quite easily."

Four years later George took up the bass guitar seriously. He preferred playing rhythm to lead but was comfortable with either. Inspired by the kings of Rock N Roll at the time: Elvis Presley and Bill Hayley and the Comets (the unforgettable signature song that launched Rock N Roll worldwide, Rock Around the Clock), George got together with a group of young musicians. Calling themselves The Blue Shadows, they played their debut gig at the Goan Institute in Dar es Salaam. George was just 13. "In those days playing music was frowned on by a very conservative community but I didn't care what people said," George recalls. "My passion was music and I knew what I wanted to do the rest of my life."

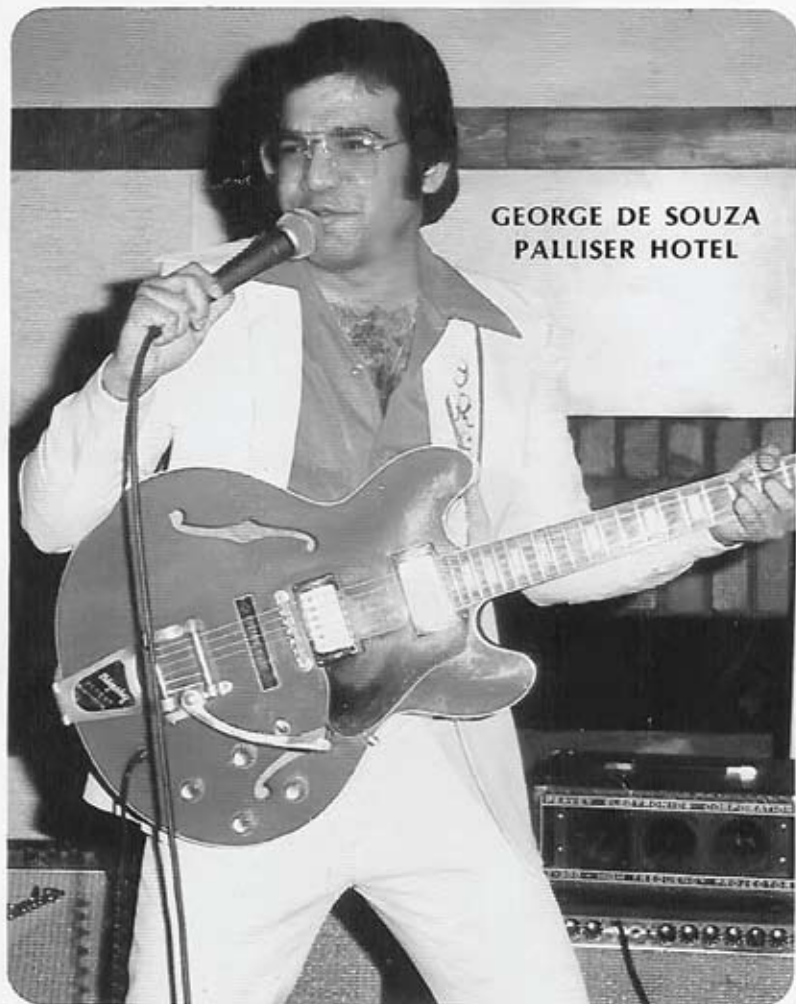
When he was 14, George realised that he was better than most of the bassists around and that he was also quite different from the traditional bassists and

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GEORGE DE SOUZA  
PALLISER HOTEL

musicians. For a time, he thought he needed some gimmicks to gain a reputation. He started playing the guitar with his teeth and even smashed a guitar on stage. "When I played in Zanzibar we blew the house down. That was the first time they had seen someone play guitar with his teeth."

It was not long before George realised that it was the music that mattered, not some cheap gimmicks. He also realised that if he was to survive as a musician, he needed to go it on his own and start his own band. The George DeSouza Quartet featured George as the lead guitar and singer, Anne Collette as singer/guitar, Lionel D'Mello on the bass, Leo Lion on rhythm and Johnny Rocks on drums. It was the resident group at Margot's Night Club, in demand at hotels and public events - and it became the first group to have its own weekly show on Radio Tanzania.

At 22, it appeared that George had it made in Dar es Salaam. But, new horizons beckoned. George wanted to be nearer to the idols that had drawn him to become a musician. The opportunity came unexpectedly. The Quartet was asked to play at a Canada Day celebration hosted by the Canadian Embassy on July 1, 1969. That was when George discovered that music was not the only burning flame in his heart. Dar's 24-year old Heartthrob was smitten by attractive 23-year old Daun Dickson, secretary for the Canadian Ambassador. Within a year they were married and, in 1971, George accompanied his young bride to her homestead in Warner, 280 km. south of Calgary.

George soon began his career as a one-man band at the Red Coach Lounge at the Marquis Hotel in nearby Lethbridge. Bookings in Calgary and Edmonton followed and an agent who heard him by chance offered him a booking in California. At first, Daun kept George company on his travels but when son Marq was born in 1972 and daughter Paige followed in 1975, it was clear that the family needed a permanent base for the sake of the children's education. They chose Lethbridge.

George's musical odyssey in the early years took him first to Beverley Hills in Los Angeles, then on to Nashville and Florida. Returning to Canada, George found himself traversing the country from Vancouver to Toronto. Driving long distances on his own was a feature of the next few years as he travelled the length and breadth of Canada and the U.S.A., depending on where his gigs took him. Soon he began to long for a more settled lifestyle. His popularity at Dick Turpin's Pub in Toronto's iconic Royal York Hotel led to him accepting an offer to be the resident entertainer there, a gig that was to last 25 years until his retirement in 2000! Daun and the children joined him in Toronto when they could and George often took time off to spend the Christmas holidays with his family in Lethbridge.

As an entertainer, George had the ability to quickly gauge what his listeners would enjoy, draw on his repertoire of over 9000 songs, and often have them singing along with him. A hard-working one-man act, he would more often than not sing for over four hours without a break. In his long and colourful career, he had marquee billing with the likes of Ella Fitzgerald and Tony Bennett. At the Royal York, many celebrities would drop in to relax at Dick Turpin's Pub after their own show was over. George had the pleasure of top line artistes like Engelbert Humperdinck, and his personal hero, Trini Lopez, join him on the stage. His popularity and long stay at Dick Turpin's made him a legendary figure on the Toronto music scene.

Although officially retired, George loves performing too much to call it quits. Lethbridge (population 95,000) is not quite a mecca for music lovers but George has been kept busy with gigs at a variety of social events. On one occasion, when he was entertaining a visiting Japanese delegation at City Hall, the formal occasion almost became a karaoke session! When he is not busy, George enjoys playing at Senior Lodges where the dear folks join in singing the songs of yesteryear, their memories often evoking tears.

Ever the consummate entertainer, George looks back over the years and says, "I've had a wonderful life doing what I wanted to do from the time I was six – play music, entertain people." His only regret is that his career often kept him away from his wife and children for months at a time. Now in retirement, he cherishes being able to relax at home with Daun and fuss over his grandchildren Samara (11) and Camryn (9).

Marq DeSouza

The bite of a pit bull

Like his father George, Marq DeSouza knew from the start that he wanted to be a musician. After high school, he was drawn to the vibrant music scene in Vancouver. A multi-talented instrumentalist, Marq earned his living as a drummer while developing his own path and interests as a musician. Asked by music critic Al Beeber whether he was following in his father's footsteps, Marq gave a thoughtful response. "He's far better at doing what he does than I am," he said. "He's a troubadour and I have so much respect for that. I write my own material and have more vision about the end result."

It is difficult to fit an innovative genius like Marq into a single genre. Beeber describes him as "a kick-ass edgy rocker. He's Mellencamp and Springsteen with the bite of a pit bull." His music has been described as "a roller-coaster ride of a singer/songwriter collection with musical twists at every turn. Modern pop influences collide with more traditional fare, blending elements of rock, folk, soul and even hip-hop. All of this (is) glued together with Marq's trademark lyrical



depth and intimate vocal stylings.”

Marq’s lyrical abilities have prompted comparisons with Steve Earle, Bob Dylan and John Lennon. Critic Emma Sloan, writing in *Canadian Beats*, had this to say: “Veteran Vancouver-based musician Marq DeSouza is shaking up Canada’s airways with his latest EP, *Tarot Card Shuffle*. Gritty, soulful and genre-defying, DeSouza takes his already exponential experience – such as playing alongside household names like Nickelback and performing on the ever-popular *MuchMusic* – and channels it into a dizzying jaunt of an EP that will leave any listener breathless.”

“I’ve had so much positive press,” says Marq, “but I don’t want to be a critics’ darling. In the end you want an audience.” There is no doubt that Marq has won respect in musical circles for his amazing talent; whether he will become a household name remains to be seen.

# Jack Fernandes

**Tiatrist, sprinter, soccer player, drummer...**

**a true icon of the East African Goan community**

**BY CYPRIAN FERNANDES**

*O*f all the wonderful people who graced the Konkani (Goan) stage in East Africa, one name will stand out forever: Jack Tiatrist (actor, comedian, singer, song writer, dramatist ... and lots more).

The first time I heard his name was when a group of “my aunties” (every woman was an aunty, and every man was an uncle, in those days) were discussing with quite a lot of hilarity and happy banter the comic antics of a chap called Jaak! My uncle Mary had been taken by her husband uncle Custodio to the Nairobi Goan Tailor’s Society for the latest locally produced and presented “tiatr”, the Goan version of theatre in Konkani. It would seem, these tiatrs always included a couple of comedians who could sing and dance a bit. As comedians, they were often the real stars of the show.

Sadly as a young boy growing up, I had virtually no interest in this wonderful art-form. It remains a bucket list of regret. My friends and I were happily into western cinema and music and not many Goan boys and girls of my age spoke Konkani. I was the exception, however, I spoke it fluently with my mother and with all the uncles and aunties I came into contact with.

It was not until I was well into my teens that I first came into contact with the eternally smiling (Jaak) Jack “Tiatrist” Fernandes. Quite a few of my friends, among them the late Bertha Zuzarte and her daughter, the late Alzira, Minguel Fernandes, the late Joe Spider, Mario and the late Bella Simoes and many others kept the flame alight.

Tiatr was the biggest community entertainment before television and it survived for many years after the advent of the electronic media. In those early days, Goan entertainment included religiously going to church, the club for sports, tombola/bingo on Saturdays, day functions on weekend holidays, card games,



*Jack Fernandes*





birthdays (not so big), weddings, family gatherings, Goan feast celebrations and, of course, fishing and picnics and this and that. Happily tiatr it still flourishes in Goa and the UK, especially with the new Goan colonies of Swindon and Wembley.

All the young people involved in tiatr in Nairobi were in awe of Jack. Alzira once said of him: "He is the most lovable and funny mentor ever." Jack was always there to give a struggling artist a hand at any time.

Many have fond recollections of Jack Fernandes and just the thought brought a smile to their faces. Always jovial, always smiling, always comical yet always gentle. His popularity and openness ensured so many knew so much about him and the wonderful life he lived.

Joaquim Vincent Fernandes was born on the 13th of August 1933, in the village of Cansaulim Goa to Pedro and Angelina Fernandes. He was the second last in his family of three sisters and one brother.

Joaquim grew up to be a handsome, sporty and talented youngster. In his young age his flair for acting and singing emerged and it was not long before, as a young 9-year-old, he would grace the stage at many concerts in Goa.

In 1952, aged 19, he travelled from Goa to Kenya to join his father who was on a working assignment in Mombasa. He came by steamer and during the long 17-day journey, upon the insistence of many, he was requested to sing for the guests during dinner. As if that were not enough, he would then be requested to go from cabin to cabin, to provide similar entertainment.

Within days of reaching Mombasa, he was called on to perform at his first Konkani concert in Kenya. It was here that Joaquim acquired the stage name JACK, a name that then stuck for the rest of his life.

Not only was he a talented entertainer he was a prominent sportsman and it was not long before the Boy-from-Goa was winning most of the sprint events at the



*Jack Fernandes with that inimitable stage look.*



*Jack, a fun guy anywhere.*

athletics meetings. He would later-on be part of a formidable 4x 100 relay team, that included the legendary Seraphino Antao - the first Kenyan to ever win a Gold Medal at the Commonwealth Games. (See picture attached– Jack front second right, Seraphino – extreme Right) His talents were also found on the football field where his speed and trickery earned him a place as the right-winger on the Coast Select team.

Jack worked for the Kenya Post and Telecommunications at the telephone sales section. His afternoons were spent on the sports field and his evenings were spent on stage. To supplement his singing talents, he took up drumming and was part of the popular band known as The Amigos, who performed at many prominent Mombasa Clubs. Jack, continued drumming until he was 80 and was often part of the choir, on his drum-kit at masses celebrated by the Goan community, in Nairobi.

Jack would always say that his salary went straight to the bank, and the money he earned through music ensured he led a comfortable life. He would save enough to travel back occasionally to his beloved Goa.

In the 1960's Jack was posted to Nakuru and it was here that he met Olga Fernandes. In 1965 they were married in Nairobi. If Jack was known for his sporting and acting talents, Olga was renowned for her kindness and compassion.

Having moved to Nairobi, Jack the Tiatrist was quickly assimilated into the Management Committee of the Goan Institute, Nairobi. He served in various capacities including Dramatics Secretary, Catering Treasurer and Social Secretary. The GI was always a big part of his life. He currently holds the record of having served on the GI Management for no less than 18 terms. During most of this time he worked at the Nairobi Hospital where he served as Chief Cashier for 23 years.

Jack loved singing; his home was always filled with music. However, it was not a radio or a CD player, it was always Jack singing or whistling. His tunes would range from Fat's Domino's Blue Berry Hill to Lorna's Tuzo Mog ... the variety was endless

Jumping Jack, as he was affectionately known, had the enviable distinction of either signing or acting in every Goan Theatrical production in Nairobi over the last 50 years. He only had to walk onto the stage and the audience would be laughing. He composed hilarious songs and his comical antics always had the audiences in stitches. In 1978, performing at the Goan Institute, having just sung his own composition Kung-Fu Fighting, the audience could not have enough. With the repeated shouts of "Encore, encore!!" the hundreds gathered did not

let the next act go on, until he came back on stage for a repeat performance. It did not stop there; he had to perform the song SEVEN times before the rest of the concert could continue.

Quote from Ian : “I was only 11 years old and after most of his performances I would often run backstage to carry his small suitcase and walk alongside him as he came out. As many would run up to congratulate him I would ensure I was right beside him so that all would know that I was his son. I was extremely proud of my father”.

Jack could never sit in one place; the title Jumping Jack suited him. If it were a feast or a dance he would always be the first on the dance floor. He would waltz with the elderly, do the cha cha cha with the not-so-old and he would boogie with the young. Jack loved fishing and it wasn't just the sport – he loved eating the fish he caught. If he were going fishing he would not sleep the previous night. He would then come home and immediately deep fry the Tilapia till it was crisp. He would go on to eat it, and not a bone would be left.

Jack was very keen about his appearance, his hair had to be perfectly brushed, his moustache perfectly trimmed. Besides his hair greying, Jack never seemed to age. Many would say that he looked the same 50 years ago... and that made him very proud. Meeting somebody for the first time he would often ask “How old do you think I am” and when they replied 68-69, he would smugly say “Actually, I am 81 years old”. He ensured he remained fit and although aged 81, he would do a 3km brisk walk every single day.

His energy levels, his smile, his laughter were the envy of many. He lived life to its fullest and it is no wonder that many were shocked on May 29, 2015, when he passed on.

# Jimmy Van Rosi

## My life in music and musicians

*Jimmy and Ligia Van Rosi*



*Jimmy Van Rosi, born and bred* in Kenya, is a multi-talented musician who is still gigging around Canada with his equally talented wife Ligia, who is the daughter of the legendary musician Mario Dias. Jimmy is a self-taught muso whose passion has been appreciated through the decades by the thousands of people who have seen him with the various bands he has played with. Like many musicians you will meet (again) in this series, he is very respected by his peers.

## THE SPIDERS

The Spiders group was formed in 1962. The initial group members were: Frank Van Rosi on lead guitar, Felix Hermit on rhythm guitar, David Andrade on bass guitar, Warren McMahon on vocals and I was the drummer.

When Felix Hermit left the country, Charles (Sanu) Van Rosi joined the group and took over the rhythm guitar. The band frequently performed at Delamere High School, Cliff Richard Fan Club situated in Church House Nairobi, Woodley Club and at very many private functions, clubs and parties.

The Spiders appeared weekly for a short time on VOK TV's Youth Club Program.

In '63 Cliff Richard visited Kenya for a one night show at Rowallen Camp. There was a competition the weekend before Cliff's visit at the Kenya Police Regimental Hall, for the best band and best singer with the winners opening for Cliff and being presented with the trophy. The Bata Shoeshine Boys won the competition for best band with the Spiders as runners-up. Warren, who was a vocalist with the Spiders, won as best singer. As Warren won the competition, the Spiders and Warren opened for Cliff.

When David Andrade left the country, Joe Peters (Jo Boy) joined the group as the rhythm guitarist and Sanu Van Rosi took over the bass guitar.

When Joe Peters left the group to form the Bandits, Vic Johnstone joined the group as rhythm guitarist and also played the mouth organ.

When Frank Van Rosi and Warren McMahon left the group, Luis Gracias joined as drummer, Sanu Van Rosi played the lead guitar, Vic Johnstone stayed on rhythm, I played the bass guitar and Gilbert Lopes joined as our vocalist.

When Luis Gracias left the country, Paulie D'Souza joined us as the drummer.

The group finally broke up in 1965 and all the band members joined other groups.

## THE PLAYBOYS

Clifford D'Souza who played the keyboard started this group in the late 60's. The others were Leo Rodrigues on drums, Luis Fernandes on bass guitar, I was on rhythm guitar and vocals and Brian Green, from the UK on alto sax. Brian was a trainer from the Royal Air Force who was sent to Kenya to train members of the Kenya Air Force.

The Playboys performed on many occasions at the RAF Officers' Mess, the Dam Busters Club's private parties and had a one-month contract at the New Stanley Grill. One of the highlights of the month was when we performed on the same stage with Jeremy Taylor of "Ag Pleeze Deddy" fame who was the cabaret artist for one week. The Playboys also played for many private occasions at major hotels in Nairobi.

When Brian's term of office ended, the band broke up and I moved to Mombasa where I joined the Ghost Riders.

Clifford and I now live in Canada and have performed together on very many occasions. Leo and Luis live in the UK.

### THE GHOST RIDERS

In the early '70's, I went to live in Mombasa and joined a group called the Ghost Riders. The band was already in existence.

The musicians were: Jeff Pillay on rhythm guitar, Francis Port Louis on bass guitar, Roger D'Silva, (who was only 12 years old) on drums, Desmond Port Louis on lead guitar and I was on rhythm and lead guitar.

The band performed at the Little Theatre Club, Stella Maria Club and the Mombasa Institute on a regular basis.

We entered into a band competition that was held at the Mombasa Institute on a Sunday. The Ghost Riders tied for 1st place with the Shiftars Band. The Romantics took 2nd place. As the organizers of the event did not anticipate a tie for 1st place, they contacted Mombasa Sports Club to obtain extra trophies to be presented to both bands who tied for 1st place.

The Ghost Riders broke up when Francis and Jeff left to study in the UK.

Jeff and Francis now live in the UK. Desmond lives in Seychelles, Roger lives in Ireland and I in Canada.

### THE BAND

In 1984, soon after Ligia and I got married, we formed a group called The Band.

We had Roger Athaide on bass guitar, Ligia on keyboard and vocals, Lesley Mascarenhas on lead guitar, Benny Athanasius on drums, Dinesh Patel on lead vocals and I was on rhythm guitar and vocals. The only African musician was the very famous John Zenze who played lead guitar. John is still performing in Kenya

even though he is in his late 70's – early 80's.

Benny left the band when he got married and Tony Fernandes joined us for a short time on drums. Upon Tony's departure, Jimmy took over the drums and sang.

The Band played for private functions at the Intercontinental Hotel, Pan Afric Hotel, Goan Gymkhana and the Nairobi Institute.

One of the most memorable performances of our time together was playing for the developers and contractors of the Kiambere Hydro Electric Dam at their Christmas party. The organisers sent a bus to pick us up from the Holy Family Cathedral and took us to the venue where we spent Saturday night in extremely lavish bedrooms. When we arrived at Kiambere and were setting up our equipment, Jimmy realised he had left his cymbals in the organisation's offices in Nairobi – about a three-hour drive away. So he played all night using only his tom-toms, snare and bass drums. Whenever he had to hit the cymbals, he hit the air which caused the patrons to dissolve in laughter. This performance got us a few extra gigs from the patrons who were present, as they enjoyed our performance and selection of music. The band broke up in 1987 when my wife and I left for Canada. Roger and Lesley have since passed away. Dinesh is in the UK, Benny and John is still in Nairobi and Tony is in Canada.



# Leo Rodrigues

## A very special musician

*Leo Rodrigues with the great Augie Alvares on Sax.*



*Leo Rodrigues has been hitting* on the skins, the cymbals, the cowbells and everything else that sustain or enhance percussion in a band. However, I think he will always remain a Jazz drummer at heart. That does not mean that he is not at home in most genres that generations of musicians have created



*Where it all began for  
a young Leo Rodrigues.*

over the centuries. The way he sits astride his drum set, he looks as if he was born to do just that: play the drums. In the process he has won the respect of his peers and the many, many young people he has encouraged along the way. As a result, he has won the respect of not only thousands of people who have heard him play or danced to the music his band has “drummed” up but also of his peers. They will also tell you “Leo is a great musician.”

From a very, very young age, Leo was a very dedicated musician, some would even say he was quite a nuisance because as a little boy, he spent hours practising on his mother’s kitchen utensils, driving everyone in the family to distraction. However, recognising his potential (and the fact that he driving everyone nuts) bought him a drum kit at the when Leo was 15.

Leo taught himself to play the drums and during this process he jammed with other kids who were also learning to play their instruments. Leo started playing on kitchen utensils at home and made a lot of noise causing chaos so much so his dad bought him a drum kit at 15. He taught himself to play and then had many

jam sessions with various musicians who were also learning. He was introduced to jazz by the great maestros Olav Vaz and Auggie Alvares. Soon after, the guys in the highly successful Rhythm Kings dance band invited him to join their band. Later, he played with the All Stars and Cooty and his Supersonics.

Leo also played with Eddie Rodrigues and Steve Alvares. He was a regular on Kenya TV especial in the very popular Sunday Star Time which featured various local musicians and was really focused on jazz including Auggie Alvares, Donald Dias, Maximo Alfonso and Luis Fernandes.

He then joined Playboys - Jimmy Van Rosi, Brian, Clifford De Souza and Luis Fernandes and had a contract with New Stanley hotel for six months.

Leo and his family left Kenya for the UK in 1972.

After being in the UK for less than a year, Leo was invited by Rocky Fernandes to join his band Clubmen. A few years later Leo free-lanced with Night Fever and Break Thru from Goa. Then he formed his existing group - The Mellow Tones which is his current band. They usually play for dinner dances and The Royal British Legion clubs all around the country. He also plays with other bands when he's not working with The Mellow Tones.

Leo has an insatiable appetite for the drums ... even when he is only holiday and especially on a cruise where he usually jams with the guys. He even once won a P&O cruise ship comp on the Oceania with a drum solo in 2013.

Leo has been a delightful and talented musician all his life. He deserves the accolades and the respect his peers continue to shower on him. Long may he continue. The skins are part of your soul.

# Warren McMahon

Pop Singer, Journo, Muso

*Warren McMahon with Cliff Richards*

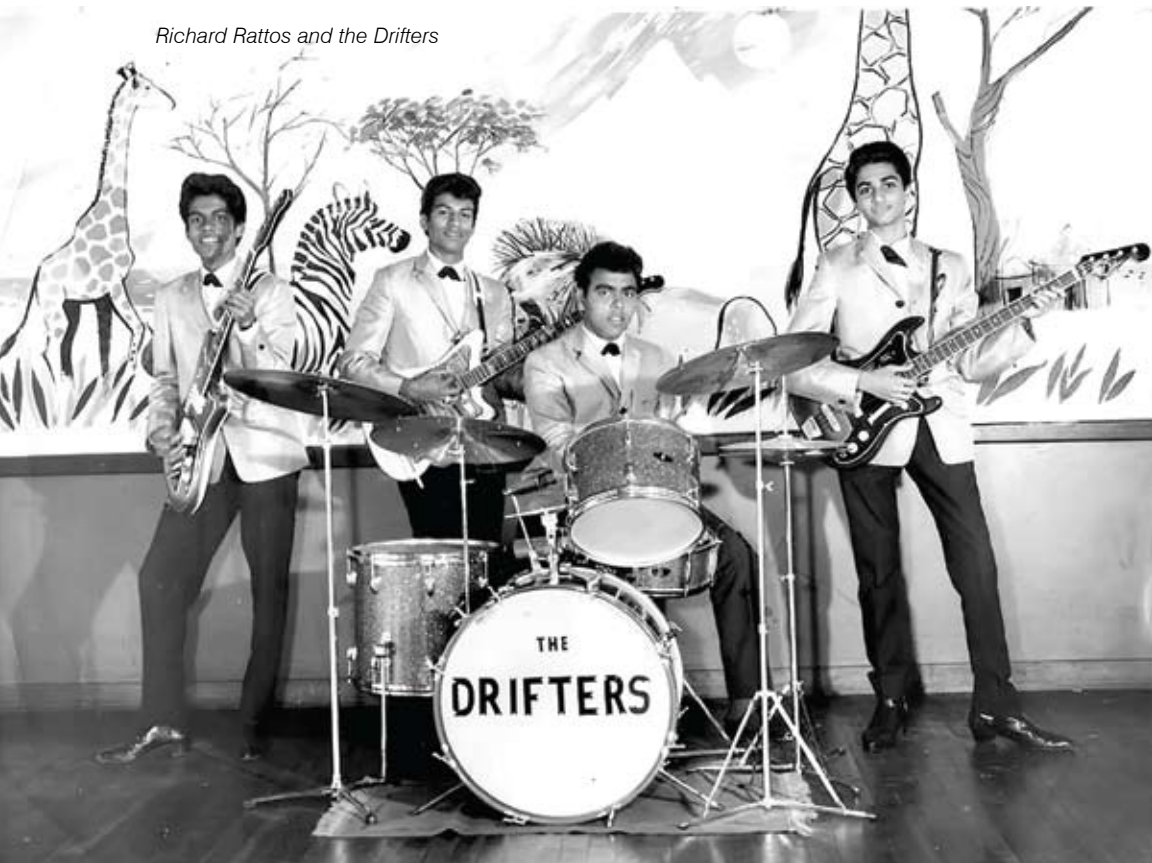


*Warren McMahon was part of a rich vein of pop singers in the* Kenya of the 1960s. Among them were Vincent Siqueira, Henry Braganza, Jimmy Van Rosi, Gilbert Lopez, Benjamin Lopez, Gilbert Lopez, Richard Rattos, and whole lot more. Warren was a full-time journalist at the Daily Nation and among his big stories was reporting on the assassination of Pio Gama Pinto in 1965. At night he was fronting any band that called him up. He had the looks, he had the voice and he had the moves. He continued singing after moving to the UK and played with a whole bunch of people from East Africa and new friends he made in London. This is a truly special guy and I am proud to call him my friend. Spoke to him a couple of times after more than 50 years.

# Richard Rattos

## The Drifters

*Richard Rattos and the Drifters*



*In 1963, The Drifters, in Kampala, Uganda, was started by Richard Rattos (guitar and vocals), Michael Rattos (guitar, bass), Clifton Carrasco (drums) and Magnus Fernandes (vocals, bass). As teenagers they were a solid band and went on to win fans all around East Africa including the musical mecca of Nairobi. Most polished Nairobi musicians recognised in The Drifters a band to*

*Richard Rattos, made in Kampala, Uganda, swinging in Sydney, Australia.*



be reckoned with and respected. In 1966, Clifton Carrasco went on to further his studies and a third Rattos brother, Eddie, replaced him as the drummer.

They recorded their version of the Swahili favourite Malaika. The band was disbanded in 1968 when Richard to Ireland for further studies.

Just a few of The Drifters gigs: Kampala Club Kampala G I Jinja G I Silver Springs Tororo Rock Hotel Lake Victoria Hotel Free Masons Lions Club Aga Khan Club Rugby Club Nairobi G I Lake Naivasha Sailing Club Entebbe Club Apollo Hotel: (Horizons Kololians) Nairobi Gymkhana National Theatre (competition) Norman Cinema (competition) and lots of other gigs

Long before 1963, Richard R had been teaching himself the guitar and singing along to his own accompaniment. Some 54 years later, he is still the consummate professional vowing crowds wherever he hits on those strings and fires into the Rock N Roll microphone. He has guested, jammed with and starred in too many bands and gigs to remember. The wonderful thing about this guy is that he rarely has an off day. Again and again he gives his all, total professionalism. Half century is a long time for a musician to ply his trade, wonderful that Richard can give his best every time he fronts up in Sydney or around Australia. Rock On, Dude.



# Philip Lawrence De Souza



*Philip Lawrence De Souza*

*Phil De Souza was born in Cortalim, Salcete, Goa. At the 10, he travelled by ship to Mombasa and after a further two days' journey to Nairobi, he saw his father for the first time in his life.*

In June, 1953, he was admitted to St Teresa's in Eastleigh. In December that year, his dad decided to move the family to Mombasa and Phil went to the Goan High School there. At the age of 13, his mother bought him his first guitar.

"Our music teacher was Nevis Pereira who had just returned from the United



Kingdom. The legendary piano player Edmund Silveira gave me my first music lesson," recalls Phil.

Silveira had come to the school to teach the guitar and the first song they learnt was "Oh When the Saints Come Marching In.

"My fellow learners included Alan Rook, Denzel Sequeira, Corny Tellis and many others. We just played the chords for the same song. Alan Rook taught me my first scale of C major. By the time I was 18, I had picked up a lot through playing with other friends.

"One time a group of musicians came from Nairobi and they were looking for a guitarist for gig in Mombasa at the Tailor's Society. I got the gig."

At the age of 18, Phil got a job in Nairobi through the clarinettist Joe De Souza. "On my first day in Nairobi, I was introduced to Joaquim Ramos Mascarenhas, also a guitarist who had been playing dance music and jazz for a year.

"We both loved the jazz guitarist Django Rinehart and The Shadows also had a great influence on us especially Hank Marvin, the lead guitarist. We also loved the legendary boogie guitarists Bert Weedon and Duane Eddie.

"We decided that we should form a band like The Shadows since we liked them and played most of their songs. The String Beats were formed with Joe Sequeira (drummer) and Peter Santimano (bass)."

As The String Beats practised to get their act together, Phil also jammed with the likes of Cooty and the Supersonics, All Stars, and Auggie Alvares (multi-instrumentalist including piano, saxophone and trumpet) who encourage him to play jazz.

In July, 1969, he moved to UK. While on holiday in Portugal, the same year, he had his Echo guitar with him and was exploring the music scene in the place called Cais De Sodre where lots of bands were playing the Shadows and Portuguese songs. He was invited by very friendly musicians to jam with them and was offered a job in the night club if I wanted. Anyway, I moved to Germany that same year 1969.

"In Germany, I started work in the British army. After two years, I was joined by my wife Agnes, daughter Vanessa and son Dominic. It wasn't long before I met some army guitarists and was chosen to play in a band called the CITY GENTS, my first band in Germany. I played mostly Fridays and Saturdays these guys who were from the Royal Airforce band.

"After two years, I joined an all-civilian British band called the Germs. After five years, I decided to give the band game away. I had put on some extra weight and took up jogging and swimming. My kids loved learning to swim.

"I heard that Joaquim Furtado, the saxophonist, was in Frankfurt and he invited me to play with the Black Velvet from the UK. Later, I asked him to come to MOENCHENGLADBACH where I was living, to play with my German musicians.

"After a five-year break from bands, I made my dream come true by playing jazz in German pub, clubs and restaurants.

"Going back to Nairobi, I remember playing in Skippy's Karnival band which provided the backing for a huge cast of singers and dancers in a major concert held at the Nairobi City Hall. Steve Rodrigues and I shared rhythm and lead and a guy called, I think, Nazarin was on bass. Skip also took the show to Mombasa where we played 3 pm, 6pm and 9 pm shows."

In 2004, he moved to UK and started playing with drummer Paul De Souza (saxophone and keyboard). He is currently playing (guitar and saxophone) with another drummer, Leo Rodrigues.

# Henry Braganza

## A Goan popstar in Africa

*Henry Braganza was a really quite* a unique guy ... champion sportsman in hockey, table tennis, cricket, and a little bit of everything else. His unique talent was that he could quite sensationally mimic the American superstar of the time Jim Reeves, who was telling every woman to "put your sweet lips to the phone" and "he'll have to go" during a career that made him every woman's sweet heart. While Jim Reeves was Henry's big thing, he was equally at home doing covers of some of the biggest names in the 1960s and 1970s. There were many star-studded moments in his life ... one of them was backing the US country and western superstar Skeeter Davis with his band the Scorpions and a few other friends, including the master band leader "Cooty" (aka Inocencio Antonio Coutinho).

*Cecil D'Sa, Henry Braganza, US popstar Skeeter Davis, Leslie Pinto, Cooty ...part of the backing group when the star visited Kenya.*



*Henry Braganza and the Scorpions: Ashley Pinto (drums), Leslie Scott (bass), Tony Reg D'Souza (MC).*



*The Cyclones:  
Ken Pimenta, Leslie  
Miranda, Leslie Scott*



# Theresa Alfonso Tucker

*Tess (Theresa) is the youngest Alfonso sister* of a family of sensational singers and musicians: Fabiola, Max (harmonica), Rufina, Delfine, Lolita, Mervyn (guitarist).

Whilst living with Rufy, Skip, Andy and Leon in Leicester, I started my singing career with a small Goan band doing working men's clubs, singing Country and Western, Rock & Pop. Initially they did not think I would be capable so did not want to know and I had to keep begging and pestering them to just listen to me and then decide.

I Moved on to a terrific Soul and Funk Western Indian band (Sister Big Stuff), doing night clubs all over England. I was asked and moved on to a semi-professional band that was struggling to cut their first record.

I gave up my secretarial career to become a full time professional singer when I was spotted and asked by Terry Reaney to join his full time band, working all over the country as well as seasons at Pontins, Blackpool, doing everything from Country & Western, folk, Rock & Roll, Pop, Soul. Meeting and working on the same circuits, with stars like Les Dawson, Ken Dodd amongst others.

I soon bought my first house.

I went freelance doing cabaret on my own as well as working with different bands regularly singing at Blackpool Tower and the Blackpool Winter Gardens. I also worked with Les Howard and the Northern Dance Orchestra, doing many venues with them all over England. One evening, while driving two of the musicians, our car broke down in heavy snow over the Yorkshire Pennines on the way to a concert and we were finally being rescued on a farmer's tractor ... arriving at the venue at midnight.

Worked for a short time as one of three of Freddie Starr's backing vocals.

I later worked ALL over Finland, from Helsinki in the south, right up north to Rovaniemi in Lapland in the north having wonderful experiences including flying

*Theresa Alfonso Tucker*





in a 6-seater twin-engined propeller aircraft to a small town north of Rovaniemi which had a very small landing strip. I did cabaret on the ferry from Pori, Finland, (where famous Jazz festivals are held featuring world famous Jazz artists) to Stockholm, Sweden.

I also worked for four months singing in Zermatt Switzerland.

After about 7 years of professional singing and lots of travelling and wonderful experiences I decided it was time to give it all up while I was still at the top so I could cherish the memories of all my wonderful experiences. I also had had enough of being on the road and longed for a homely life and decided that it was also best while I was still young enough to start a new career.

While I was deciding which direction I wanted to take, I worked as a Temporary Secretary and Personal Assistant in the City of London's financial district for a while before landing a job as a Public Relations Officer for the famous Lloyds Register of Shipping when I met my husband.



# The Alfonso sisters

*The late Rufina (Alfonso) Fernandes* (Benaulim, Nairobi, Sydney) never really wanted to be a lead singer. She loved singing with her sisters: Fabiola (Canada), Delfine (Canada), Tess (UK), the late Lolita (Lulu) and her brothers Max (harmonica) and Mervyn guitar. Rufy preferred harmonizing which she did with Faby and was dedicated in doing her best to make other (lead) singers better. As collective, the Alfonsos were all talented singers and musicians. I remember Rufy telling me that she got her singing voice from her mother who used to sing to them and, later, with them.

Rufy could sing in several keys ... “just give me a note (key, a C, G F) or two” and although she could not read music (who did in those days), she was pitch perfect. She could walk into any band, piano player or guitarist and start singing without any rehearsals. The Alfonsos were all natural, natural musicians. You can see I am totally biased.

When Faby and Rufy sang together: the harmonies were not only pitch-perfect with a lot of nuances, deflections, inflections ... they were just heaven.

The first time I saw her was when I was doing auditions for a huge show at the Nairobi City Hall auditorium. A very bold and confident friend of hers took the mike and unfortunately failed even though we spent quite a lot time trying to get to sing in key and time. We were convinced she was nervous but we had liked her sassiness. The late Steve Rodrigues was musical director and Rocky (Bill D'Silva's brother-in-law, Caribbean limbo dancer and musician eventually gave up. I went, “next, next”, I did not mean to sound cruel ... but there it was. So Rufy thought “I am not going to let that idiot do that to me” and she pushed her sister Delfine forward for the audition. After that she sailed through within a couple of bars.

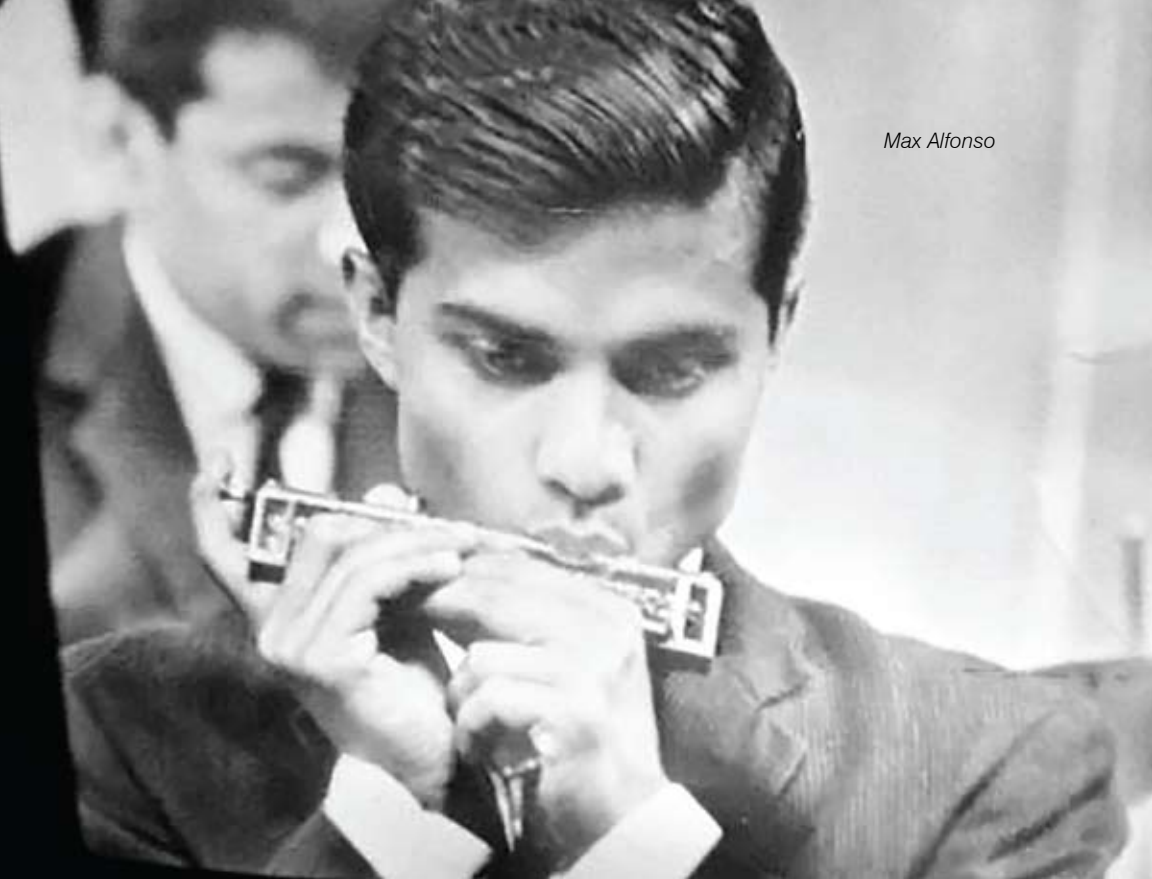
Later she would sing a song called “Goody, Goody” and she was an automatic big hit.

The next time I met Rufy was at the Railway Goan Institute where Gilbert Fernandes had sent me an SOS for help because they were not getting started for their gala

*Rufina Alfonso Fernandes*







*Max Alfonso*

anniversary concert. I arrived one Sunday afternoon and by six o'clock (with the help of musical directors Terry Pinto and Steve Rodrigues) had an outline of the show all worked out. This time Rufy was bolder because she was on home turf and three of us simultaneously nodded in agreement even before she finished the first line.

She was to go on to make "Little Green Apples" her most popular and signature song. Besides her singing solos a lot, all her harmonizing was done with Faby. Their favourite song was "Walk right back". Later when we moved to the UK, it was Thelma Houston's "Don't Leave Me This Way" when she was part of the frontline trio in a band I set up: Piccadilly. The others were Goofy and Santan Fernandes (lead guitar) and his brother Oliver played rhythm, Nick D'Silva (bass), Vernon D'Silva (keyboards) and a kid called Mike was drums. We did it for a year mainly playing the American bases in the UK as well as some major city centres. As stated by her sister Faby whenever Rufy opened her mouth to sing, be it at home, or a house party or anywhere, the people around stated that they had goose bumps.

More often than not, when there was just the two of us in the car, we did not need

to switch on the radio, Rufy did all the singing or we played a “game of name that tune” as we drove to a fishing spot or we were returning home after she had been particularly successful fishing. She had an encyclopaedic knowledge of singers and songs. She was also a fishing fanatic and we were lucky enough to fish throughout Australia and in many parts of the Pacific. Her routine was to wake me up each Saturday or Sunday morning with: Skip, Skip, wake up, wake up ... sometimes I would think there was an emergency on ... but then, she would be panting ... got the bucket, the rods, and all the gear ready, let's go, let's go... and I would ask her if she had checked the tide chart ... if the tides were suitable we were out of the house inside of 30 minutes ... if not she would be in front of the TV watching her addiction: cartoons, or video hits, or she would be singing to herself. She would be back at our bed around 8 prodding me with intensity ... Skip, Skip, breakfast, breakfast please .... It was bacon, eggs, tomatoes, onions, finely sliced green chillies, mushrooms and she would make the toast and coffee, and we would be off. She was virtually addicted to fishing ... after all she got the fishing bug from her dad who was a wonderful guy with the rod and line and he used to take Rufy along with him!

While we were in England, Teresa (Tess) made her foray into the singing world all by herself. I went with her to her first audition and from that point on she was on her own. She used to live with us but she soon found her own place and a band called Sister Big Stuff. She was brilliant. Rufy said Tess was the best singer in the family. That was a tough one because both Fabiola and Delfine each had their unique qualities that made them special. In any other country, they would have been all popstars.

She was also a brilliant dancer, especially the jive. Couldn't dance with anyone else when she was around.

# Delfine Da Costa



*Delfine Da Costa  
with Terry Pinto*

*The Alfonso Sisters started singing* at a very young age around the house. They grew up hearing their mother always singing and whistling. One of them would start singing then Rufina would harmonize. They made beautiful music together. Dad and Mum's friends would ask them to sing for them whenever they came over. They had no formal training, just sang straight from the heart. Fabiola and Rufina were called upon to sing at parties, at the clubs, and were called the Alfonso sisters. Delfine mostly sang solo. When Fabiola

wasn't around Rufina and Delfine would sing together. Rufina was amazing in her harmony.

When Rufina and Delfine went to Mary Hill School (boarding school) in Thika, they sang a lot together. They were constantly being asked to sing. In 1962 or 1963 a friend (Felicity Baronet) heard that auditions were being held for a musical show in Nairobi and suggested we try out. Unfortunately, the friend did not make it (because you yelled "cut, cut, out, out" at her). When it was Delfine's turn she stepped up to the mike and belted out "Goodie Goodie" and was accepted.

The Railway Goan Institute staged a variety show in 1967 and Fabiola and Rufina sang a duet. Rufina was a big hit with "Little Green Apples." People remember it to this day. Delfine sang "You're My World" and brother Max played the harmonica. They were all a big hit. (See Daily Nation cutting). The show was so popular that the club extended the show for two more performances. The news of the show's popularity spread and the Horizons Club invited the cast to perform in Kampala, Uganda. There, too, the show proved a huge success and played to a packed house. Younger sister Lolita was also an excellent singer and was a big hit in Maryhill School, Thika, and in Bombay, India where she was studying to be an artist.

The Alfonso sisters' last big performance came at their mother's funeral mass when they sang "Amazing Grace" in five voices, Fabiola, Rufina, Delfine, Teresa and Mervyn's beautiful base voice. It was pure magic. People talk about it to this day. It was a true, loving tribute to their dear mother.

On a visit to Goa, India in 1997, Norman, Elaine and Delfine went to a friend (Vernon Rodrigues') outdoor restaurant in Candolim. They were the only patrons there. Delfine started jamming with a local guitarist. The restaurant quickly filled up with tourists when they heard her. Vernon pleaded with her to come back the next day but they had other plans. He presented her with a beautiful hand carved statue of Our Lady and Baby Jesus as a token of his gratitude.

Delfine who lives in Ontario, Canada, continues to perform at various functions at the GOA, Dr. Ribeiro Goan School reunions, fundraisers, variety shows, etc. She enjoys singing jazz, pop and some country music. Not so long ago, she was the jazz singer for a seniors' Mardi gras function in Mississauga. She sings regular at functions.

While on vacation in Goa, India in 2014, Delfine was called upon to sing at various venues and hotels with at least three or four encores.



# Terence Pinto, piano man



*Terence Pinto (right) 1968*

Born: February 11, 1948

I started playing piano around the age of 6, on my grandfather's piano. I remember that my father Eric used to practice at our Forest Rd home with Steve's Band. My Dad played the piano, and because it was such a large instrument to transport around, the logical thing was to arrange the band practices at my house. Children were not allowed in the room during band practice. My mother told me that I used to listen to the songs in my bedroom very intently, and when the band members went home, I used to sit at the piano and play all their songs.



As I was growing up, I did not have any records (we called them LPs or EPs) or a stereo receiver and turntable. Instead, I listened to music on a small transistor radio in bed at night (at a very low volume not to disturb the family). I would guess at the chord structures and arrangements of the songs. In the morning I would sit at the piano and play the song easily. This was great training for my listening and technical skills when I was playing at home or with other musicians.

I went to the Dr. Ribeiro Goan School, and I played for school concerts and conducted the school orchestra under the principal Nevis Pereira. As the brass band conductor, I really took full advantage of skipping classes or homework. I always used to tell the teachers that the Principal wanted to discuss some music with me. They never questioned me when I stayed out of certain classes I did not like.

A few years later, I joined the original Henry Braganza and the Scorpions band for my first taste of playing with a group of other musicians. My mother Prexy and my Aunt Lucy were not too happy with me playing in a band, because they wanted me to concentrate on my studies and education. However, they agreed to a limited band involvement if I promised to do well in my studies.

In 1966, a group of friends and I got together (we all lived in the Eastleigh/Pangani area) and formed a band called Beathovens. We played mostly covers of Beatles, Rolling Stones, Shadows, and Spencer Davis etc. It was fun playing with the band. We played at all the Goan clubs and some White establishments. The band stayed together till 1968 after which I played with a number of Nairobi musicians and bands at various music venues.

One day in 1968, I got a call from Max D'Souza to join the resident band at the Topaz Grill. This band was made up of South African musicians who toured other African countries during the oppressive apartheid times in their country. They settled in Kenya, and I was fortunate to meet such wonderful and skilled musicians as Kitt Panguela (piano) and Churchill Jalome (drums and percussion), the best pianist and drummer I had ever played with, Labone (a Kenyan drummer), Max D'Souza and Adamson Zulu (bass). Adamson Zulu was a hard task master who made sure you were precise and accurate in your chord work and followed all the fundamentals of playing jazz correctly. That cemented my love for jazz, and with the caliber of these musicians, I learnt to appreciate performers like Duke Ellington, Basie, Miles, Ella, Louis Armstrong, Oscar Peterson, Monk etc.

Three musicians I listened to intently in the early days were Jimmy Smith, Ramsey Lewis and Stevie Wonder. I actually took up singing seriously after hearing a number of Stevie Wonder songs. Even today, I love listening to all of Stevie's songs.

In 1970, I decided to look for work as a resident pianist in clubs and hotels in Uganda. I got a job in the Apolo Hotel in Kampala. I met a lot of weird and crazy people in the piano lobby. Idi Amin Dada showed up drunk one night, but left after an argument with the hotel staff. During that time I formed a band called the Terence Pinto and his Combo with Mike Rattos (lead guitar, who later became my brother-in-law), Errol Francis (drums), and Thomas Francis (bass). We played a few jazz and pop gigs around Kampala.

A couple of incidents stick out while I was at the Apolo Hotel in Uganda. The first one was when I had to go to the Kenyan Immigration Office to get a two month visa /a trip to travel out of the country. I had no problems flying back into Kenya twice to get my travel visa. On my third trip into Kenya, the immigration officer at the airport said that my visa was invalid and that I would not be allowed back into the country. I was told that I had to sit in the airport lounge and that I was being deported to England (because I had a British passport) in a few hours' time. I was not allowed to phone anyone (no one in my family had a phone anyway). My sister Erris had immigrated to England a few years before, but I did not have her home address with me. While I was waiting in the airport lounge to be deported, Henry Braganza was at the airport that night, and happened to look in the lounge and saw me sitting there. He came over to me and I explained the serious situation I was in. Henry went to speak to some big official and explained that I was being deported to England against my will. He came back and said that everything was OK, and that I was allowed to get back into the country. I am deeply grateful to Henry for all his help that day.

So, I decided to go back to Kampala one more time with proper travel papers, but I decided to travel by train this time. I had no desire to travel by plane anymore. The second incident was also interesting.

A month before President Obote was deposed by Idi Amin Dada, there seemed to be an unnatural quiet Kampala. I was still playing in the piano lounge at the Apolo Hotel, and I decided to go back to Nairobi. I had made a lot of money in Ugandan currency but I wanted to change it into Kenyan currency. However, This was going to be difficult because the East African Exchange Control was in effect (each country in East Africa controlled their own currency) and if you had another country's currency, the banks would question you in detail, and this could cause a lot of problems for you. Anyway, I managed to change my Ugandan currency to Kenyan currency, and filled all my jacket pockets, suitcase, and even under my shirt with all this money. I got on the train with other Asians leaving the country. At the border (between Kenya and Uganda) the train was stopped and armed Ugandan soldiers told everyone to get off the train with their passports. The soldiers were abusive to the travellers. They were threatening people that they would be shot if they were carrying anything that they had not declared. I figured

that my time had come, and I was going to be arrested or shot for carrying all this money (which was mine anyway). Well, the soldier who questioned me asked for my passport, then he asked if I was a musician (my profession in my passport said that I was a musician). He also asked if I was a Christian. I said yes to both questions. He then told to get back on the train and have a nice journey to Kenya. I must have sweated buckets. I was literally shaking when I got on the train that day. My mother was waiting for me at the train station, and when I got home, I closed the bedroom door and took out all this money and threw it up in the air – like they do in the movies. My mother was in shock when I told her what happened. That was my final trip to Uganda.

While I was at the Apolo Hotel, I got a letter from Macalester College in St. Paul Minnesota, offering me a full scholarship to study and finally earn a university degree in History and Political Science. I owe a deep gratitude to my Mother and Aunt Lucy for insisting that I continue my studies while playing music. My two sisters Erris and Christine also helped me prepare for my departure to the United States.

The States was a whole new experience. I was surrounded with my three loves - jazz, jazz and jazz. In between my studies, I played jazz on campus with an African American band, and also sat in with other American musicians.

After graduation in 1976, I settled in Toronto, Canada with my wife Yukiko. My first job in Canada was selling Wurlitzer pianos and organs. I had not planned to stay in retail sales long, and within a few months, I left and joined a show band called Espionage, in Ontario. The group was made up of Filipino musicians and Kevin D'Souza (bass). The group toured many small and large towns in Ontario. We entertained audiences (with a Las Vegas style show), and I used a B-3 Hammond organ (the Rolls Royce of jazz organs) and my Wurlitzer electric piano through a large Leslie speaker (as big as a dresser). The sound was heavenly! We were like rock stars – with groupies all over the Province.

After the summer, I took to take a break and left to form a band called Impact 4 with excellent musicians originally from Karachi, Pakistan. This band was interesting. Francesca Domingo was our female singer, and the other musicians were two keyboard/piano players, Denis Davids and me (we used synthesizers, electric and acoustic pianos to do the bass, guitar and orchestration), and a drummer Thaddius Pinto (no relation). The band did very well, and we played in various clubs, restaurants, dives, strip joints etc. We were together for over 10 years.

I decided to stop playing on the road, and get back to my first love –jazz. I was in for a rude shock! I discovered that I had strayed so far out of the jazz realm, that

I was playing popular music which was very unsatisfying to me. With my wife's insistence, I bought a beautiful upright acoustic piano and literally went back to the drawing board. I had to relearn my piano chords, scales, piano exercises, change my approach to music, and learn to really listen to music with a different mind-set. Every time I sit at the piano and play jazz, I learn something new. I am writing my own music now, but it is a slow and difficult process. I am finally enjoying what I am doing, and it is extremely fulfilling. Jazz is undoubtedly the music of my soul.

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1. Seraphino Antao

2. Seraphino fooling around with his mum.

3 & 4. Autographs for Theresa Mendonca

and Gladys Rebello at the Nairobi GI6.

5. Seraphino at a Goan Institute Nairobi reception.

6. Seraphino newspaper clippings.



7. Seraphino with Jesse Owens.

8. More silver in Mombasa.

9. Seraphino with Ron Jones in Nairobi 1964.

10. Back from a triumphant tour of Europe.

11. Seraphino with friends.



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12. Seraphino equals world record in Berlin.  
 13. Seraphino winning in Prague.  
 14. Anthony Vaz and Saude in Action City Park 1960.



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15. Hilary with a young Silvano Gomes.  
16. Saude George meets the dignitaries.  
17. Zulema D'Souza

18. Effie Antao, an outstanding football player.  
19. Victor D'Costa with former British PM John Major.





20. George D'Souza Mombasa winning captain receiving a trophy from his Sikh Union opponent.  
 21. A historic Railway Goan Institute photograph.  
 22. Kenyan hockey stars with a visiting team.



23. Historic Photos of GI Nairobi.  
 24. GI Nairobi Hockey team with visitors.



25. Goan 1956 winners cricket tournament in Uganda.  
 26. Inter class tournament winners.  
 27. Heroes at the airport to Lourenco Marques.



28. RGI girls hockey: Standing from left - Elsie Fernandes, Theresa Mendonca, Olga De Mello, Margaret Braganza, Fabiola Machado, Rufina Fernandes, Melanie De Lima, Netty Carvalho.

Sitting - Mina Noronha, Nora Braganza, Sircular Noronha. Goal Keeper Alma Almeida.

29. Uganda Hockey XI PK Rovers 1950s.

30. RGI winners of the 1967 Emar De Souza Gold Cup.





31. Caltex Hockey team  
 32. Uganda winners  
 33. RGI Gold Cup winners

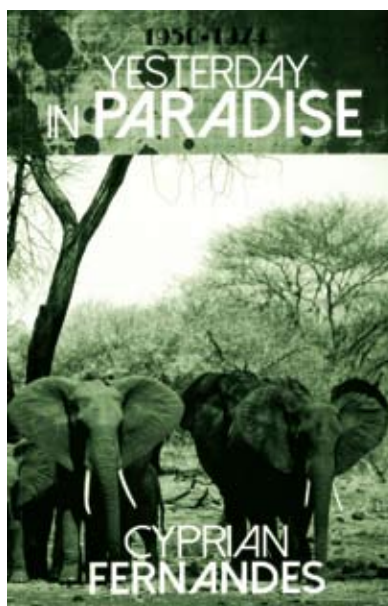


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34. Auggie Alvares and Max De Souza in the background.  
35. Leo Rodrigues



*Thanks to the extremely kind* and generous reviewers and equally enthusiastic readers, especially young adult readers (children of folks from East Africa), I was stunned by the success Yesterday in Paradise has enjoyed, especially the second edition which was published in Goa. That edition is out of print. I was forced to leave school in the first months of my 13th year and after a meteoric four years became a sports journalist. My career has taken me through every rung of the newspaper publication ladder. For that I shall be eternally grateful. My three best jobs were: Sports Reporter, Investigative Reporter, and Editor and of course all the travel around the world the people that I met there. Stars Next Door is not my book. It belongs to everyone and anyone who has made any contribution towards making it a reality. I would like to think that it would become most East African families' museum piece, albeit with heaps and heaps of information missing. Fodder for a second edition ... who knows.